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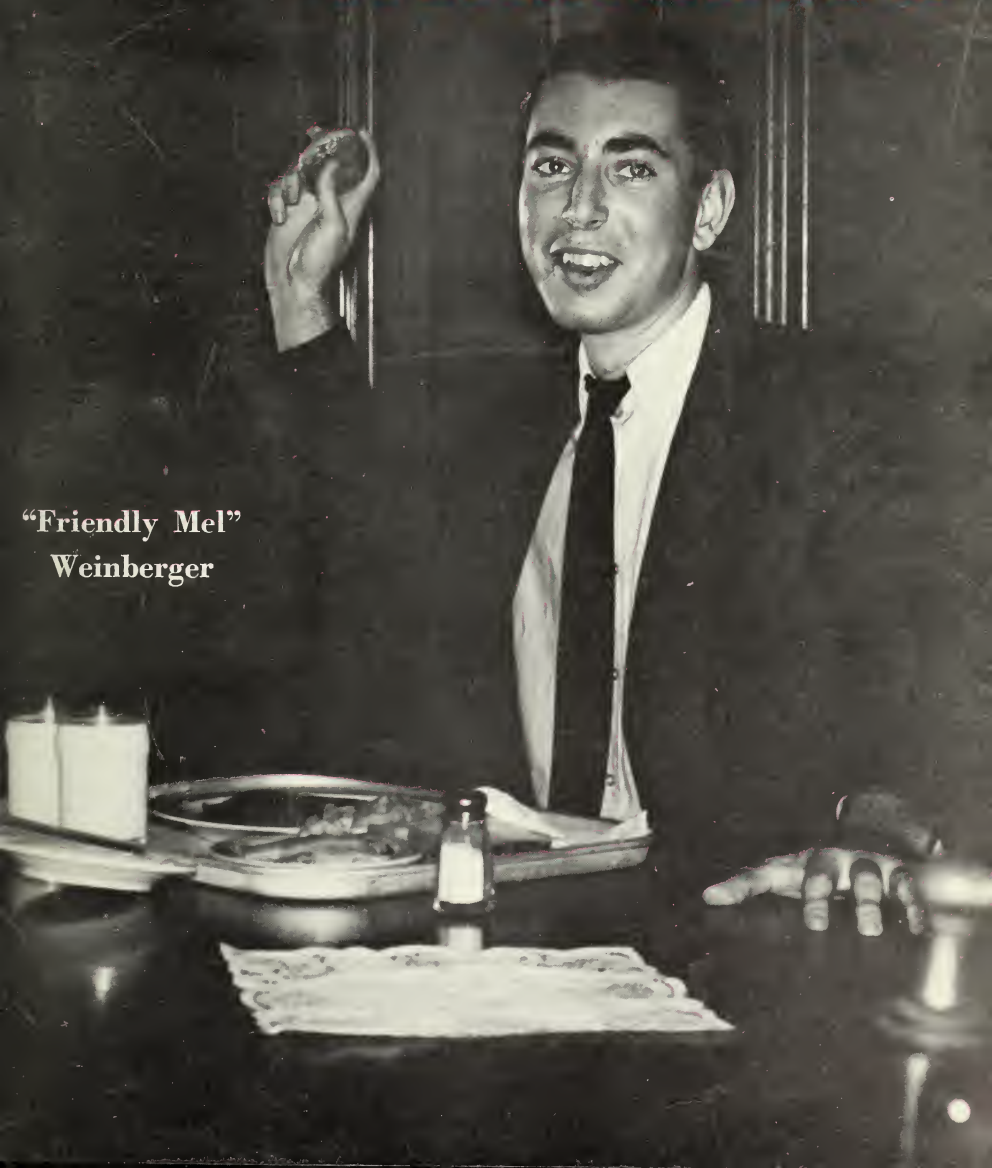


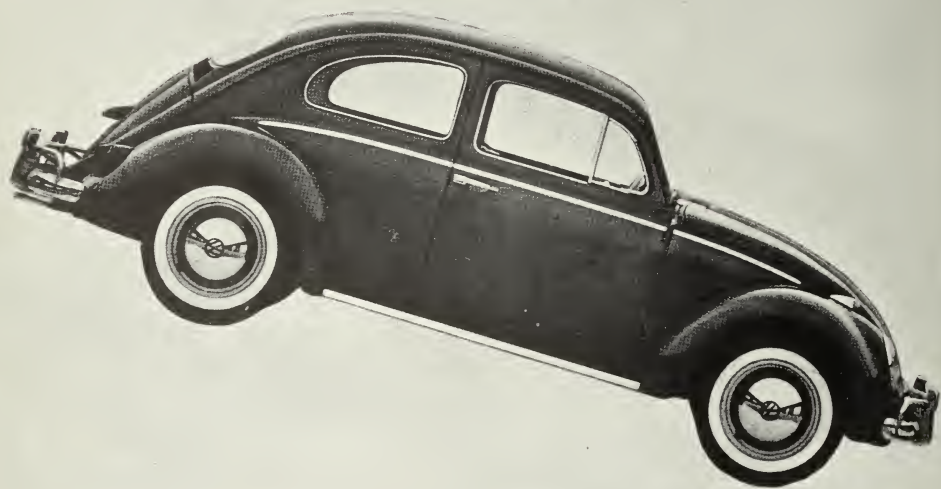
SPECIAL MIRROR ISSUE

December 17, 1963

Sports Intimidated

"Friendly Mel"
Weinberger





WHAT'S THE STORY HERE?

Seems the crew of the Volkswagon boat just mutinied, and dumped every damn car into the ocean. Too bad. They were brand new. And so cute.

Well they were. VW's certainly are good cars. They're designed well. They change every year, to keep up with Detroit. They do.

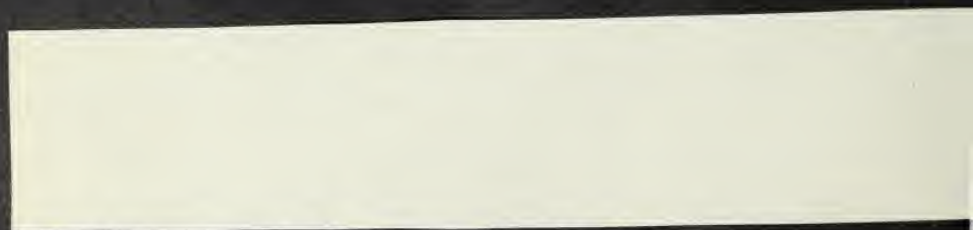
VW's are powerful. They go pretty fast.

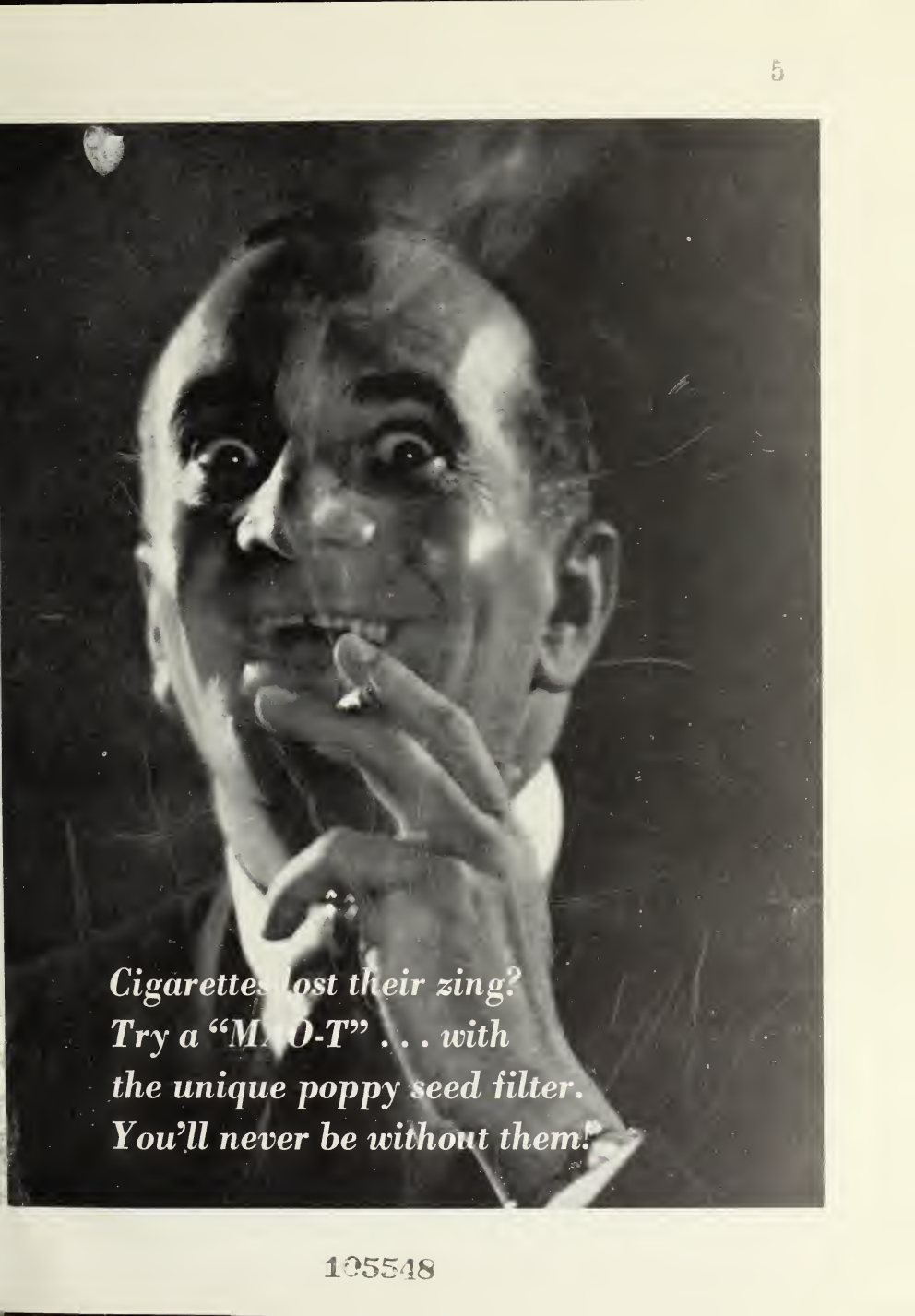
They break forty-five seconds for the quarter a lot. They do.

And a VW is terrific on a date. The motor stalls. The doors lock. The seats fold back. Indeed they do. Yes indeed.

But they sink like a rock. Even the bubbles are gone from that one. What a pity. Don't you feel like crying? Not even a little?

Vol. numbers 111-112 were omitted in the numbering.



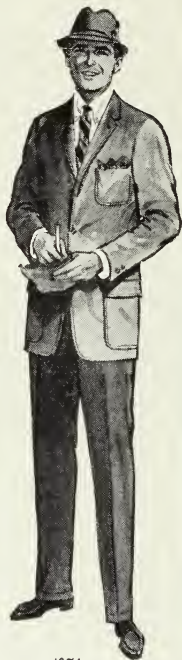


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whose confusion proved invaluable.

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Scorkard

FREE ADVERTISEMENT

Not everyone was pleased about the improvements that were made in the locker room during the summer. We know, for example, of one lad who was quite disturbed when he returned this fall and found a row of new lockers covering a wall upon which a mirror had previously hung. Since the mirror had hung right across from the lad's locker, it had been his custom to gaze longingly at himself as he stood in front of his locker. However, quick thinking saved the day. He attached a mirror of his own to the inside of the door of his locker, and once more the acts of dressing and undressing offered him their slightly peculiar pleasures.

SHOT DOWN

Italy's financial men consider *cambiali* a strong inflationary force, believe that they have helped to bring Italy to the verge of serious economic crisis. *Cambiali* have already pushed up Italian wages and living costs and have sparked a consumer buying spree that has led many Italian businessmen to forget about exports in order to sell more at home. The result is that Italy's trade deficit has nearly doubled, from \$748 million for the first seven months last year to \$1.3 billion for the same period this year.

Interim Premier Giovanni Leone's recent attempt to curb credit was shot down by the right, left, and center, since no party is willing to incur the wrath of legions of *cambiali* signers. But unless Italy soon brings its credit binge under control, its economic miracle could, like a butterfly, just flutter away.



INDESTRUCTABILITY

An astonishing number of injuries occurs in the Andover C-Club Soccer League. The players sprint down the fields at speeds up to 1 mph and loft the ball at tremendous speeds. Tripping, elbows, and cross-body blocks are commonplace. Even the soccer player's unpardonable sin - picking up the ball with his hands and throwing it at his opponent - is far from unknown. It is no surprise then that very few of the 60-plus players in the CCSL get by without being carried off the field on a stretcher before the end of a 20 game season.

One of the few to go the whole distance was Bill McCarthy, a 16 year-old right wing, now of the Greeks. It was not too much of a surprise, since he had done it last season without missing a game. Fans next year will be rooting for him to break in his post-grad year the amazing record of total games played, set by Jon Peirce of the Gauls in four years of the CCSL.

THE MINERS

Everyone was quick to condemn boxing because it was a known fact that Benner Jimmy was rigging the fights; that the Benner house gang ruled the sport.

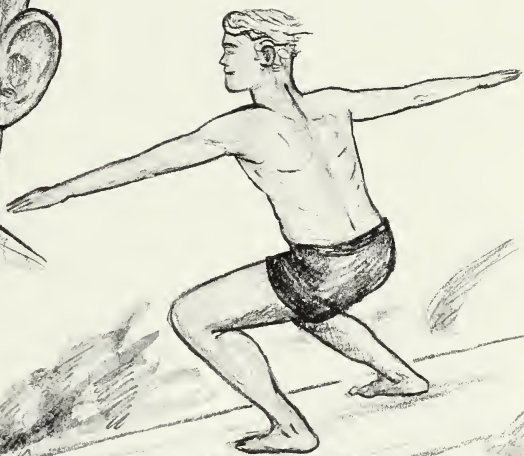
Now that their source of revenue has been smashed, the gang is on the loose. Who knows what they might divert their activities toward next? Horses have been doped, and jockeys have been bought, and the underworld, the underminers of sport, has reaped massive profits from the gambling on this sport. The gang could easily dope their specialties and then bet unerringly on the performances of the PA track stars. They could crush the careers of such famous runners as Never Bend Howe.

They could just as easily utilize wrestling. Working under a pseudo name such as the Dramatics Club they could instruct the wrestlers in effective facial expressions, screams of pain and other theatrical devices to bring vitality and reality to the skits.

The gang presents a real threat. The only way to defeat this menace is to strike Benner house, the gang's reserve source of revenue. We suggest that the central administration send that famous band of crime-busters, the Wombats, led by Robert Leete, to raid and smash the machinery which supports this monster.



Will He Wipe Out Like John Kidde?



Give John Kidde a surfboard, a pair of baggies, a ticket a Malibu — and look out! In 1962 alone the now legendary Kidde was wiped out an amazing 268 times, smashing all previous records. Among his many contributions to surfing, John helped bring back the surfing stance made famous back in 1936 by the immortal Hugo J. Schmatz. That is, *sitting* on the surfboard.

Of course, not every youngster can be a John Kidde. In fact, very few even participate in organized surfing, much less become giants in the field. But every young person - if only a spectator - can play the role.

Never before has the art of surfing been so popular, so don't be left out. All you need is

Acquitable's "Surfer Kit". Included in the kit you get a 1931 Ford Model 'A' "woodie," a pair of size 44 (extra baggy) "baggies" by Jantzen in turquoise, brown and orange, a surfboard, of course, in luminescent lavender with a wide yellow stripe, a glossary of surfing terms, and a bottle of peroxide.

So don't be a "gremmie." Act now. Simply send \$495.95 in pennies or stamps to your nearest Acquitable office. But hurry, the offer is limited.

For an attractive, 8 by 7 inch reproduction of this drawing, get a piece of 8 by 7 inch tracing paper and a number two pencil.

The ACQUITABLE Surf Assurance Society of the United States.



Left: "Friendly Mel" greets an acquaintance.



A MEAL WITH MEL

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF FOOD-THROWING HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A STAR. AN EXCLUSIVE SI INTERVIEW WITH "FRIENDLY MELVIN" WEINBERGER.

Mel (continued)

It was 7:45 A.M., and the dining hall was empty. Time had run out on Mel Weinberger. Defeat was imminent. He stood calmly in the center of the room, stirring a glassful of milk, grapefruit juice, scrambled eggs, and cereal — the rest of his breakfast had long since hurtled through the air, ultimately coming to rest upon whomever Mel had chosen to compliment in this manner. With a quick glance at the clock, he ran to the window facing Flagstaff Court, opened it, and threw the glass high into the air. There were screams of rage as Weinberger pulled a small black notebook from his pocket and jotted down his latest statistics: teachers, 2; seniors, 3; lowers, 3.

As he came out of Commons, we asked him if he felt at all nervous when he looked around for someone to throw at and found the dining hall empty. He replied, "Yeah, well I sure got shook."

This incident, which occurred last season, is just one example of the kind of thing Melvin Weinberger can and does do when the chips are down. This year Weinberger is generally recognized as the best food-thrower in the East, and many feel that his All-America nomination will be unanimous.

Perhaps more fantastic than Mel's courage in the face of impending disaster is his supreme artistry in hurling the culinary delights produced by the Phillips Academy kitchens. The variety of shots that he employs is unbelievable. No matter what the situation, Mel can score. The highest accolade of all came from Commons Commissar Bob Leete, when he muttered, "Running left and throwing right is one of the most difficult maneuvers in food-throwing, and nobody can do it better than Weinberger."

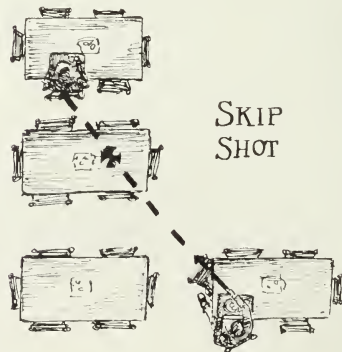
One Wednesday night before dinner, we dropped by at Mel's room for an informal interview. When we arrived, he had already finished his calisthenics, and was loosening up by lobbing cookies at a target on the wall. We asked Weinberger to give us some background

on his glittering career. He suggested that we get something to eat first. Dinner wasn't being served quite yet, but Mel kept warm by tossing chunks of butter up into the air so that they stuck momentarily to the ceiling, then catching them on a plate as they fell. He hit for sixteen straight before quitting — a remarkable display indeed!

Before we sat down to eat, Mel took off his purple silk warm-up jacket and hung it on the back of his chair. The meal consisted of roast beef, boiled potatoes, carrots, salad, bread, and cake. As he picked at his dinner, separating the throwable from the unthrowable, Mel gave us a quick history of his life as an athlete.

"At an early age, I more or less gave up my other two interests, golf and broads, so I could concentrate more on throwing food," he began. "But you might say I really came into my own as a Lower. I was getting a lot of support from the other guys down at Draper Cottage, so I began to throw seriously — at first mostly butter at the pictures in the dining hall, and then more and more at members of our class. As I got better at it, people started applauding whenever I made a particularly good shot. Needless to say, I craved that."

As we started to ask another question, Mel's arm jerked back and half a potato sizzled across the room, narrowly missing a tow-headed lad, who, because of a strange disorder of his facial muscles, appeared to be perpetually smiling. Mel flicked his spoon, and a carrot bounced off the lad's neck. Weinberger cackled with glee.





Weinberger executes a perfect carom shot.

"Was there any special reason for throwing at him?" we asked.

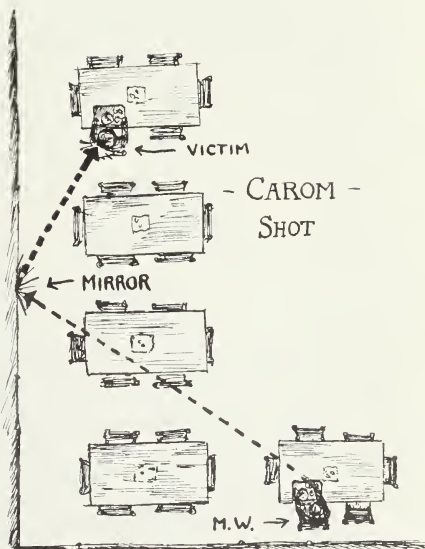
"Yeah," said Mel, "he's a hell of a guy."

When asked how he stays in shape between meals, Mel told us he keeps rotten apples on the window-sill in his room, and sharpens up his eye by dropping them on people as they walk by.

"Any severe setbacks?" we inquired.

"Only once," replied Mel. "Last season Dick Halley came within inches of bringing my career to an untimely end. But hardly did he succeed."

Just then, an unusual-looking youth came in and set down two tables away. He drew a firecracker from his pocket, put it on the table beside his tray, and glowered menacingly in our direction. Weinberger spun around suddenly and hurled, left-handed and behind his back, a milk-soaked piece of cake. It splattered on the table in front of the youth, covering him with a fine white paste, and ruining his fire cracker. There was scattered cheering as Mel's fans took notice of his achievement.



(Continued)

Mel obligingly consented to demonstrate some more shots. "First there's the catapult shot," he said, placing a piece of tomato on his spoon. He pulled it back, let go, and the tomato arced gracefully across the hall.

"Another one of my favorites is the carom shot," said Mel, picking up a potato. He wound up and flung it at the mirror next to our table. We were somewhat surprised at this, and it was a moment before we noticed the tall, dark-haired boy in the white jacket standing over by the door to the kitchen. He was brushing the potato off his shirt. "You see," snickered Mel, "all you have to do is aim for your target's reflection in the mirror, and you'll get the angle right every time." To emphasize his point, he again ricocheted a potato off the mirror, this time hitting the boy in the white jacket on the back of the head.

"Then there's this one," said Mel, lofting a wad of bread high in the air. It landed in a glass of milk several tables away, drenching all six people seated there.

"One of the harder shots is the skip shot," continued Mel. To demonstrate, he cut loose his last potato with a quick sidearm throw. The

potato skittered from table to table, finally hitting the wall at the end of the room. "Plenty of wrist is the secret to that one."

A piece of bread grazed the pink and orange "M.X.W." on the back of Mel's warm-up jacket, and a chunk of meat slapped against the wall over our heads. Angry shouts came from the other end of the dining hall.

"Could it be," we wondered, "that the natives are getting restless, as they say?"

Mel looked down at his empty plate. "There's only one time to give up," he said gravely, "and that's when you've run out of ammo." As bits of food began to rain down more intensely, we got up and left.

Once outside, we asked Mel if he had any advice for youngsters just starting out in the sport. "This isn't primarily a sport of strength," said Mel. "I mean, you don't need coordination, timing, and hours of practice at all. But the most common mistake among novices is the tendency to be discriminating with regard to targets. The thing to look for is not an ideal *victim*, but an ideal *shot*." Mel concluded with a bit of philosophy. "Just remember," he said, "you win some, you lose some, and some are rained out."





Above: Mel affixes a piece of butter to the ceiling.

*Left: The warmth of Weinberger's personality is spread throughout the
the dining hall*

GOLF/Jack Nicklaus

THINKING CLEARLY UNDER PRESSURE IS ESSENTIAL TO YOUR GAME

In competitive golf, no matter how thorough your pre-round preparations may be, you can't help but overlook something. This is why, in spite of gallery distraction and the tension of the match, you have to keep your wits about you when faced with an unexpected obstacle. Of course, there are the usual problems about what club to use and all that rot, but I'm thinking of something much more important.

For example, before I teed off for the first round of the 1962 Master's, I consulted my map of the course to check out the rest room locations. This is important, since you can't step up to the nearest tree with the eyes of ten thousand people on you (five million more on T.V.). As I approached the fifth tee, however, I became painfully aware that the next comfort station was on the seventh tee, not the fifth. But I didn't let this disturbance of regularity injure my game. Making a split-second decision, and ignoring the protests of my playing companions, George Bayer, Tommy Bolt, and Arnold Palmer, I headed toward a clump of pine trees to the left of the tee. The reaction of the gallery wasn't favorable, but I didn't let this disturb me either. I went on to shoot a three under par 69, and I won the tournament after three more days of brilliant golf.

If you should be faced with this tough situation, there are three things to keep in mind: (1) on a side-hill lie, open up your stance a little, (2) follow through, and (3) most important, don't let the predicament get the best of you!



Thousands of animals are lost every year because of lousy hunters. Here's how you can improve.

It was a white hot desert morning as my Indian guide began to glass over the arroyos for bighorn sign. We had pitched camp in northern Sonora, and because it was spring, the sheep were due to move down the passes to the open flats where even now the weeds were springing up succulent and yellow. My guide, who went by the name of Nugtosh, was having trouble with knobs on my new spotting scope, a Leupold X-990, from Paris. "What's the trouble," said I.

"Well hardly can I function this machine, ugh." His fingers had been chewed up several years before when he tried to feed a pill to one of his sheep.

"Let me have it", I said, but his toss was short, and it bounced with a crack off the cast iron camp stove.

at about sixty miles an hour. I could have gone faster if there weren't so many picnics around. I hate to run into a picnic. Mustard makes an awful mess on your fenders. Anyway, I spotted him at last, my dream elk. He was at the edge of a clearing, grazing quietly. I had to cross the clearing so the wind wouldn't carry my smell to him, so I stuck a branch into my hatband, got down on my hands and knees, and chewed the dandelions. Slowly I moved towards him. He didn't see me until I was within a hundred yards of him, and then he wasn't alarmed, for I looked just like a little elk. "Ugh!", he grunted, and took a step toward me. Then he took another, and another, and before I knew it, he was right beside me. I swear he smiled at me, probably thinking I was his girl friend. I smiled back, and emptied my Ruber 44 magnum carbine into his belly. My great feat even made the newspapers, where they wrote, "Hunter At-

Getting Your Prize Trophy

by Deadly Dan Dixon

"Don't be bugged, ugh, everything looked smaller through it anyway, ugh."

"Forget it. We didn't need it anyway." One thing a hunter must be prepared to do is get along without his little luxuries in the wilderness. I didn't let the loss of my scope bother me. I just called San Francisco on my radio, and had another sent out by helicopter.

I unpacked my Weatherby 420 magnum, slipped a few soft-nosed Remington's into my jacket pocket, and set out down the slope, east from camp. There are two ways of bagging your game, waiting and stalking. Of the two I prefer to stalk, since it gives me a bigger charge to sneak up on some animal and pump a dozen rounds into him at close range before he even knows I'm there. I remember one season in Wyoming when I was after a record elk. I had seen a huge old cow, but nothing else until I heard a bugling elk in the distance. I jumped into my Landrover and headed in his direction

tacked by Sex-Mad Elk."

I was turning this experience over in my mind when I leaned against a cactus and awoke with a start. Those barrel cacti are deadly things. One time in New Mexico, I had taken a long blast at a pronghorn, heard the bullet strike with a juicy thud, but had seen him give only a faint twitch and run off. Later I found that my bullet had hit him low in the belly and had ripped a gash from the front to the back. That animal would have made it to Las Vegas if his protruding intestines hadn't caught on a cactus as he leaped over it. Even so, he kept on for 600 yards.

I've always been amazed at the vitality in wild animals. That's the main reason I employ larger-than-recommended calibers. The other reason is that I'm very artistic, and enjoy making big blood splashes on the ground. Have you ever hit a jackrabbit with a surplus bazooka? What a thrill!

(Continued)





When you do shoot a strong animal, and only wound him, it can be very difficult to find him if there is a good deal of cover around, or if you're too lazy. I had a friend who shot a magnificent Bengal tiger in the nose and tracked him for three miles by the blood smears, to where the tiger was waiting for him in a thicket of bamboo. They put up a plaque in memory of his feat at the club.

Wounded game can be tracked by blood as in old Chester's case, by entrails, or by bone splinters. Besides these three are the tracks the animal makes, the leaves he bends, and droppings he drops. Often you can tell where you have hit an animal by the kinds of signs he makes. An animal shot in the lungs leaves frothy blood, spread all around. If shot in the gut, the blood is dark and in great puddles, and if he is heart-shot, the blood is in bright red spurts. A deer shot in the leg limps, and a thigh-shot black Alaskan bear leaves bone splinters about every fifteen feet, thirteen feet if he's shot in the shin. If the grass the animal passes through is trampled, you know you've hit him in the rump, and he has been writhing in pain. You can be sure if there are many droppings, too. I think it's so much fun to track wounded game that most of the time I'll just blow off their foot or something at first, and every time I come upon them resting, I shoot something else off—it sort of prods them on and makes the fun last longer.

I was now making my way up a gravel rise, and onto a sharp ridge. The sandstone crumbled under my Bean's Custom Made Moccasin Hunting Boots, and I was sorry I didn't have my Italian grippers strapped on their soles. I remember one winter I had a close call hunting mountain goats in Alaska. My pal and I were working our way along an almost sheer granite mountain face, three thousand feet above the valley, and it was raining, and the rock was very slippery. The ledge we were on was no more than six inches wide, and we were toting forty pound packs and heavy rifles. I guess poor Sam was right when he said he couldn't make it across that sloping place. He'd travel about three feet across it, and slide about six down. Too bad it was only five feet high. After I lost sight of him in the fog below, I had to climb far out of my way to get across. I got a beault of a goat, though. It would have pleased him.

That same winter, I had been after polar

John H. Grecoe

— JEWELRY —

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bears on the northern ice floes. That's real sport! You sit there in your boat, and this little round eskimo paddles you around saying, "muck muck", and other bird sounds. After a few sips from the old flask, you really begin to see those old bears running around on the ice. I got fifteen one morning before breakfast.

After I crossed over the ridge, I came out upon a mud-caked flat. The mountains rose like a smear in the distant heat, and a wavy blue mirage joined the sky and the desert. There was a clump of mesquite near the top of a rise about 400 yards off, and near this clump a shadowy figure was moving about in the shade, a desert bighorn! With steady hands I drove the cartridge home into the chamber. With the coolness of experience I adjusted the Bushnell 3x-9x Phantom scope, and took a

sight on the sheep. Placing the crosshairs square on its shoulder blades, I squeezed off easy eight shots. The sheep staggered and fell before I heard the crack of the striking bullets. Only six hit the bighorn, for he was down as the last two slugs went over him.

Walking over to the spot, I noticed a strange wisp of smoke coming up near the mesquite — smoke that smelled strongly of bacon. Over the rise came Nugtosh, running toward the sheep. "What's with your super-stupidity?", he panted. "You just blew the side out of our packhorse, ugh!"

"Well, skin him out", I said, and tossed him my stainless steel Puma hunting knife.

"Hardly, ugh."

I guess he was right. It made a pretty lousy rug.



Sportshots





HOWARD O. ALLEN



Is That You Up There, Nectarines?

by J. Gage and S. Lee

In my youth, one was looked upon with much merriment if one was odd-looking. I was never able to understand this. Moreover, it was clear to me that this was the kind of intolerance out of which grew ostracism of minority groups, and scourging of unbelievers. Nor was I ignorant of the fountainhead of such intolerance. Clearly it was derived from the tendency of children to give their more unusual or obnoxious associates unfortunate nicknames, to brand them as "queer", or, indeed, to physically persecute them; and in some cases upset the balance (both physical and mental) of their persecuted comrades. The view is held by some that those who were to become among the most prominent men in history were thus maligned in their youth. We can all think of examples in our own experience: men who although they are not, appear to be physically deformed; and for this reason have been discriminated against and held back; men who in later life lash out at the people under them in order to "get back" at the people who tormented them earlier. These men are characterized by an impenetratable bitterness. Were Ulysses — that hero of Grecian games — alive today, I could readily imagine him being so persecuted. The point of wonder would be merely that he lived, and Nectarines survival surprised me as much as Ulysses' would have.

Hearing him as a public speaker for the first time, one would surely have thought him doomed to mockery and flagellation every time he rose. But this man is a living example of the power of the vested interests and that of myth called seniority in our society; he is never questioned, his word is edict. A system of the magnitude which this man controls, one might think difficult to administrate, especially taking into account the difficulties this mammoth has to overcome just within himself. Such is

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Lawrence, Mass.

not the case. Skillfully manipulating the argot of his particular field, he intersperses his impassioned pleas for managers with scintillating tales of "Snooky," or "Jake," or "Mr. Goubry." Just looking at him, you may say, "He's so short!" But you forget, was not Hitler a short, weasly, insignificant little creature, barely worth the contempt of his fellows? And you then say, "But Hitler was mad!" and I reply, "A striking parallel!"

This is a man who has distinguished himself in so many fields and meadows that it is difficult to distinguish the single line of endeavor in which he stands out most prominently. I have always felt a *personal* certainty that Nectarines stands out most prominently when seated with his contemporaries — the way he crouches in his chair, resting on his haunches, comprises a certain distinguishing characteristic. I would not wish to insinuate that I know more than learned men and women who have devoted their entire lives to this engaging study. Many have held — and to a certain extent rightly so — that it is his unusual manner of ambulation which brings him most quickly to prominence in any crowd.

That God wanted a man of such merit to be easily recognizable is clear. However, that the distinguishing characteristic should be long, shaggy arms hanging from unusually broad shoulders, that these arms should scrape, pendulum-like, the earth at every stride, that he should propel himself in a simian crouch accompanied by a rhythmical swaying of the forelimbs, while inhuman gurglings emanate forth from the thorax, — these indeed are manifestations of a divine will so unusual and so unnatural as to be above and beyond the realm of human understanding.

It would indeed have been unusual if my first encounter with a man of such extraordinary talents had not been, in itself, extraordinary. As I sat down to my table at the Yale Club, I noticed Nectarines for the first time. He had just swatted a man, easily half his size, across the room with one swipe of the oak chair he was now leaning on. Except for the sweat trickling down his face, one might never have known that he had just half-killed a man. A man of few words, he muttered something about "fooling around in the showers" as he sat down heavily and ordered a double daiquiri.

This incident came back to me when I went to interview Nectarines at his office. As I en-

tered, he seemed to be engaged in a semantic discussion with a student.

Wiping the froth from his lips with one massive tattooed paw, he bellowed, "There's no such thing as an excuse!" The boy's feeble protests were cut short by the clatter as Nectarines kicked his aluminum crutches out from under him. They boy shrieked once, but was cut off as his body toppled slowly, hitting the concrete floor with a dull thud. Nectarines, a man of intense educational ability, immediately seized upon a method of teaching the lad an important lesson in life. Dragging the prostrate but thankful child over to the front steps, he laid him on his stomach, and gently but firmly opened the boy's mouth, fitting the upper and lower jaws around the first step. The lad was now lying face down, his body resting on the asphalt, the edge of the first step supporting his head like a fulcrum. Placing the footstool which he kept handy for just such occasions on the second step, Nectarines stood on it, his feet not more than a yard directly above the boy's head.

"Is that you up there, Nectarines?" murmured the boy hopefully, again and again. Nectarines crouched, then sprang straight up, high into the air. The rest is history.

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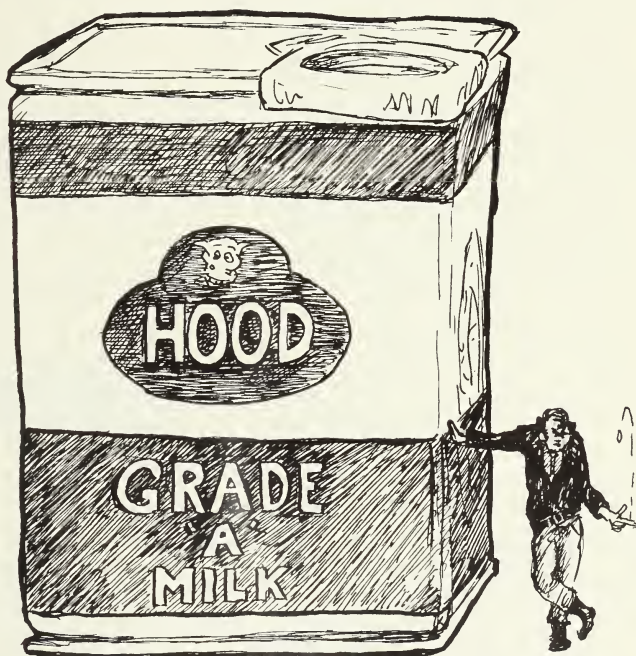
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Fishing

Profound Comments by the Greatest Living Sportfisherman, J. Franklin Witherwet, as told to Oliver Sglerk.

So there I was, off Cuba, hooked into 700 pounds of black marlin that was thrashing great white foam blotches on the surface. Two hours had passed since he had first struck, and my Italian magnesium reel was beginning to make sounds like a tin cup in a meat grinder. You know, "crunch crunch", like that. Anyway, I shifted my position in the kangaroo leather harness, and looked at the thermometer on my wrist. It was quite hot—115 degrees, and from the squish of my sneakers, I guessed it was pretty humid, too. I slipped on my glasses, for the reflection of the sun on the oily swells was wicked, and watched the marlin tailwalk across the boat's wake. Yes, without a doubt, it was even too hot for me, J. Franklin Witherwet, the world's greatest sportfisherman, to continue subduing my massive prey. "Boy," I said, "cut the line. He's too small for my mantle." The monofilament went slack, and I walked quickly toward the air-conditioned bar just forward of the fighting deck. "Daiquiri, boy".

"Yes sir, Captain Witherwet!"

That's the way I like things run on my boats, tidy. My boys do a good job because they know it pleases me. That makes for a fun trip, don't you think? I only had to punish one hand last season, for putting too much oil on the gears of my harpoon gun. It was a very messy business, quite dirtied my hands, the oil I mean. Just before the end, after about two hours, he groaned, "God bless Captain Witherwet!" That's the affection they have for me. It quite tickles my heart.

I can remember way back, yes way back, when I first began to show an interest in fishing. I was only seven I believe, a charming child. I used to stab our goldfish with a fork. Now any boy can do that, and it doesn't necessarily mean he has the potential for a truly great fisherman. Me, I was different, outstand-

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ing, crafty. I drained the bowl first. Before long I was amazingly good at my play, so good that I could skewer an itty bitty little goldfish way in the corner, lefthanded. I even got craftier, and left the water in, with a little Listerine to slow them down. That's how I got started, and now here I am, the greatest fisherman of them all.

When the sun went down that day in the Gulf of Mexico, it got dark, and when I looked out the picture porthole over the bar and saw it was pretty black, I said, "Seems like its night", and thought I'd do some night fishing, like I do sometimes when its dark out. Anyway, I had one of the boys install a rod-socket on the transom, and went down to the hold for my new gear from Abercrombie's. I snapped on a reel of 100 pound test Stern, oval pattern, and tied on fifteen feet of braided wire leader ahead of that. My rig was a swordfish hook, on which I impaled the whole frozen head of a fuchsia fardfish. As the moon rose, yellow as a triggerfish's air bladder, I had some chum made of ground sardines (Norwegian) ladled over the side. It spread out in a sickly black ooze on the surface. Slowly, I let the frozen fardfish head down into the depths. Two fathoms, six fathoms, ten fathoms, twenty fathoms, for twenty-seven minutes I waited for that custom machine-tooled sinker to strike bottom. When it did, I took the rod from the hands of my deck-boy, and deftly twitched the line. I reeled in slightly, and the rod arched! What a strike! I flicked the switch on the hydraulic reel, placed the rod-butt in the padded socket, and went for a drink.

Never have I been through a fight like that colossal battle! The gears strained, and the rod bent into a horseshoe, and I got all sweaty just watching the pressure gauge on the side of the reel. It was truly man against monster, clenched hand-to-fin in mortal conflict. I leaned over the side, and there in the swirling water, was a shape, a shadow. "Picked him up on the depth-sounder, sir," came the cry from the bridge. "There isn't any limit to him! He stretches out of range, sir!"

"Very good," I said. "This one'll fit." Then from the stern came the horror-stricken scream, "There he is, a sea serpent! Aaaagh!" Sure
(Continued)

enough, there rising out of the sea was a long black snake-like body, around which my fard-fish line was entangled.

"Gaff him, boys," I cried. "We want this one!"

Abu, my best gaff hand, sprang forward with his weapon, a stainless steel forged flying head hickory-handled gaff from Brooks' curio shop, and with a mighty stroke as never I have since seen, drove the deadly steel its entire length into the monster's quivering flesh. From the binding neon arc that unfortunate Abu made over the transom, I quickly deduced that it was not a sea serpent at all, but the electrical cable to Nassau. It was a terrible tragedy. The gaff was quite new.

That reminds me of the time my foredeck man got the anchor line wrapped around his foot and he was rolled up on the winch without anyone noticing. It wasn't until we anchored in Papeete that we found where he had gone to, but then, that's another story.

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Faces In The Clouds



In early practice, it appears that Michael Briggs deEstrada is by far the finest skater in the Andover club hockey system, even though this is Mike's first year on that illustrious squad. This is undoubtedly due to years of practice.



Stickball Commissioner George Walker Bush has announced that a 50,000 seat stickball stadium will be completed by the start of the season. Those Texans always do things in a big way.



Henry Weeks Trimble, III, captain of the P. A. soaring team, was blown 22 miles off course by 60 knot headwinds in the annual Andover-Exeter flying race last Saturday, and, needless to say, finished last.



Mr. Clean was recently introduced into the Commons workers' shower room, and promptly out-cleaned all other soaps, acids, etc., that had been tested in years past.

68th Hole

— the readers take charge

Dear Sirs:

Your lead article last week was quite interesting. It was well written. It was concise, to the point, and with no surplus material. You support your argument very well, and, I might add, successfully. In addition, the illustrations were utterly fascinating. But I still fail to see the necessity for supplying perfumed towels to the athletes in the Phillips Academy gym.

Yours truly,
Tom Payne

Sirs:

After having written you a scalding letter every day for 143 straight days, I'd say it was about time you printed one of them! If there's anything I can't stand, it's cowardly magazines like yours that don't print *all* the letters they receive. Especially letters like mine, that are seething with hatred and contempt, and almost scorch the very paper they are written on. Dogs! Cowards! I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS LETTER!

Anonymous

Sirs:

I would like to inform you of my plans to walk from Boston to New York in the nude on Christmas Day. Needless to say, I will not be doing this merely to exhibit my magnificent physique (a strictly secondary motive), but also to set an example of endurance and self-determination.

I would also certainly appreciate it if you could be so kind as to let me know just where your photographers will be stationed en route. I'm not a man who *likes* to be caught in public with his pants down.

Sincerely,
J. T. SARTORE

Oh, just *everywhere!* — ED.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing with regard to something that has been on my mind for quite some time. I am, of course, referring to the growing problem of students spitting on the light between Bill Burpy's office and the door leading to the gym entrance which faces the West Quad.

I realize that the students are often anxious to get out to athletics and sometimes get carried away in their excitement, but this habit is expensive, dangerous, and damaging to school spirit.

Modestly,
D.S.C.

Dear Sirs:

I thought your article about the winter habitats of the migratory birds of southwestern British Columbia was excellent. However, you erred badly when you stated that the yellow-bellied blue-tipped sapsucker migrates southward to Coral Island, S.C. To the contrary, it flies to Mozambique, Africa.

Sincerely,
R.T.P.

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2. "As my loyal fans and friends looked on, I executed a skilled take-off. Down I glided, and as I picked up speed, I kept thinking what a great friend Canadian Flub had been.



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3. "My target was fast approaching, and I expertly maneuvered for a landing. Direct hit! A perfect landing on the exact target, the Crazy Horse saloon.

4. "Later, after my friends had rejoined me in the Crazy Horse, I ordered a bottle of your favorite whiskey and mine, Canadian Flub. Yes, no other whiskey is quite like this one, especially after that foolish publicity stunt I pulled for this ad."





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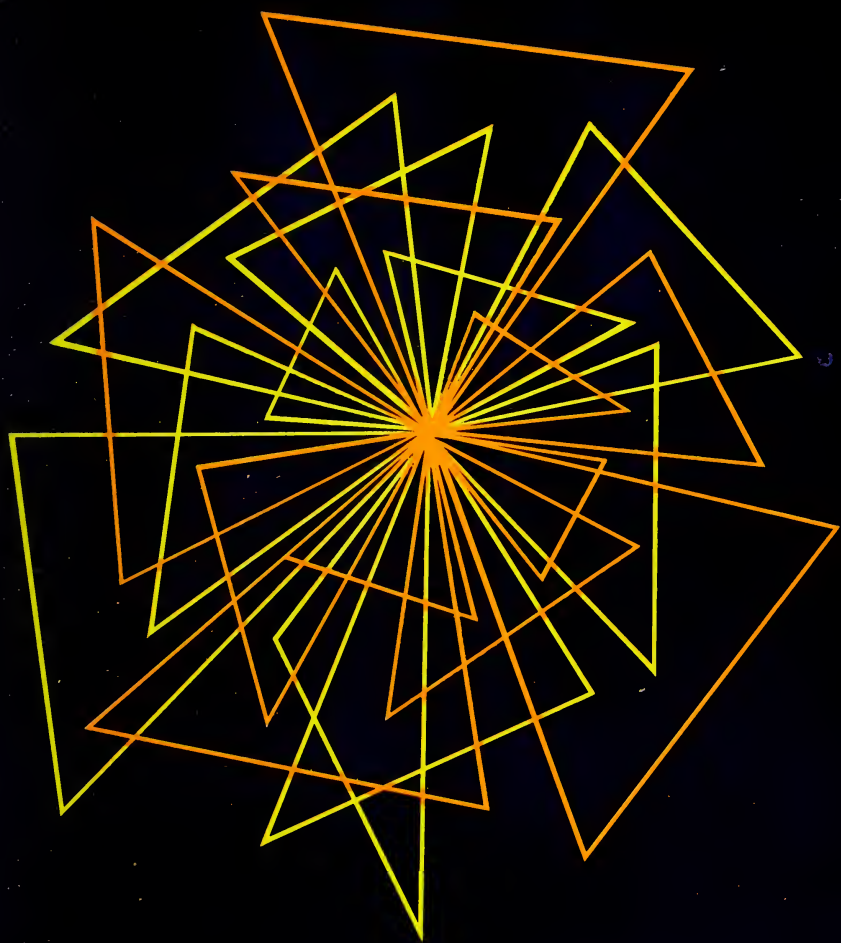
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THE ISSUE

Our readers are presented with a variety of masterpieces in this month's *Mirror*. This means, of course, that everyone should be able to find a different reason for not liking it. Editorial Reflections takes the form of the first installment of a serialized editorial, which endeavors to make clear just why the *Mirror* must and shall continue to be published forever. It is, we might add, a unique editorial: no magazine has ever thought of this before. Ian Hobson's action-packed thriller, *Lightning Bolt*, recounts the latest adventure of that man among men, Vince Tyler (069). *Truth, Beauty, Etc.*, another regular feature, satirizes the Andover dialect of the English language. Bob Cottle describes his favorite leisure activity in *Pastime*, as well as one of his more notable experiences of the past Christmas vacation in his poem *Orpheus in the Sewer*. Two other poems are *Because*, by Phillippian President Seth Mydans, and *Barn and Man*, by lower Dave Foster. Poetry has been held to a bare minimum, in hopes of improving its quality, but this issue also includes some excellent prose. We feel that Skipper Lee's subtle *The Quick and the Dead* and Chai Kambhu's *Two Parables* are the equal of any prep school literature. Chai is also responsible for this month's cover design. *Portrait*, by Joe Magruder, demonstrates the foresight of the *Mirror* board. This story was submitted on October 21, 1963. And finally, there is *Saviour*, by John ("F.A.P.") Carr. F.H.H.



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A red-blooded young Continental whose taste and discrimination put him on easy terms with elegance, the MIRROR reader just naturally dresses in the style to which he's accustomed. He sets his own fashion pace — never follows others. Over 17% of our readers own more than one pair of shoes costing upwards of \$5. 3% subscribe to no other magazine. 76% own lapel-less Italian sport-coats. 11% are American citizens. And 9% will go to college! Few publications can match these figures. Yes, it pays to advertise in the MIRROR — the magazine for men.



THE MIRROR PHILOSOPHY

The first part of a statement in which the Mirror's "Editor-Publisher" spells out — for friends and critics alike — our guiding principles and editorial credo.

"Why don't you just finish off the Mirror once and for all — kill it good and dead?" is a question that has been put to us all too often. And unfortunately, no one has ever been able to answer it in a truly satisfactory manner. Possibly this is because in the past there has never *been* an answer. At any rate, the time has come when we not only *can*, but indeed *will* answer this question, and silence forever any who would think of uttering an uncomplimentary word about the Mirror. There is a very definite reason for the Mirror's existence — and the purpose of this statement is to make our readers aware of that reason.

There are those who would have us believe that ours is the "degenerate generation," that today's reprobate teen-agers will be responsible for civilization's doom tomorrow. Holding forth on such topics as alcoholism, gambling, our country's soaring illegitimate population, prostitution, juvenile delinquency, pre-marital relations, adultery, venereal disease, cursing, and other assorted evils, they point to us and say, "My God! Look what our sons are doing! Hardly do they take after us!" But no one ever seems to take into consideration the pressures that are on us, and worse still, few realize the extent to which our personalities are shaped by that society which our elders have helped to create.

The corrupting influences of present-day society are overwhelming. It must be obvious that one of those influences is the deluge of obscene literature that floods airports, drugstores, and magazine stands everywhere. In fact, we feel that filthy books and magazines represent the most serious obstacle of all to the maturation

Editorial by Frank H. Hight

of contemporary youth. *Pornography* . . . "It came into man's world untold centuries ago, and it is still in man's world today . . . a mighty draught for a mightier thirst . . . Whence did it come? And why? And how? What was it yesterday? What is it today? And what will it be tomorrow?" 1

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

As far as we know, the first pornographer was an anonymous Neolithic cave-dweller (c. 8000 B.C.), whose work was discovered in 1906 by a group of archaeologists from Yale. Their expedition was touring southern France that summer in an effort to further their knowledge of Neolithic pottery, and when they chanced upon this particular cave, they got the shock of their lives. Its walls were literally *covered* with the filthiest drawings one could possibly imagine. Deeply troubled by such an atrocious display of prehistoric perversity, the four worthy gentlemen saw to it that the cave was sealed tightly, and promised each other to keep their finding secret. Just a few years back, however, word of it leaked out when one of them lost control of himself at a coke and pretzel party in Greenwich, Conn.

In the years that followed 2000 B.C., Thebes, the capital city of ancient Egypt, gradually took over as the pornographic hub of the North African seacoast. But since the lewd inscriptions that adorn, for example, the pyramids, are written in hieroglyphics, and since few tourists are fluent in that venerable tongue, the pyramids usually pass for innocent tombs of various lofty pharaohs, rather than just places for Egyptian

youngsters to carve filthy poetry, etc. — which they were, actually. Egypt dominated what the French call *la pornographie classique* until around 48 B.C., when Caesar's men accidentally set fire to and totally destroyed the great Library of Pornography in Alexandria, while browsing among the filthy scrolls. (Caesar himself was occupied at Cleopatra's when the fire broke out. It was all his fault, really; earlier that evening he had delivered one of his less-quoted speeches, in which he had said to his army, "Why don't you go to the library or something, boys, until I get through here at the palace?"). Pornography's loss was mankind's gain — *literally*.

But the die was cast, as Caesar liked to say on important occasions. Those Roman soldiers had been exposed to a whole new way of life — that of pornographic literature — and they set sail for home with high hopes for the future. And with good reason, for upon that relatively small band of rude, barbarious foot-soldiers had been thrust the honor of having to keep pornography alive, now that the sun had set as far as Egypt was concerned. Keep it alive they did — and more, much more. After learning how to write and so on, they went on to become the most influential single group of thinkers and writers (pornographic, that is) in the history of the human race. Possibly you will recognize some of their names — Vergil, Livy, Ovid, Plautus, Cicero, Horace, and Plutarch, to name a few — all were ex-members of Caesar's illustrious Army of Egypt. Forget what the history books say. It's true.

Indeed, pornography flourished during the age of the Roman Empire. For proof of this, one need only equip oneself with a handy

(Continued)

pocket dictionary of vernacular Latin, and pay a visit to the rest-room at the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. Days could be spent translating the quaint graffiti which are to be found on the walls there. But unfortunately, Rome was sacked in 410 A.D. by savage hordes from the north, and the Roman Empire disintegrated. Pornography, as well as civilization, had been cast adrift on a dark and stormy sea.

THE DARK AGES

Christmas Day, 800 A.D., the same day that Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor by Pope Leo III, marks the low point of the pornographic tide, according to our historical advisors. Under fire from both religious and secular leaders, it appeared to be a dying institution. "These are the

times that try a pornographer's soul!" cried one unidentified singer of filthy ballads. It should be pointed out that wandering minstrels provided one of the only two means by which pornography was to remain in existence; the other being a clique of lecherous old monks in a monastery (which has asked us to withhold its name) in Northwestern Italy, whose habit it was to sneak down into the monastery wine cellar and exchange filthy stories between toasts of sacramental wine.

It goes without saying that as this custom spread throughout the monasteries of Europe, the life of a monk became increasingly popular. Thousands enlisted. Monks became noted for their lack of religious belief. Thus it can be seen how pornography led, indirectly, to the Protestant Reformation. But — we're getting ahead of ourselves.

For better or for worse, but at least for the time being, pornography survived.

In the second part of "The Mirror Philosophy," which appears in the next issue, "Editor-Publisher" Frank H. Hight continues his fascinating, accurate, and above all, thought-provoking examination of pornography as the chief corrupting influence of modern society. Who knows? He might even get around to spelling out — for friends and critics alike — our guiding principles and editorial credo.

1 A. G. Baldwin, *The Drama of Our Religion*, P 5, Oxford University Press, New York, 1939; which was taken from: Lewis Browne, *This Believing World*, P 23, New York, 1926.





THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

by Skipper Lee

The policeman on the motorcycle led the chain of automobiles like a regal courier leading a kingly procession. The black cadillac hearse which followed him suggested a stately locomotive, steadily pulling the evenly spaced cars behind it. Their painfully slow, mournful pace, coupled with the hissing of the spinning wheels on the wet highway, lent an eerie, phantasmogorical quality to the procession. This was not lessened by the incongruity of the cheery headlights with the gray drizzle of the day — indeed, with the subdued feeling of the funeral line itself. Most cars on the other side of the road ignored the funeral, as did many of the more intrepid on the same side of the highway with it. With a driver's casual wrist draped over the steering wheel, the cars glided past and quickly dwindled in the distance. The funeral was as oblivious to them as they were to it, both seeming as different worlds; and the procession continued until it reached the mausoleum.

Hiram Walker had been a wealthy, genial, and popular man in his early forties. Influential in the community, an industrious but never officious worker for local charities and improvements, he had been survived by a number of close friends from business, the Dad's club, and the Chamber of Commerce. These friends were anxious to comfort his almost hysterical, though uncomprehending, wife. Although they didn't admit it to themselves, they too could not believe that the mind and spirit of Hiram Walker could be eternally obliterated from this earth by a radio announcer's terse report of an automobile accident. The friends who drove to her house to comfort her Tuesday night could not help but think that Hiram would be there grinning at the door to tell them it was all a joke. They each regretted terribly that such a personal thing should be made public by a radio in so crude, even obscene, a manner; they each hoped passionately that Mrs. Walker and the children would not hear the news in so shockingly and mechanical a way, while at the same time hoping that she would hear the radio and save them from the appalling task of telling her themselves.

Jim Walker was a very self-reliant fifteen-year-old, and withstood the shock much better than his mother. There were about ten couples at the house. Most of the women devoted themselves to trying to comfort Mrs. Walker, con-

(Continued)

fining themselves to speaking in hushed whispers and quietly mixing drinks. The widow was in no condition to give names and addresses of relatives. A few of the men who were more intimate with Mr. Walker helped Jim compose a list of relatives over the country who had to be called, Jim insisting on doing most of the calling.

"Hello, operator? Could you get me Henry B. Walker in San Diego, California? This is a death notice . . . Hello, Uncle Henry? This is Jim, Jim Walker . . . Yes, fine. Listen, I've got some real bad news for you. Dad's been in an automobile accident . . . No, he's dead . . . Yes . . . That's right, yes . . . Wire your arrival time and we'll meet you at the airport . . . Could you do us a favor? We haven't been able to call Nanna yet because I don't know how she'll take it. Could you drive over and tell her, and stay with her so she can come down with you? . . . Okay, I've got some other calls to make so . . . yes, she's taking it pretty well. There are a lot of people in there helping her now. Okay, wire the time. Bye."

Several parents who had children in the car when they heard the news brought them along to play with little Dick and Dickie Walker, six-year-old twins. Several of the families decided to spend the night, rather than leave Mrs. Walker alone during those fearful hours. A doctor had given her a sedative but she was still very upset. They decided to rush the funeral in order to get it out of the way as quickly as possible. The accident occurred at dusk Tuesday; since all the relatives would be flying in on Wednesday, they determined to have closed services on Thursday. Mr. Ameal, president of the Dad's Club, had a very spacious house, and on Wednesday he offered it for the interim. They decided that a change of scenery would have a salutary effect on Mrs. Walker, so the whole party was moved to Mr. Ameal's house. Most of the relatives and some of her home town friends stayed there with Mrs. Walker until Thursday.

How the younger children would react was wondered by a few of the more sensitive people there. In order to divert them, the parents

who had brought children on Tuesday allowed them to stay with Dick and Dickie until Thursday. While one of the mothers was putting the children to bed Wednesday night, the little girl, Dickie, asked where her father was. This mother was one of the more sensitive people there and had already tried in a round-about way to explain to the children. However, they seemed to have misunderstood or forgotten, so she tried again.

"Don't you worry because he's gone to sleep. He's sleeping very happily."

"When's he going to wake up?" asked Dick.

"He's not going to wake up, dear. He's going to sleep forever."

Dickie seemed to catch something in the woman's tone, because she began to cry softly. The other children began to cry with her. "There now, darling," whispered the woman, stroking Dickie's shoulder. "Your father is in heaven and he's very happy."

"With the angels?" asked Dickie doubtfully. The woman nodded, smiling bravely. Dickie smiled too, and they were both quiet for a moment.

"Tell me a story."

"Not tonight, I'm afraid I'm busy now."

Dickie began to cry and the woman, realizing how hard this must be on Dickie, picked up a picture book off the bookshelf over the bed.

When she was done Dickie said, "Let's play pretend. Let's pretend like —"

"Like this a nursery school and I'm the teacher," interrupted Dick.

"Yes, let's play nursery school," said one of the other children.

"I'll be teacher," said Dickie heatedly to her brother.

"I'm tired of pretending nursery school," said a little boy from his bed. "Let's pretend something else."

"Pretend what?" challenged Dick and Dickie in unison. "We've already pretended everything else," added Dick.

"Whatever you play," the woman interrupted firmly, "You'll pretend it tomorrow, and not tonight." Anticipating objection, she switched off the light and ended the discussion.



The service Thursday afternoon had been a little too sterile, it seemed to most of the listeners. An impersonal young minister had read the Scripture in a piercingly clear voice, as a prelude to a clinical examination of the question of death. Mrs. Walker, oblivious to the sermon, cried quietly. She held Dick and Dickie to her, one in each arm, as they leaned their heads against her bosom and cried.

After the sermon, Mrs. Walker and Dick and Dickie went up to the altar to look into the casket. Mrs. Walker's face was streaked with make-up and tears, but she walked erectly. Her children followed her down the red carpet, Jim leading Dick and Dickie. They hadn't done a bad job of putting Hiram back together, for so little time, and the make-up and rouge brought him even closer to being presentable. He resembled one of those tinted photographs you can buy in cheap art studios. Mrs. Walker began to cry again and so did the children, meanwhile begging to be lifted up over the edge of the flower-bedecked coffin. After a brief hesitation, two of the pall-bearers picked them up. As soon as they saw Mr. Walker, they stopped crying and just stared wonderingly at him. Dick smiled and started to wave slowly, but the pall bearers put them back on the thick rug. Mrs. Walker started outside towards the grave, and the children followed.

It was a cold day, and the hazy sun had not melted the white frost which sheathed the blades of dead grass. They looked like earth-embedded thistles of fluffy, artificial Christmas trees. The deceptively spacious and well-laid-out grounds of the mausoleum were picturesquely bordered by evergreens, blocking the view of the highway. The burial service was

accompanied by a chill wind, and bare faces and hands were bitten by the cold as the body was lowered into the earth.

Everyone met back at Ameal's, the women again mixing drinks and comforting Mrs. Walker, the men (there weren't as many as before) in small groups of three or four discussing politics or business in low voices. The doorbell rang regularly with callers come to give their condolences. Some of them brought presents for Dick and Dickie, or platters of food which were carried into the kitchen. Crackling fires were lighted in the large fireplaces, from which radiated an enervating warmth.

The children's room had no fire, but the central heating worked very effectively. Dick, Dickie, and the other children of the night before were all there together. They played *I Spy* for a while but that grew dull.

"Let's play pretend," said one.

"Let's pretend we're a family," offered another.

"No, we pretend that all the time. Let's pretend something new."

"I know," said Dick. "We pretend we're an army and —"

"No, silly, that's a stupid game," his sister answered him.

"Well then you think of something better."

"All right, I will," she asserted emphatically. Dickie was quiet for a moment, then her eyes brightened. "I know! Let's play funeral!" They were all quiet; then they all began to talk at once.

"I'm preacher," said one.

"I dubs playing Daddy," exclaimed Dick.

"Oh no you don't. I'm Daddy since it was my idea," Dickie said.

After a little argument the parts were settled. While they converted an old trunk from under the bed into a coffin, the "pallbearer" took flowers from flowerpots around the house to use as decorations. The game was a good one, with almost infinite room for initiative and interpretation in every part, especially that of the preacher. However, whoever played Mrs. Walker got to cry the most, and that part was much sought-after. But the most popular role was that of Mr. Walker, and even after an hour Dickie was loath to give it up. That was one of the most exciting days of their lives, and the children would never forget that game until the day they died.

BECAUSE

Why do the pretty daffodils
Lift their heads along the rills?
Why sings the bubbling brook so cheer
And sunshine light the sky so clear?

I asked the pretty daffodils
Why they sat along the rills;
I asked the bubbling brook so cheer
Why it mirrored the sky so clear.

"Did He who made the lamb make thee?"
I asked, and then they answered me:
"Nod nod," the nodding flowers said,
And "bubble bubble," the bubbling brook said.

And that, my friends, — I take no heed
Of color, race, club affiliation or creed —
Is all the answer you will need
If e'er you're wand'ring on the hills,
And spy the pretty daffodils,
And spy the happy bubbling brook;
For *me* that's all the answer took.

/SETH MYDANS

ORPHEUS IN THE SEWER

Groping through ooze and slimy walls,
Past valve-heads where odors fetid
Hung round the waste-clogged piping,
Mended with ribbons of rotten rags,
Out from the ooze and slimy walls,
I climbed sodden, from the manhole's mouth,
Onto a black lake of asphalt-
Long thin cracks patched with shiny tar
Binding a car-splashed strip of sidewalk;
And a thundering cloud of pigeons,
Millions of great gray bellies
And white bird-droppings
Splashing and splashing on me in the open.

/BOB COTTLE



TRUTH • BEAUTY etcetera

AN EXPERIMENT IN THE ABSURD

CAST: First Boy
Second Boy
Third Boy
Harold

by Bruce Edwards

(The scene: Three boys are seated around a table, eating.)

First Boy: Well, I like this place.

Second Boy: Well, I do.

Third Boy: Well, I do.

First Boy: Well, I eat up this food.

Second Boy: Well, I do.

Third Boy: Well, I do.

First Boy: Well, I am.

Second Boy: You are.

Third Boy: He is.

First Boy: Well, you . . .

Second Boy: are. I . . .

Third Boy: am. Are

First Boy: You is am

Second Boy: are he

Third Boy: you am *(enter Harold)*

First Boy: Well, there's Harold. He is.

Second Boy: Well, he sure is.

Third Boy: Yah, he is, boy, for sure.

First Boy: Hey Harold, sit here.

Second Boy: Yah, here sit.

Third Boy: Come here, Harold.

Harold: Thanks, fellows. *(Harold sits down)*

First Boy: You don't fly much, Harold.

Second Boy: Well, you don't.

Third Boy: You don't.

First Boy: You're in there.

Second Boy: In there.

Third Boy: There.

Harold: Come on, fellows. Why don't you lay off?

First Boy: Well, we will.

Second Boy: We will.

Third Boy: Will.

Harold: Stop it, fellows.

First Boy: How was the Math test?

Harold: Come on, stop it!

Second Boy: French test?

Harold: Stop it!

Third Boy: Chemistry?

Harold: STOP IT!!

First Boy: Eng?

Harold *(starting to cry)*: PLEASE STOP IT!!

Second Boy: Math?

Harold: STOP IT.

Third Boy: Chem?

Harold: STOP IT.

First Boy: GRIND!

(Harold screams, picks up a knife from his tray, and stabs the First Boy in the heart)

Second Boy: Oh God!

Third Boy: Oh God!

Harold: Oh God!

Second Boy: Is there anything to do?

Third Boy: Anything to do?

Harold: To do?

Second Boy: It's right in there in his heart.

Third Boy: It's right in there.

Harold: In there.

Second Boy: In there.

Third Boy: In there.

TWO PARABLES

by Chai Kambhu

THE STRANGERS

This morning I woke up sweating, saturated with perspiration. I was shaking and trembling like a little boy waking from a nightmare. I felt emptiness beside me. She was gone. Must it always be like this? How many times have I talked to her, told her how I feel? I gave her my soul but what does she do? She gives me hers. I do not want it, or rather I will not accept it, until she accepts mine.

I cannot understand. What is the meaning of her elusiveness? She talks to me, but what does she say? Nothing. She speaks in songs and stories. I cannot, for the life of me, decipher them; they are child's talk. As for me, she says that my speeches are somber dirges, lofty poems. This is not so. I speak a simple language of love; and yet she cannot comprehend. We do love each other, but we cannot live together. We brandish our own souls, but ignore each other's. What is there left to say to her? What has she left to say to me? I might as well go back to sleep.

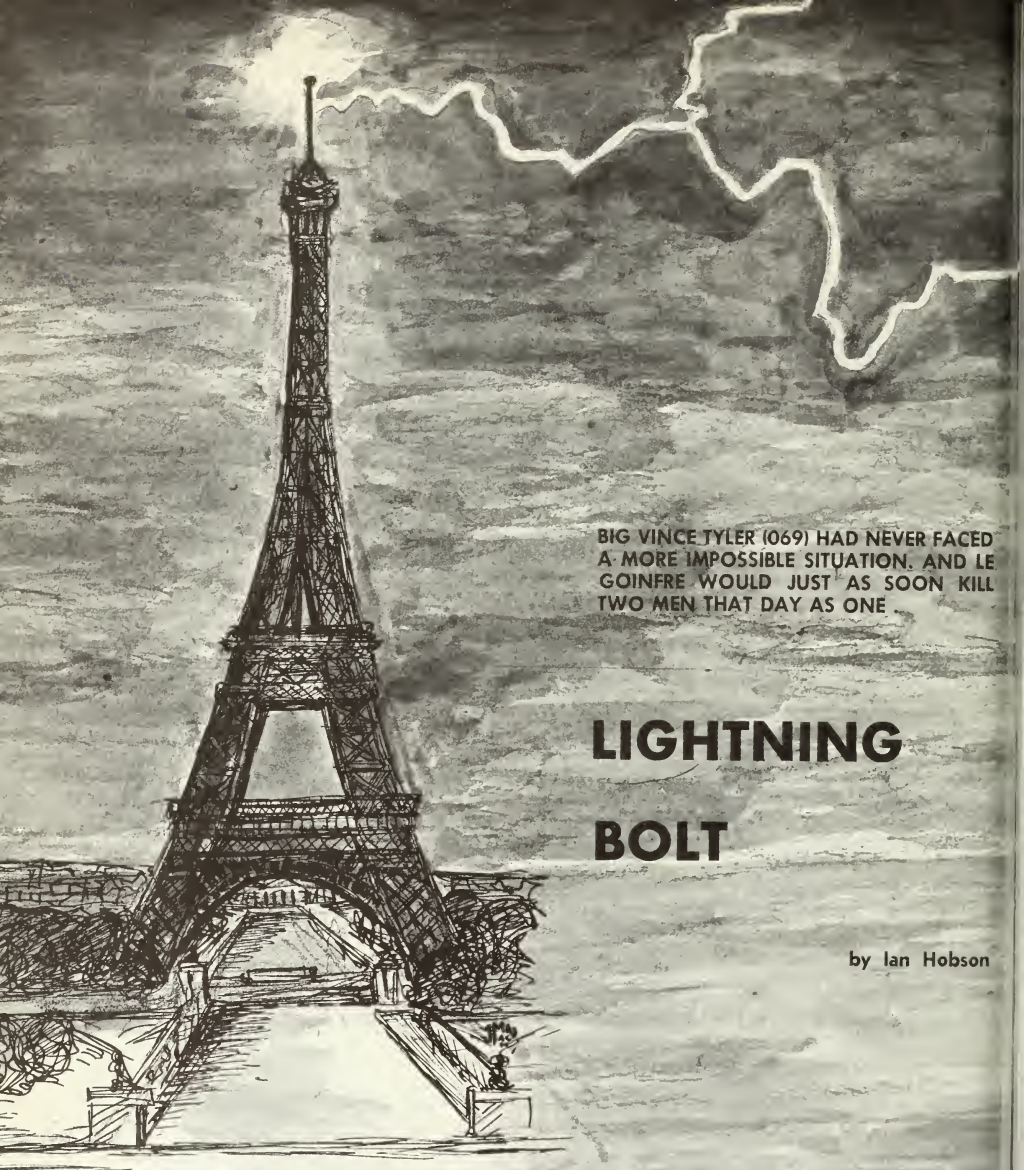
THE ALIEN



Yesterday that boy down the block died, the foreigner. You know, the new boy. He died. The neighbors are whispering. Rumors hang out of windows, lean against fences, run from door to door. They say that blackness broods over his house. No one dares enter. But what could be inside? The boy seemed harmless enough. Yes, that is true, he did suspiciously keep to himself.

You ask what he was like? I have never seen him myself, but they tell me that he looked wild, almost savage. You would have stared at him had you passed him on the street. His features were blurred, yet well formed: obviously the work of some inexperienced sculptor. It was not ugliness, however, that made you glare at him; they say it was his eyes. Yes, now I remember, definitely his eyes. His was not the burning gaze of an artist, nor the languishing look of a poet, yet it was those dim orbs that attracted you. Those awful eyes, always fixed upon the ground; always wet, red swollen, as if he cried all the time. Strange . . .

Parents? I am not sure. It is said that he is of the lineage of Orpheus — a motherless child, a sonless father. It is odd, though, that with all his mystery the other children were not afraid of him. As a matter of fact, they paid no attention to him. I, personally, would have been revolted by him. Visitors? Oh yes, he had a few. I will tell you that they were brave. It is said that the spirit of damnation stalks within the house. Flashing knives hang suspended in the air. Snakes climb up girls' legs and rats leap into boys' mouths. You would be wise to stay away. What is his name? That too is strange — I think it is Veritas.



BIG VINCE TYLER (069) HAD NEVER FACED
A MORE IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION. AND LE
GOINFRE WOULD JUST AS SOON KILL
TWO MEN THAT DAY AS ONE

LIGHTNING BOLT

by Ian Hobson

Vincent Tyler was seated at a table at the far end of the huge terrace sipping his Jack Daniels froth when the waitress directed an enormous man to a table at the near end. Vince looked up from his New Yorker and noticed that the man was about six feet six inches tall, and he gauged his weight to be approximately two hundred and eighty pounds. His hair was coal black, and he wore a turtle-neck sweater that fit tightly around his huge biceps. His shoulders were broad, and he had massive legs. "Probably an American football player on tour here in France," thought Tyler.

A shot ripped through the big man's chest, obviously a 450 magnum slug. He slumped over in his chair and spilt a beer over the flagstone. Tyler heard a Mercedes 190 SL burn rubber and was up on his feet immediately. The man's wallet told Vincent that he was Jack Steel, he worked for the Dallas Cowboys, and that he was six feet seven inches tall, two hundred and seventy-eight pounds, and he was from Texas. As Vince stood there stroking that hand-tooled genuine cowhide billfold, he noticed a monstrous wad of series D one hundred dollar notes, which he deftly plucked from the wallet. He replaced it, empty, in the man's pocket.

Vince knew the men that had fired the shot. There was only one gang in France that used a 450 magnum and drove a Mercedes: Les Animaux. It was headed by a ruthless killer called Le Goinfre by his followers. It was he who had fired that slug. Tyler knew it had to be Le Goinfre, the only man in France besides himself who knew how to handle that gun.

Tyler also knew that he could not let Les Animaux run wild in France, especially in Paris, killing Americans; it was his job to protect people. First he had been assigned to look after London, where his headquarters were located. There had been the vicious Bowler Gang, which he had rubbed out after four days of gunfire at an old deserted warehouse in the Bowery district in the heart of London. There he employed his favorite weapon, the old faithful American .45 police pistol. The barrel had gotten so hot, though, that it had started to melt off on the fourth day of fighting, but there were only ten of them left, so he finished them off with his elephant gun.

Then there was the Russian job, in which he had to protect a group of visiting ambassadors who had a chance of being killed while they were in a meeting with the Russian chief of state. A mad bomber threatened to take the lives of all of them, but Tyler had gotten to him before he had gotten to them. A slug from a Walther PPK put the man out of business for a long time.

Tyler, still standing over the body, decided that his pose would not look good in the Paris newspapers, so he sat down in his original seat

and ordered another Jack Daniels froth (shaken, not stirred) and lit up another one of his specially made cigarettes: Turkish tobacco manufactured by Grear's of London. Vince's special mark was imprinted on each cigarette — two silver rings. He was wondering how he could stop Les Animaux. His drink finally came, and by that time, he had a fine plan.

When Vince was ready to go, he got up and walked toward the cashier's desk. He did not notice the girl who had seated herself rather near to the clerk who had Vince's coat and hat in his hands, ready to give them to him as he left. She was a pretty but not beautiful woman, about twenty years old. Her blond hair complemented her bright face well, and her height was perfect for her rather strong build; her bust clearly defined, but not exceptional by any means. She was typically French. Vince, in his haste to carry out his plan, started to walk out of the restaurant after paying his check.

The girl noticed that he was about to leave without his coat and hat, and she called out to him, "Monsieur, votre chapeau!" hoping to catch his attention. He turned around and muttered a quick "Merci," but then he noticed who had spoken to him, and with the nonchalance of an old master, he sat down at her table and asked her what she would have to drink.

Her name was Susanne LaBlonde, and she was working as a secretary for a man whom she did not know. She had only seen him twice during the four months she had been there. Yes, she *would* like to have dinner at Tyler's apartment that night. There was something about that cruel expression on his face that made him extremely attractive. Tyler wanted to know more about the man she was working for; he sounded somewhat like Le Goinfre. She said that he had a strange bluish tint to his skin, and that he was not attractive. Maybe, she conjectured, that is why he stayed out of sight most of the time.

Vince asked her the address of the place where she worked. "69 Rue de Crimée" was her answer. Tyler knew that Le Goinfre had a business that was a cover for his big crime syndicate in Paris, but he had no idea what or

(Continued)

where it was. The girl said that her employer was supposed to be an investor, but that she thought something else was going on behind the scenes.

Tyler told Susanne he would pay a visit to her boss and see what was going on, because he was interested in *him*, too. Susanne said she would meet him at his hotel, Le George V, at six-thirty for cocktails before dinner.

Vince climbed into the Bentley Mark III which he had had for a number of years, but which was still in exquisite condition, even though it had been taken over the most grueling roads of Europe at speeds of over one hundred and thirty miles per hour. He had been forced to add a supercharger to it, though, because it could not keep up with a Jaguar XKE at high speeds, and Vince could never tell when he might have to catch someone driving in a Jag. He drove along the Rue Arthur Rozier until he came to the Rue de Crimée, which was running across the Rue Arthur Rozier at a forty degree angle. Tyler made a racing change into second gear and swung the big car around one hundred and forty degrees. The tires wailed in protest, and the Bentley almost knocked over the *vendeur du coin*, but Tyler continued on, unperturbed.

69 Rue de Crimée was a small, unattractive office building. Tyler stepped from the car and crushed his cigarette brutally on the ground. He proceeded to the front door and rang the bell twice. The door opened slowly and Tyler sensed something was wrong. He pulled the gun from his kangaroo skin shoulder holster, but as he did, he fell through the floor into a small, filthy room which had a dirt floor and many rats, waiting for their next bit of food. Tyler shot every one of the crazed rodents in the head, but in doing so, wasted most of his ammunition.

He was in a chamber, twelve feet long, twelve wide, and eight feet high. There was no visible means of escape except a small air vent on the wall. It was three feet off the ground. Anything that was so easily done had to have a catch to it. He took off his shoe and threw it against the grate. The sole was burned black by the electricity. Tyler then took the knife he had concealed in the heel of his other shoe, and he unscrewed the vent from the cement wall. There was, fortunately, a hole big enough for him to fit through.

The small passage led to a bigger one that ended up in a wall of the main room of the building. He could hear Le Goinfre talking to one of his men. He was saying that the man had done a good job with the football player that afternoon. Tyler then had no choice but to try to avenge the death of Jack Steel; it was his job.

Vincent looked at his watch. It was five-thirty. He estimated the inches to Le Goinfre's back, and he gauged the amount of spring he would need to break through the screen and hit the heavy-set man on the back. He collected his thoughts and sprang.

Le Goinfre never realized what had broken his spinal cord, and was dead within four minutes after he was hit, and he never regained consciousness. The man with whom Le Goinfre had been talking was hit with two hunks of lead from the mouth of Tyler's Beretta. Vincent knew that the gang was dead without its leader, so he left the premises, his work done.

He left 69 Rue de Crimée without his shoes, which he had burned in the rustic fireplace along with the bodies of the two dead men. The trip back to the hotel was uneventful, except that Tyler had cold feet all the way.

The hot shower felt good on his pain-wracked body. The screen did not show him any mercy, and he had vicious scratches on his feet that needed attention, a woman's attention, and that is exactly what they got. Susanne smoothed on the ointment with TLC (tender loving care), and after dinner, Tyler told her what he had done that afternoon and that she was out of a job with Le Goinfre. Vince tried to console her while they were sitting in front of the fireplace with a snifter of brandy between them. The lights in the room were off; only the light from the fire lit up their faces. Mancini was softly playing on the Gerard turn-table. Tyler's steel-gray eyes bore slowly, yet persistently, into Susanne's pale blue gaze.

"Vince, where will I go?" she said plaintively.

"Don't worry, darling. I'll help you," he breathed, and he got to his feet, grasped her hand, and firmly led her yielding body to his. He kissed her full on the forehead and kicked her out of the room. Vincent Tyler was not a ladies man. Then he turned to the business at hand.





PASTIME

by Bob Cottle

I'm a senior up here, but nobody seems to know it, leastwise treats me like one. I might not really be too strong, and maybe I'm not as coordinated as some of the guys, but they don't have to call me "Flamer", or "Zoom-Zoom", or some things I'd better not tell anybody about. Nobody gives me a chance to show them what I can do, and it really burns me up, and some day they'll be sorry they didn't. It makes me mad to see these guys with their letter-sweaters showing off their girls to everybody but me. I'm not jealous - don't think that - because I know I could be just like them if I had half a chance. Better, probably.

There was a guy in a letter-sweater walking around down on Flagstaff Court when I looked out my window. I'm up on the fourth floor, and I can look all over the place, down to the new dorms, and back to where the bell-tower sticks up. It was pretty hot out, so I knew he wasn't wearing it to keep warm, because those things are heavy, and make you sweat, I guess. I really felt like throwing something out on his head, maybe a big book or something. It would have been funny to see him all crumpled up on the cement walk. If I stood up and stuck my head out the window, it almost seemed like I was so tall I could step on him. I could look over all the buildings, from the new dorms to the bell tower.

I had to do some math, so I took my book off the shelf, and stretched out across the bed. I really hated that stuff. It didn't really seem like math, all about circles and boxes and everything except numbers. I pried the cap off a Coke bottle, and poured some out into my beer stein. Back down the hall, some guy's radio was squealing out, "I went to see the gypsy . . ." I got up and looked out the window, down at the guy in the letter-sweater, as I took a swig of Coke.

I held the ancient mystic bowl between my hands, and drank deeply of the magic gypsy potion. It tingled and fizzed as it went down my throat. Not many people could survive the power of its effects. My body trembled and rocked, and sweat broke out and ran down my neck and onto my special letter-sweater, one with a letter on the front and on the back, and gold medals up and down the sleeves. With a great thundering animal bellow, I leaped out of the window onto the dorm's front steps, four stories down. My feet shattered the stone, but I pranced nimbly onto the grass. With a rush and a hiss like a locomotive, I grew and grew and grew till I could look over all the buildings. The guy in the lousy letter-sweater looked up at me towering over him like some great tree, and ran screaming for his dorm, but with a step that covered twenty yards, I squashed him

like a catapillar in the grass, and my footprint made a fish pond, I stomped on him so hard, I ran to the library, and kicked off the roof like it was a garbage pail lid, and looked down into it, my hands resting on the jagged tops of the walls. Inside were all the guys who did better in their grades than I did, studying away like mad. You fools! See where it gets you! With a breath like a tornado, I blew down into the rooms, and spattered everyone inside against the walls like wallpaper. The whirlwind I made rose higher and higher, and carried all the books and papers with it out of sight into the sky. Just then the bell tower started to ring the hour. With a snort of disgust, I strode to it, my steps shaking the ground, and making the trees quiver and snap off their limbs. I gave it a karate chop, and it fell apart like a pile of dominoes, with the bells making a last clang as they plunged to the earth, where they were imbedded so deep that nobody could ever dig them out. As I walked by the dorm next to mine, I casually tapped it with my toe, and the bricks caved in like a jigsaw puzzle when you put it away. There were screams, and an explosion, and people running out and across Flagstaff Court. One of them was a guy who made fun of me before, "Hold it, Weenie", I thundered at him, as I plucked the great metal flagpole from

its socket. With a perfect golf swing, I caught him as he ran, and drove him up over my dorm and across the tennis courts, and through the roof of the science building, where he landed in the aquarium and was eaten by the alligator. A tank and a platoon of marines came across the campus straight at me, with drums and bugles rolling and blating, and a whole row of flags. I reached down and ripped up the big bird bath by the Latin building, and scaled it at them like a skipping-rock. It bounced once, throwing up a great divot the size of a bus, and mowed through the marines like they were butter. Then I picked up the headmaster's car and threw it at the tank, which it crushed like an egg. A flight of jets swooped down at me, screeching and firing rockets that bounced off like toothpicks, and I reached up and grabbed one in my hand. I crunched it like a fly, and threw it at another that swerved to escape and crashed with a roar into the sanctuary. Then a big bomber with a top-secret miniature atomic bomb flew overhead, trying to get me in its sights. It would have been pretty easy to hit me because I was so big, and a good target, so I'm glad I wasn't, but every time I look from my window, I can still jump out and step on people, and then they know what I can do.



PORTRAIT

by Joe Magruder

He strode swiftly to the little book counter in the bus terminal. Several rows of neatly stacked magazines lay on the counter. On a stool behind the counter sat a peevisish looking woman, her wrinkled face dotted with moles. She was dressed in a loose garment, of the cheap printed variety.

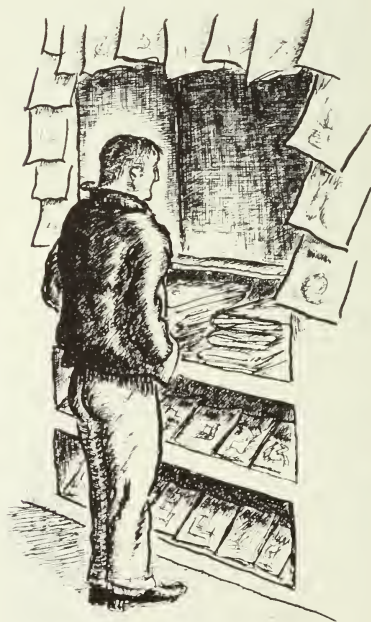
He was surrounded by simple people, casually dressed, going about their end-of-day business before returning home. There were alcoholics resting on the benches in the bus terminal, defeated and old, pitiful, yet despicable because of their ineptitude and their submission to what they called fate. Others around him were ingenuously contented with their lot, blind to the social injustice being perpetrated upon them. By some obscure logic, unknown to him, they reasoned that conditions in society were just. Many of these people were recent immigrants. They worked hard at their manual jobs, earned decent salaries, and lived wholesome lives with their husbands or wives in frame houses. Still others around him were denizens of the pool halls and strip joints. They were gaudy dressers, loud talkers, convivial companions.

Frustration pervaded the warm afternoon air: his frustration. He could not define it for himself, but he knew that occasionally others experienced a similar frustration. For them it was the frustration of thwarted ambition, goals that were never attained because one's father had died, or because one had had to

drop out of school, or because one just had never gotten the "breaks". This mood contrasted strongly and ironically with the mood of well-being enjoyed by most of those around him. To him, this second mood was more hollow than the first, because it resulted from illusions pressed on the people by the Church and by the wealthy.

He looked over that part of the paperback selection that contained books other than "sex novels." He apparently had been looking for a specific book, because he quickly removed one from its rack and put it on the counter, forgoing the cursory inspection that ordinarily attends a purchase. He laced some change on the counter and quickly left the bus station.

The street outside was busy. It was lined with relatively modern buildings (built around 1940) and it was wide. Without hesitation, he



started down the street. He passed two women rapidly discussing some problem that they knew nothing about. The disgust that surged through him was revealed by his expression. In front of a pool hall two men were discussing loudly an incident that one had found especially amusing. Their conversation consisted primarily of profanity.

He turned onto a side street and came upon a fight between a Negro and a white man just as it was being broken up by a white policeman. Several Negroes were standing around the scene earnestly discussing what had happened. A woman on the verge of hysteria was arguing with the policeman. Her wild gestures dramatized her speech. She apparently was the wife of the Negro man, and the five small children who watched intently from a stoop apparently were her children. People stared silently from windows. A few whites watched amusedly from the street. He realized that there was nothing he could do. He passed on. At the intersection he boarded a local bus.

He considered the lives of the people around him. They seemed to be basically unhappy, yet, he noted sardonically, they all had falsely convinced themselves that they were happy. Their self-delusion made him bitter.

Twenty-three minutes later he stepped off the bus in front of a barber shop on a street much dingier than the one from which he had come. He walked a short distance and entered a small grocery store. It was poorly lighted inside. No other customers were in the store; closing time was approaching. He picked up a loaf of bread and then proceeded to the meat bin. He selected a small package of processed meat that looked like bologna but contained unidentifiable green and red objects and consequently was less expensive. The proprietor (and presumably owner) of the store stopped arranging packages on a shelf and walked behind the counter to the cash register.

"How's the wife?" he asked, looking at the customer through thick glasses, apparently awaiting a reply before he punched the cash register. The customer was annoyed at having his train of thought interrupted. He answered in a low voice: "She's fine, fine." He was somewhat disturbed, but quickly regained his composure. "The kid's coming along well, too," he added, feeling obliged to continue the conversation. Having made this comment, he felt

no desire to continue the conversation; and he hoped that his expression showed his feeling. The shopkeeper punched the cash register quickly, affronted by the customer's unnatural reticence. "Good, good," he mumbled as he placed the items in a paper bag. The customer picked up his purchases and left.

His frustration was more urgent now. He was uneasy, and he was lonely. He walked up some steps and opened a screen door. It rattled and slammed behind him. The familiar sound was reassuring, but it also seemed to be the manifestation of the heartache and frustration he knew; it reverberated in his mind, dominating the dusty, void, summer-like, ancient day. He was tired of his world.

He climbed the rickety stairs and opened a door with a marred finish. He entered the tiny room. From the top of the decrepit dresser he took a knife. He made a sandwich from the bread and meat. He went to the bathroom and filled with water a large paper cup procured from a snack bar, and returned to his room. After he finished his supper, he lay down on the bed and began to read his book. Through the window next to the bed came the rays of sunlight from the setting sun. The birds sang pleasantly, giving the setting an aura of peace. He did not feel quite so lonely now. Later, he rolled over onto his other side and continued reading. The sun went down and the only light came from the bulb overhead. The birds stopped singing, and the uneasy noises of the night commenced: passing trains, passing buses, laughter, automobile horns, shouting. He felt lonely again.

Several hours later, Lee Harvey Oswald turned the light off and went to sleep.

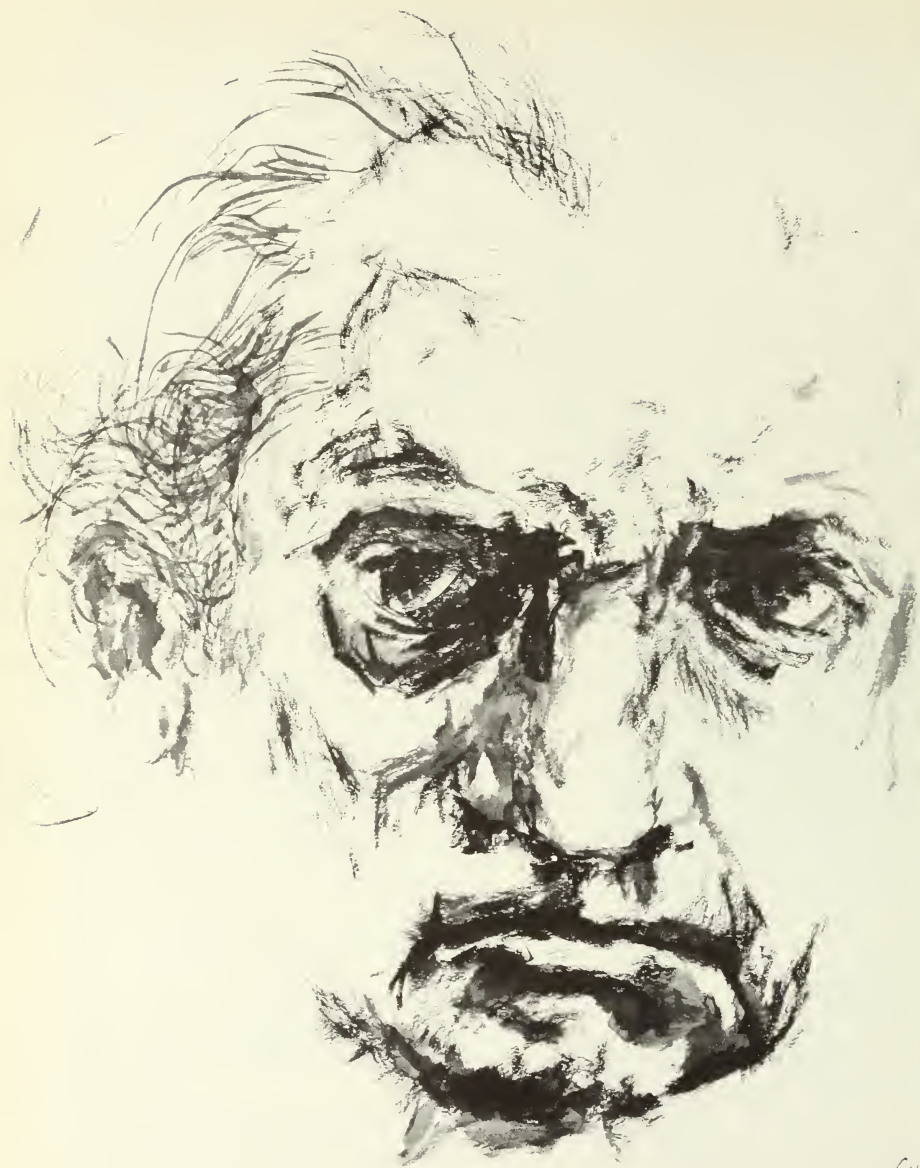
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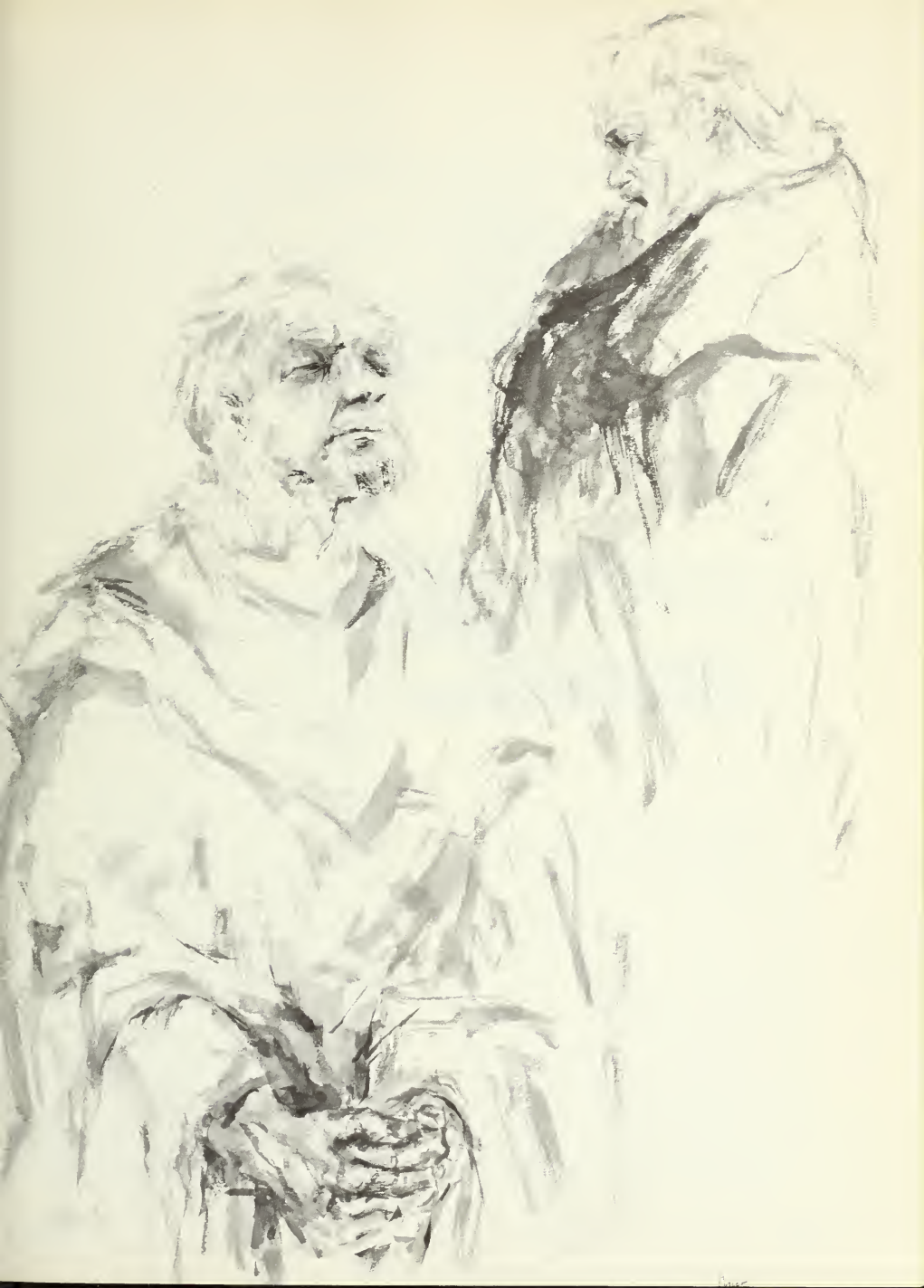
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SAVIOUR

by John Carr

The first rays of the sun penetrated the elaborately decorated bedroom. The fringe hanging from the canopy of the bed waved with the slightest breeze from the open window. Alan Goldberg rolled over once more and decided that he had better get up and finish packing for his trip to Moscow. As President of the United States, it was his duty to negotiate with Igor Popovich, Premier of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, concerning the present world crisis. Both the United States and Russia had enlarged their arsenals of atomic weapons and had become so distrustful of each other since the failure of the nuclear test ban, that any slight miscalculation would mean the destruction of the world. Two years earlier, when he had been elected President, there was almost as much excitement as when Kennedy had been elected, a score of years ago. But Goldberg had shown without a doubt that he was not only capable of handling delicate situations with fortitude, but also with skill.

But now, as his plane was cruising at 36,000 feet over the North Atlantic, and the reporters, the advisers, the secret-service men, and all

but a few of his close friends had retired to the rear of the plane to watch a movie, he had a chance to think back over his political career. As a child in Brooklyn, he had always been popular and had done well enough in P.S. 21 to be admitted to the best high school in the city. Having graduated first in a class of of seven hundred, he decided to attend the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. At Penn he was elected president of the freshman class and became tremendously interested in politics. He decided to make a career out of politics and was determined to enter into the field as soon as he could. Yale University was the institution which he chose to complement his formal education. He graduated second in his class. After Yale, he was undecided as to how he should make his debut in politics. His close friend, Morton Stamitz, Senator from New York, recommended him as a likely candidate to do investigation for the Senate sub-committee on un-American activities.

Two years later he married Sybil Rosenstein. She had been introduced to him while he was studying law. Unlike all the other girls which he had known, Sybil was not immediately attracted to him. She seemed to understand the mysterious air which Goldberg possessed. And Goldberg was immediately taken aback by her. He had never before been forced to concentrate on winning someone over.

The years flew by. Alan Goldberg was elected to fill a vacancy in the Senate. Wherever he travelled he won many friends and brought with him his winning way. People took notice of his forceful speeches and were immediately changed. From his name and what little they had heard about him, they inferred that he was an intelligent and likable person, who possessed an amazing capacity to influence people. But all the people whom he contacted were swayed by an indefinable something in his personality. There was most definitely something different and fresh in his approach to politics. He did not travel about kissing babies and making promises. He spoke openly and readily about any subject. Whatever he said was irrefutable. People were naturally convinced by his straightforward approach, not knowing that there was a superhuman element in his composition.

The plane cut through the thick fog which engulfed the Moscow air-and space-port. The negotiations were to be held later that afternoon. Meanwhile, in the great communications centers all around the world, preparations for broadcasting the discussion between Goldberg and Popovich were being completed. The television cameramen were busily at work when Goldberg and his associates, and Popovich and his comrades entered the room. The room was situated in the south wing of a mosque-type building in Red Square. A great oaken desk was firmly planted between two large, stately, straight-backed chairs. The curtains were drawn tightly across the windows. On the other side of the room stood a large table, decorated with elaborate carvings. On the table sat a pitcher of water, a small silver ice-cooler, and two tumblers. The television cameras to the right of the table focused on the dignitaries and the discussion commenced.

At the same time in a hospital on the other side of the city, Katherine, Popovich's nineteen-year-old daughter, lay close to death. She had been suffering many years from multiple sclerosis and was expected to die within a few months.

Back at the conference room the telephone rang. It was the hospital, calling to say that Katherine had reached a crisis and couldn't last much longer. Immediately Popovich flew into a fit of rage. He loved his daughter much and had a husband all picked out for her. Popovich reached for the telephone which connected him with his advisors. He wanted to end everything. All of his plans for the marriage of his daughter, his plans for the U.S.S.R., and for the domination of the world were ruined. He was determined not to join Caesar, Alexander the Great, and Hitler. He would conquer the world, even if it meant blowing up himself with it.

"I would not advise you to pick up that telephone" said Goldberg with an air of authority and assurance. "As of this moment your daughter is past the crisis and will recover within a few weeks."

Goldberg implied that he knew all the time that she would be fine. He implied that he had worked a miracle and saved her life to show the world that he was God, come to save his people and the world from complete destruction. He *was* God, and he saved the world.

BARN AND MAN

by Dave Foster

the ominous buzzing of flies
far off and
almost prophetic.
elusive and yet vindictive
of the barn. why fruits?
why fruits?
and vegetables?
depleted and swaybacked, a caved-in colossus,
the fruit-barn
with an outside
rough and splintery
hanging with the slender barbs of bark-peeled unfinished
boards (though the floor is worn enough) and the paint's
been off for maybe fifteen years.
here and there a little bluebottle fly, outside and alone
it is almost silent.
sifting dust clogs the door way . . .
and yes jo, "Doors was made to be opened."
"They was made to close."

... a slight hush and a silent hum
steady and penetrating
it is the cry of a thousand nuns
going, childless, to their graves.
too soft to be heard and just
a Pause between now and then.
a rough old head streaked with white
but a jaw firm;
muscles contracting and relaxing
a perpetual motion of tooth to tooth
so practiced as to reach perfection
a movement lost to time
and the yellow teeth pulsating back and forth
brown liquid appears between his lips
he turns
spits
and the stained teeth . . . up and down, up and down — a smooth
rhythm of age.
and he hesitates
savors the silence till the break becomes a Pause . . .
slowly, a fly has been caught.
the dangling spiral of paper turns
slowly
as the teeth and tongue shift the wad
and the teeth bite down and relax up.
he reaches the door, his breathing, stertorous,
takes a look at the rutted road that ends before him.
calmly
he turns and shuffles back along a path
worn through ancient crates of peachosandpears.
the sagging skin is so near death
as death is near him so near that he can't deny it.
the face muscles flex and he chews, involuntary.
“ . . . surprised that you are
open
today.”
the face distorts
and a cracked
enigma
“I'm wrong
Doors is made to open.”

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THE ISSUE

First of all, we should like to remind anyone who would criticize the MIRROR on the grounds that its editors are all deviates to hear in mind that the spirit of the magazine depends more on the nature of the writing which is submitted to it than it does on our skillful and talented editorial board. Verily, it may be said that a close reading of the MIRROR reveals some shocking things about the inner workings of the average student's mind. We can only conclude that as the winter term progresses, it becomes increasingly difficult for a P.A. lad to keep an occasional unthinkable thought from passing through his head.

However, this month's installment of "The Mirror Philosophy" (Editorial Reflections) exerts a conservative, purifying influence upon the wantonness of prep school morals. Skipper Lee's latest effort should appeal to all you up-and-coming young barbers, and another light story, Al Johnson's *The Caller*, explains how the Andover English department can ruin a person's life. Henry (Ian) Hobson, undoubtedly the school's most prolific writer, presents our readers with another amazing yarn taken from his own personal experience. One can detect certain similarities between *Try It All Once* and his now-famous *Lightning Bolt* (MIRROR, Jan., 1964). Bruce Edwards supplies us for the second time with *Truth, Beauty, Etc.*, this one being in the form of a short play. Another dramatic work, *The Way Out*, shows among other things that John McCullough suffers from a grandmother complex. John also wrote *Big Date*, in which we see his normal, healthy attitude toward women expressed in deed as well as in thought. We have published this little gem as Part IV of a four part collection of short, slightly perverted stories entitled *See How They Think*. John Alden, a lower middler, contributed Part I (*A Perfect Halloween*), Part II (*No Man*) originated in the warped but evidently fertile mind of Skip Freeman, and Gerald Miller will take the blame for Part III (*The Iron Duke*). We have submitted all four parts to the Harvard school of Medicine for psychological analysis. *summersight*, a poem by one r. e. fleming, concludes the issue. We're not sure whether he is imitating y. a. tittle or e. e. cummings or if his typewriter is broken or what, but we put his poem on the last page for good reason. And we very nearly forgot about two other lovely poems: *Durham*, by none other than Winston R. Williams, and *Mother Nature's Metamorphosis*, by Conway A. Downing. These were recovered from a certain English teacher's wastebasket; we're lucky we got them before the Trashmen did.

F. H. H.



C. C.

For men who don't mind being stepped on. The Crew-sadists.

These socks are not made for strong, independent, ambitious men. Crew-sadists are too tough. Old ladies don't say, "My, look at the adorable footies!" when the Crew-sadists stride into a room or march by on the street. Breaking up a pool game is nothing to them. They can accomplish deeds that the mightiest of humans would dare not dream of. Be nice to them, or they will conquer the world. And don't bank on being able to see them at night, because they are all jet-black. (P. S. If you do decide to try a pair, expect to be dominated.)

Intertwined

"SOCKS WITHIN WHICH ONE MAY PLACE ONE'S FEET."



THE MIRROR PHILOSOPHY

The second part of a statement in which the Mirror's "Editor-Publisher" spells out — for friends and critics alike — our guiding principles and editorial credo.

Though usually pithy, succinct, and of course, magnificently written, "The Mirror Philosophy" occasionally tends to become a disorganized, rambling sort of discourse. This is because of the ever-changing succession of stimulating and novel ideas that is brought forth in the writing of each new installment. We put them down as they occur to us. When we have concluded the series, we will probably condense it into a best-selling book, but for magazine publication, we prefer the organic approach, since we intend the "Philosophy" to be a living, growing, throbbing statement of the opinions and observations that stem from our profound understanding of human nature.

In this issue, we had intended to continue our discussion of how pornography is contaminating our environment, but that provocative subject will have to wait for an issue or two, because another of our major concerns — alcoholism at Andover — has been too forcibly and personally thrust upon us to be denied comment. An incident which occurred several nights ago has convinced us that things are definitely getting out of hand.

WHAT CAN HAPPEN

It was late last Saturday night, to be precise, and we were relaxing in our room, musing over one of our favorite works of prose — Terry Baggett's immortal *Oh Frabjous Day*. Our door was closed and the dormitory was absolutely quiet, creating an atmosphere quite conducive to the concentration and soul-searching that are so essential to complete understanding of this great masterpiece. After several hours of deepest thought, we felt that we were at last penetrating closer to the story's elusive central meaning. But our meditations were unexpectedly cut short by sounds of revelry in the

Editorial by Frank H. Hight

corridor. We sprang from our chair and flung open the door, seething with rage at the very idea of such an interruption.

We found ourselves facing a semi-circle of drunken dorm-mates. It was evident that they were planning to sing for us. We expressed a desire to be left in solitude, but the merry wassailers ignored us and forcibly entered our room. We threatened retaliation, but to no avail. They picked us up and carried us into our bedroom.

One of them procured two neckties from our closet, and these were tied to our ankles. We suspected that some malicious prank was about to be perpetrated upon us. Our suspicions indeed proved correct, and a hearty cheer went up as they suspended us, upside-down, from the ceiling. We did not find this amusing in the least.

Then one of the more intoxicated of the group came over and with a mighty heave, began pushing us back and forth across the room like a pendulum. This made us so mad. As we swung to and fro, grazing a protruding martini glass here or bouncing off a wall there, the drunkards — that is, those who could still see — reacted accordingly with drawn-out crescendos of "ooooooooh!" as we reached one extreme of our arc, and then "aaaaaahh!" as we came to the other. But the capital humiliation was having to spend the night hanging head down from the ceiling with a beer can stuffed in our mouth.

OUR REACTION

In retrospect, we are still shocked by this episode, if for no other reason than because these brutes are, when sober, such

charming people. Not a one of them would dream of insulting his fellow man. Why, three of them were even so kind as to drop by the next morning to detach us from the ceiling. We overlooked their cutting the neckties in such a way that we lit upon our head.

Naturally, we assume that our experience was nothing out of the ordinary. And also assuming that this sort of thing happens occasionally to members of the faculty as well, it is easy to see why school authorities have become so concerned as of late about "The Drinking Problem." Some teachers have become veritable martyrs for the cause of non-drinking. For example, one senior housemaster, Mr. F., even went so far as to confiscate every single bottle (more than 1/3 full) that he found in his dormitory, and he then saw to it *personally* that all the liquor was disposed of. Surely this was above and beyond the call of duty. He is to be commended.

But grievances exist elsewhere than among the Andover faculty: nondrinking *students* have come to resent the presence of alcoholics, and for good reason. Liquor and its effects make sleeping, studying, and just living difficult for the teetotaler.

The nasty habit some students have of storing vast quantities of their favorite alcoholic beverages in the backs of toilets has rendered many of them useless, except, of course, as cooling devices. And there are undesirable side effects. For example, once a janitor has discovered the dormitory treasure chest, he spends so much time "cleaning" the bathroom that he rarely completes his other tasks. Unscrupulous housemasters often replenish their own supplies by plundering the toilets in the middle of the night, a most disgraceful practice.

Bands of roving drunkards,

(Continued)

armed with flasks, bottles, glasses, cans, can openers, and ice buckets, in addition to molesting the students, often give visitors a bad first impression of the school.

Supposedly communal refrigerators overflow with lemons, beer, soda water, Collins mixer, olives, tonic, etc. Innocent items are banned. This was made clear to us the other day when we tried to place a six-pack of our favorite strawberry soda in the refrigerator. A huge derelict stepped from the shadows, removed the soda from the refrigerator, and smashed all six bottles over our head. But we refuse to admit defeat; sobriety must prevail.

WHY?

Lecturing here last month on the purpose of private schools, Mr. Fred Hechinger of the New York Times stated that private schools should provide a "breeding ground of national leadership." It cannot be disputed that prep schools do provide some excellent leaders. We, for example, plan to spend many a happy year war-mongering amongst the Apache Indians of southern New Mexico. But the independent schools of America should be producing more such paragons, and their failure to do so points up the seriousness of their most basic problem.

That problem is, needless to say, alcoholism. Altogether too many potentially great men become alcoholics while they are at prep school and are thus rarely able, in later life, to assume their rightful positions of leadership and responsibility. Obviously, something must be done, and as far as we can see, the problem has but one solution: total prohibition.

In part three of "The Mirror Philosophy," which appears next month, "Editor-Publisher" Frank H. Hight further demonstrates the unimpeachable perspective with which he views the problems of contemporary society by discussing an extremely complex topic. He is not quite sure yet what that topic will be, but his comments will be sage and timeless.

Because of the unexpectedly heavy response to part one of "The Mirror Philosophy," we have been forced to make booklet reprints available at \$5 each. And for a paltry \$25, we will include a full-color portrait photograph of Frank H. Hight himself. Send check or money order (no stamps, please) payable to the MIRROR, c/o The MIRROR Building, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.



C. C. Pei



C. C. Pei

Shown above are examples of activities against which the MIRROR protests vehemently. TOP: drunken students prepare to set out for George Washington Hall, where they intend to serve as a welcoming committee for visitors to the school. BOTTOM: A band of ferocious drunkards attacks innocent senior John Kidde as he enters the library.

THE BARBERSHOP

by Skipper Lee

THE BARBERSHOP was deserted and the fresh, clean smell of a May afternoon breezed through the open door and windows unobstructed. James Tanner stepped into the cool shade of the shop from the sidewalk, squinting to see where Red was.

"Hey, Red? You going out of business or you just want me to cut my own hair?"

"I'll be right with you, sir, soon's I get done sterilizing my brushes. In the old days we used to wash'em ourselves, but now you gotta have a machine to do it for you. Otherwise you ain't up with the 'times,'" said Red from behind a partition in back.

Mr. Tanner looked at himself in the mirror behind the worn leather and enamel barber chair. He rubbed the back of his hand against his jaw, and thought maybe he could use a shave. The white card with the crisp blue letters announcing Minimum Rates caught his eye: dollar-seventy-five for a men's haircut, two bucks for a shave — prices are going up, he thought.

"Well now, what'll it be?"

"I think a shave and a haircut ought to do it; don't think I can handle a massage," Mr. Tanner joked, pointing to the last article on the white placard.

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Tanner. I ain't ever given one of those things in my life and I ain't starting now. No sir! They just tell me to post that paper and I do, but don't pay no attention to it."

When the haircut was finished, Red wrapped Mr. Tanner's face in a warm towel, and Mr. Tanner shut his eyes comfortably.

"You know, Red, this is really living; I don't care if it does cost a couple bucks, this is the poor man's

way of taking a weekly bath in olive oil." said Mr. Tanner, chuckling.

"I'm sorry about that, Mr. Tanner. A shave's not really worth that much money. I can remember when you could get the best shave in town for two bits, 'n' if I had my way you'd still be able to."

"Aw, you can't fool me, Red. You're as up with the times as any of them; I saw that new rate schedule you tacked to the wall — nobody's pulling any fast ones on you."

Red looked down at the face in the towel. "It ain't me, Mr. Tanner. I try to keep my rates just like they was. It's these new boys with the big places downtown that make you charge —"

"What do you mean, 'make you charge?' Charge what you want and then if it's less than them, you'll get more business!"

Red looked at him sadly, almost pityingly. "It's not like that. You must charge what they want."

Mr. Tanner listened to the rhythmic slick-slack of the razor against the leather.

"You see, they got a union, Mr. Tanner, and everybody's got to do what the union says."

"Well, then don't join the union!" exclaimed Mr. Tanner impatiently.

"You gotta join the union," Red said slowly.

"Why?"

Red didn't answer until he was done with the shave and wiping away the lather with a towel.

"There's just me, and of course my wife. If something happened to me on the way home one night . . ."

"You've been watching too much TV," Mr. Tanner said, but slowly. Red's hair wasn't very red anymore — been around a long time, Mr. Tanner thought. "Thanks for the shave." ●



THE WAY OUT

by John McCullough

CAST:

GRANNY — a woman about 80 years old.

ROBERT MORGAN — businessman.

CECI — his wife.

PAT and JANE — his daughters, both about 5.

(The scene is a typical living room of a suburban house. GRANNY is sitting on the sofa. JANE and PAT are pulling her by the arms, trying to get her to come out and play with them.)

JANE: Come on, Granny, please come out and push us on the swing. There's nothing for us to do around here.

PAT: Come on, Granny.

GRANNY: Please go away, girls. I really feel awfully tired, and I do need my rest, you know.

JANE: Oh, Granny, you're always lying around or sitting around doing nothing. Come on.

GRANNY: Really now, children, I don't feel well. Please leave me alone, I . . .
(Enter Robert)

ROBERT: Hello, how are my little girls? *(He hugs and kisses them)* Oh, uh, hello, mother.

GRANNY: I've been trying to sleep, and the children won't leave me alone. They want me to push them on the swing, and I can't do that.

ROBERT: Really, Granny, you ought to get out and do things like that; it's good for you.

GRANNY: Oh God, Robert, I've been so tired. I can't . . .

ROBERT: All right, kids, let's go. Granny's too tired, as usual.

(Ceci is in the kitchen mixing a Martini, anticipating Robert's arrival. Enter Robert.)

ROBERT: Hello, dear. *(He kisses her, takes his drink, and sits down.)* You know, your mother is really beginning to get on my nerves. She never does anything with the children. She won't even baby-sit when we go out. It seems that all she can do is eat our food and take up our time.

CECI: I suppose you're right dear, but she *is* around 70, you know. Why the last time we asked her to baby-sit, the kids went wild. They won't obey her.

ROBERT: I'll tell you, we really ought to send her back home. She could find someone to take care of her, and she'd be much happier. I really don't get along with her very well, and she's only a nuisance to us.

CECI: Really, Robert, she is my mother, and we couldn't make her do that. She's sick and she needs someone to take care of her.

ROBERT: She's no sicker than you or I. She's just too damned lazy to do anything we want her to, that's all. All she thinks of is herself and how we can take care of her.

CECI: I suppose you're right, dear, and even if she *was* as sick as she claimed when we asked her to watch the children, she could have at least kept an eye on them. That was a rather transparent excuse, saying she fell asleep.

ROBERT: That's what I mean, Ceci. She always finds some way out of doing anything for us. Either her back is sore, or she's too tired, or something else is bothering her.

CECI: She *is* sort of a hypochondriac, always in bed complaining about this or that ailment. She expects us to wait on her hand and foot just because she's my mother.

ROBERT: Well, to be completely fair, we'll give her one more chance. If she'll watch the children tonight, we'll let her stay, and if she won't, she can get the hell out.

CECI: All right, Robert, you always have made good decisions. I'll go in the other room and see what she says. *(She leaves, and calls from the next room.)* Robert, she's asleep. Shall I wake her?

ROBERT: Go ahead, we have to leave pretty soon to go out, and I'll have to call a babysitter if she won't do it.

CECI: *(Comes back from the other room.)* Robert, she's dead.

ROBERT: Too bad, I guess we'll have to call a baby-sitter.

END

I DIDN'T need to ponder very much when I heard the knock on the door, for I knew who was there. My caller sat down in the soft enveloping chair wedged into the far corner of my small room. I certainly had no desire to have him stay longer than was necessary. But then again, how long was it necessary for him to stay? And furthermore, who did he think he was, coming here in the first place?

"I wish you wouldn't come here like this," I muttered mechanically. "I have nothing at all to say to you, and you know it."

"Really"? he said incredulously, lighting his pipe.

"Really," I said, mimicking his unbelieving tone.

I don't really know when it was that I first met him; but I do know that for as long as I can remember he has refused to leave me alone. Or is it that perhaps I have been unable — or sometimes unwilling — to keep him away?

"Everything went well today?" he asked.

"Well, I didn't say anything overly offensive to anyone . . ."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," I said, "that as far as I know, I made no enemies, to speak of."

He gave me his usual orthodox stare, the kind that one expects from a knowing professor who has just received a rather bungling answer to a rather bungling question.

"That bad?" he queried.

"Well," I said, "Certainly not good. I disagreed with my English teacher again."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, he started off by saying . . . Well, to begin at the beginning . . . We're studying *Great Expectations* . . . Anyway, he comes — my teacher, that is — he comes out with the statement that Mrs. Joe is 'completely . . . obviously . . . incapable of love.' Well, for Christ's sake, if that isn't the most simple-minded statement I've ever heard! As if anyone were incapable of feeling anything!"

"So what did you say?"

"I raised my hand, the class groaned in spiritual agony, and, upon being recognized by that mindless, toothless Master's Degree, I had the unutterable gall to suggest that if she were given the proper circumstances, she might be able to bring the love within her out and direct it towards others . . . she's probably been given

THE CALLER

by Allan Johnson

little cause to love anyone or anything. Well, this rash statement blew the roof off the house. He says to me, 'I don't quite think you've got it.' It! What the hell is 'it'? This teacher thinks that people are things on a printed page, that to understand a person's character is merely a matter of sitting in a college classroom and taking studious notes. I'll bet he's feeding us the same interpretations that were fed to him long ago in his dark college years. He's just too damn lazy or too damn stupid to think. He loves to scratch the surface and say, "Lo and behold! Divine Revelation!"

"You're shouting," he said.

"Am I? Oh."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

"There's nothing that I can do but do my best to try and understand people — including myself — and not label them in convenient, simplified terms, like those shallow god damn pseudos do."

"Pseudo whats?"

"Pseudo intellectuals."

"What's a pseudo intellectual?"

"He's a guy who by using sweeping generalizations covered with quiet, controlled whispers concerning your utter, utter stupidity, creates the impression that he is the master of all knowledge that is worth knowing."

"Are you one?"



"Are you kidding? You know very well that if I gave a load of intellectual garbage I wouldn't be able to stand myself."

"Why not?"

"Because . . . oh, because if you can lie to yourself and get away with it, you're no more than a fraud. And that, in human terms, isn't very much."

"Why are you crying?"

"God damn it, I'm not crying," I said, wiping my cheek.

"It hurt, didn't it," he said.

"Of course it hurt," I snapped, "it always hurts. You know that."

"What did he say that hurt?"

"He said that I was arrogant, when I was only sincere. He said that I was impudent, when I was only in earnest. And he said that I was stupid . . . ohh, did he say I was stupid?"

"You don't have much respect for him, do you?"

"No."

"Do you show your lack of respect?"

"No. That *would* be stupid."

"Is that all that happened?"

"No. They laughed at me when he gave me hell."

"Who laughed at you?"

"Those idiots who don't have the energy to try and understand something before they stamp it like a package of meat in the market."

"What do you mean?"

"They don't blink, that's what I mean. And what's more, they don't care whether they do or not. They don't mind tearing someone apart with mockery or indifference. They don't mind looking at a person and saying, 'She's completely incapable of love.' Check that delightful absolute 'completely.' They do what they're told, and they're good little boys."

"Tell me, do you hate them?"

"I actually feel sorry for them."

"Then why are you crying?"

"I don't want people to dislike me . . . You know how much I love people . . . Tell me . . . why do some of those guys think I'm bad just because I get excited about things, about trying to find out why people act the way they do . . . why I act the way I do . . . why I'm crying right now . . . ?"

"Do they all dislike you?"

"No, only a few of them."

"Those few, do you respect them?"

"No, not really."

"Then why cry over them?"

"I don't know . . . I'm soft, I guess."

"Are you soft?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you should be hard, like them. Perhaps you shouldn't be so emotional. Then you wouldn't get hurt so much."

"I'm surprised at you. What the hell is a human being if he refuses to recognize his emotions — that they exist, that they are essential to life? What is a man if he doesn't feel like fighting sometimes, running sometimes, and crying sometimes? God, there's little enough 'humanness' as it is in this world! Let me tell you, I'd rather love too much than not enough, any day!"

"Does loving hurt?"

"Oh, for Christ's sake leave me alone! I'm tired of thinking and tired of hurting! Before I met you I didn't ever feel like this. I didn't go around disagreeing with people all the time, getting hurt so damn much. Why don't you just leave me alone?"

He was gone. He always left like this, I never saw him leave. But I knew he'd be back; and somehow, deep down, beneath the ache in my throat, I was glad. ●

TRY IT ALL ONCE

by Henry Hobson

THE WING was full that night, and he really didn't feel like taking history notes anyway. The dorm was even noisier than the night before, but it didn't matter, because he knew he wouldn't start to work until about ten—or at least he hadn't all week. Twelve o'clock was a hell of a time to get to bed, he thought, but if he had done his notes that night, he wouldn't be in bed till one. There was one thing Jim Crane could not understand, and that was how the other guys ever got their work done. Half the time they were either in somebody's room discussing the merits of sex in society or else they had a card game going. By twelve, Jim was too tired to care about the English theme due the next day. All he wanted to do was hit the hay and sleep for fifteen hours, waking up next to a beautiful girl who had sneaked in from the neighboring girl's school because she was some kind of sex nut, and . . . But this was enough dreaming. He knew that at six-forty his alarm would go off, and he'd have to get up or receive a cut and demerit for missing Commons duty.

He went to the duty and it was miserable. He got slop. Chapel was no good, either. Some jerk from out of town spoke on the meaning of life and how we can achieve our goal if we only work at it. What was even more irritating was that he hadn't had his cigarette after breakfast, but since his housemaster had a first period class, there was nothing to prevent him from enjoying one back at the dorm. The wind whipped his body as he crossed the old campus. Jim's roommate caught up with him at the door of the building.

"You aren't going to have a butt, are you?"

"Sure. The old man is out, isn't he?"

"Yeah, but it isn't safe any more."

"What the hell. I'll take my chances."

"O.K., buddy, but if you're caught again, it's pro."

With that, they entered their dormitory, and Jim went straight to the bathroom. When he smoked, he did a lot of thinking. This time it was about what would happen if he were caught, what his parents would say if he were kicked out, and what a good time he could be having with those nice high school broads. But he'd already gone four years in this school, and it would be a shame to waste all the dough his parents had thrown into the place. Thrown away would be a better way to phrase it. God! The time he could have with those dumb girls. It's disgusting, he thought, you'd think this school was a monastery. No booze, no women.

The door of the john opened. It had to be Pete, the kid who woke up at 8:15 sharp every morning because he had no first period class. Jim couldn't figure out how the kid went without breakfast every morning, but that was just the way he lived. Jim couldn't do it. If there was one meal he did like at Commons, it was breakfast, except when they had those gross apples on toast.

"Hi, Pete."

"Mr. Crane, you know what this means."

"Yes, sir. I guess I'm on pro, huh?"

"No, Jim, you're out. The faculty didn't like your attitude—so we decided to place you on posting for two weeks. You should have checked your mailbox yesterday." His housemaster spoke indifferently.

"Well, how long do I have?" said Jim.

"I'll give you a day to leave, so you can get your plane ticket home and square things away with the school and your parents. It shouldn't take any longer than that."

"What if it takes me longer than a day?"

"If it does, you'll find yourself sleeping on the street." Witty bastard, Jim thought to himself. Now you've done it, he continued thinking, you've really pulled off a beauty. What's the next move? Maybe I shouldn't go home, maybe



I can get to the Carribean on the dough I've got in the treasury, but how far can you go on forty bucks? What the hell, maybe I can hitchhike to Florida and then work my way over to the islands from there. Maybe.

That was the last time Jim Crane saw Phillips Academy. He packed up his stuff (all the clothes he needed) and set out down route 93. He was picked up by a couple of kids after he had walked eight miles with no success, and they deposited him at North Station in Boston. A man who had to catch a train for New York took him to South Station. They both boarded the same train, Jim in the third class section and the man in the first class section. Having spent six dollars on the fare, Jim was worried about his funds when he reached New York, but luckily a freight was leaving for Atlanta in twenty minutes. Jim got aboard the coal car, the only one that was empty, with two slightly older, but more experienced, bums. They told him the best way to Florida via the trains, and the way to avoid the conductors. Then one of them asked him what he was doing on the run. After Jim told them his story and what the consequences would have been had he gone home, the smarter looking bum told him that

any time I wanted to. It was no use, I couldn't stop smoking.

"I realized then that if a school like Andover couldn't see to it that its students were taken care of, if it couldn't at least try to help me, then it wasn't worth a damn, and from that time on I didn't try to punish myself because of some assinine rule. You know that new cut rule I was telling you about? Well, some guys never cut a class, and they never cut athletics, only daily chapel. Then one morning they wake up at seven forty-eight. They haven't got a prayer of making it to chapel, so they take the cut and find out they have four chapel cuts. They're posted. Do you realize what that does to their college record? It shows that they can't use the privileges they're given, because on the record, all the colleges see is that they've over-cut, not that they don't like to get only three hours of sleep a night when they could be getting five if they didn't have to hear some minister, probably not even of their own faith tell them what's wrong with degenerate society. It's just awful."

The bums jumped off the train at the next town, leaving him alone on the south-bound freight.



he was a fool to turn away from the situation, that he should have gotten into a high school at home and that he probably could have gotten into college on just the high school record itself.

"People used to tell me that Andover was the best prep school in the country," Jim said, "and for two years I believed them. But last year I found that I was having a little trouble with Math. I got tense, nervous. I started smoking because it calmed me down. One day, because of the ridiculous smoking rules, my housemaster caught me smoking in my room. I tried to tell him that I had to have a cigarette at least five times during the day, but the only thing I could get from him was a lecture on temperance and what a good thing it would be if I could learn some discipline. Well I tried. It was no good, the whole damn thing was no good, and I told him so. He sent me to the school psychiatrist who told me that smoking was only a habit and that I could break the habit

Now Jim studied the situation carefully. First, he would somehow get a ride to the Bahamas. He could surely work there as a deck hand on some rich man's yacht, and the labor wouldn't be hard. The night life during the tourist season would be great, too. There'd be a million broads there looking for some action, he thought. "God was I smart to get myself out of that hole," he found himself saying aloud. There would be only one problem: what to do about his parents. He'd have to write them a letter, explaining what he had done and why. If they didn't like it, they could lump it. It was his life, and he could choose to do whatever he wanted with it.

The train connections were easy, and it wasn't tough to find a cheap ride to the islands. He hired out as planned, a deck hand on some shoe company's ship. Now all he had to do was find some nice-looking girl and get going on her.

Her name was Suzette Nichon. She worked at Sandy's Grille, a little-known greasy spoon on the big island. Jim met her within a week after he had landed. He was looking for a cheaper place to eat than the restaurants he had been to, when he saw a sleazy-looking joint in a dead end alley in the poor section of New Providence. As he walked inside, he noticed that the floor was unswept, the counter top hadn't been wiped in about a week, and the booths that they had were almost piles of sawdust. This is the place, he thought. He melted into the booth and looked at the half-eaten menu, considering what his dollar would buy. A waitress came over to the table.

"Yes, sir, what can I bring you?" she said in a beautiful French accent. He looked up at her, and for the first time in his life, he was really shocked by what he saw. She stood about five foot seven, had absolutely perfect proportions, and wavy blonde hair curled at her shoulders in a page boy. Her light blue eyes cut deep into his, and her pert, beautiful lips formed a pink heart on her slightly tanned face.

"I . . . uh . . . I'd like to talk to you for a moment," he said.

"All right, but we're about to close up, and I'd like to have your order now, while you have a chance. You see, the boss is liable to kick out the last person in here at night if he doesn't get the order in a hurry," Suzette said.

"O.K. Two hamburgers and a coke, and then come right back."

While he was eating, he found out that she had gone to Nassau when she was twelve years old. Her uncle brought her from France, because he had an idea that she would eventually end up in America when she was older anyway, so why wait till then to teach her about the customs? He had picked Nassau because he had a house on the island, and could keep her under almost constant surveillance. Unfortunately, her uncle died five weeks after they arrived, and the attorney who handled his estate had swindled her. She was left on the island alone, without a home or friends to take her in. Suzette said that it was just lucky that the French people teach their children to be independent. She had had no trouble finding a job, because this Mr. Evan, who owned Sandy's, saw her on a beach one afternoon and asked her if she would like to work at his restaurant as a waitress. She admitted, with a blush, that she could have passed for eighteen when she was

only thirteen.

She also told Jim that the job had ceased to be pleasant the past four years. The boss never repaired the broken furniture, no one ever came in any more, and the whole thing seemed useless to her. Besides, she was eighteen now, and she wanted to meet some boys her age and have fun, not stay in Sandy's all night. Jim told her he had the answer. He would put her up at the place he was staying and would support her, because he was earning a good salary as a deck hand on the cruiser. Since Suzette was French, the idea of staying with a boy wasn't too shocking. After all, there were plenty of girls in Paris doing the same thing.

Jim had other ideas, too. He thought of the great times he could have with this French chick. They didn't have any morals, did they? That night as he took her back to the hotel he was wondering how she could ever thank him. His question was answered before he had another chance to think about it. At that time they were walking past a beach. The moon was full and the ocean thundered on the reef, two hundred yards out.

"Why don't we stop here," she said, "the ocean is so beautiful at night."

"O.K., sweetie," he mumbled as he lay down beside her on the wonderfully soft sand, its granules caressing his back as he wanted Suzette to do. He leaned over her warm body and kissed her full on the lips. She pulled him down on top of her writhing self and pressed him close. He responded with uninhibited thrusts. Her warm moist lips nibbled at his neck, and her torrid tongue explored the wounds her teeth had made. In a moment their passion was fulfilled.

Jim Crane lay back on the sand and looked up at the stars. Had he achieved his goal, was life all that it was cracked up to be? He thought that now he had done just about everything there was to do, but so what? Did this accomplishment mean anything to him? He realized that there would never be enough in life to contain him. He could never be fulfilled or contented with just life itself. There had to be something more. As he ran naked into the pounding surf, he wondered if Suzette would ever make the same discovery, if she would ever find out that life really wasn't worth a damn. Or would she, like all the others, play follow the leader until death told her that the game of life was over? ●



TRUTH • BEAUTY ETCETERA

WAITING FOR



RHINOCEROS

by Bruce Edwards

CAST: VAL (who is half rhinoceros and half human)

ESTHER

HEAD RHINOCEROS

RHINOCEROS MOB

(Scene: A lonely, flat land. Val and Esther are the only two objects to be seen.)

VAL: Well, guy, here we are.

ESTHER: When will they be here?

VAL: Few minutes. They promised to take me all the way in there, instead of just part way.

ESTHER: I'm not so sure I want to become in there like all you guys.

VAL: Judas Priest! Being in there is really in there. Do you want to be a zoomer all your life? This is your big chance to become one of the guys. They don't let just *everyone* in.

ESTHER: I guess you're right.
(A giant cloud of dust appears off on the horizon.)

VAL: Hey, guy, look! They're coming. In there!

ESTHER: I'm scared.
(The dust cloud approaches rapidly. A huge Mob of rhinoceroses can be seen charging towards Val and Esther.)

VAL: All right. In there.

ESTHER: I'm scared.
(The rhino Mob comes to a halt beside Val and Esther. The Head Rhinoceros steps forward.)

HEAD: Well, I am.

MOB: Well, he is. *(Roar.)*

HEAD: Well, Val, all set to be in there?

VAL: Well, I am.
(Head Rhino dances around Val, chanting.)

HEAD: I am, you are, he is, we are, they are. In there.
 I am, you are, he is, we are, they are. In there!
 I am, you are, he is, we are, they are. IN THERE!!
(Val is transformed completely to a rhino. Immediately, the Mob rushes over and surrounds Val. Then they rush back, Val lost and undistinguishable in their midst.)

ESTHER: Hey, Val, where are you? Come back!

HEAD: Well, Zoomer, you want to be in there, huh?

ESTHER: I want to talk to Val, first.

HEAD: Val is no longer Val, now. He's one of the Mob.

ESTHER: If I become in there, will I have to go into the Mob just like Val did?

HEAD: "Have" to? It's an honor to be in there.

ESTHER: I don't want to be in there. I want to get out of this place. I don't want to be in the Mob. *(Esther runs off the stage.)*

HEAD: *(to Mob)* Are we in there?

MOB: IN THERE!! *(Roar.)*

HEAD: Who's not in there?

MOB: THE ZOOMER!! *(Roar.)*

HEAD: Then mash him right into the ground!

MOB: MASH! MASH! MASH! MASH! MASH! MASH!
(The Mob rushes off, the Head in the lead, towards Esther. Offstage, a horrible cry is heard, then silence.)

END



MOTHER NATURE'S METAMORPHOSIS

The winter hasn't yet arrived,
Nor autumn shed her wont disguise.
So play, my children, play, until
Harsh winter's winds the skies instill.
'Tis such a lovely sight to see
The trees so brightly all pied unleave,
And squirrels scamper o'er the fields
To gather nuts for a long winter meal.
But autumn only lasts for a while,
And winter's winds will surely be vile,
And frozen ponds shall swans beguile,
And rabbit's hair with the snow reconcile,
So play, my children, play, until
Harsh winter's winds the skies instill.

/CONWAY A. DOWNING

DURHAM

Durham on the Elerbee shudders and waits,
Catches a glimpse of the filth,
Looks inside and swallows just once.
Pride in a heritage falls suddenly,
Crawls to hide from the mother who taught it to climb.
A child caught filling babies with messy licorice,
Scolded, sulks in his corner;
Turns to his toys to grasp, admire, and protect.
Watches the uncle clean the babe,
And teach the evils of filth
And make the penalty death;
Hearing the baby cry always for more,
Sneaks to put licorice into clutching hands.

/WINSTON R. WILLIAMS





SEE HOW THEY THINK

Part I

A PERFECT HALLOWEEN

by John Alden

"MY CHILDREN are such sweet, obedient angels. I feel my life's mission has been accomplished in training these little boys and girls so well. I wish I could teach all the young ones in the world to live in peace and harmony." Mrs. Bub never ceased bragging about the 25 vivacious, disorderly children who daily came to her nursery school "to learn to be friends." Although the only thing they did learn at her institution was the art of organized confusion, kind, elderly Mrs. Bub was sure that this small group was the classic example of refined, virtuous, inoffensive youths who would someday solve the world's problems.

The day was October 31, 1963. The many-colored calendar on the nursery school wall had been made by the children, and the square signifying that day had many extra pictures and a larger "31," so no one would forget that it was a holiday. The weather was perfect for Halloween. Outside, the rain fell from above like a myriad of buffaloes thundering along in

a stampede. The sky was dark, and the high wind carried branches, leaves, toys, and little children on an extensive tour of the area. Yes, a perfect Halloween.

But inside the building, the admirably well-intentioned five-year-olds were gayly celebrating the occasion. Mrs. Bub was busily ordering her two decrepit helpers about in preparing the cookies and milk. Everyone had on a costume of some sort. Except for the homemade angel outfits, they were the usual run of Indians, policemen, clowns, and monsters. Throughout the skimpily decorated playroom, the horde of youngsters were all making boisterous claims



as to the advantages of their costumes.

"Children, it's time to have our milk and crackers. Sit down in your places, please." No response from the mob. She tried again. "Children, do as I say. Now, go to your seats and quiet down." Her virtuous boys and girls did nothing. Suddenly with an explosion of thunder, lightning knifed through the electrical wires, and POOF! — out went the lights. Screams of terror filled the room. (Yes, a perfect Halloween.) When the youngsters had quieted, she soothingly explained to them what had happened. "The storm made the lights go out," she expounded. "Find your way to your seats and we will continue with our party. See, if you had done what I said, you would not have to stumble around now in the dark."

"Mizz Bub made the lights go 'cause we dint do what she said," yelled one boy. "It's her fault!" he continued. The sentiment spread. "The boogie man's gonna come. We'll all die!" The tension mounted. "Feed him ole Bub!" suggested one of her prize pupils. Cries of "Kill her!" "Mob her!" "Lynch her!" "Mommy, help me!" spread through the hall. With a pirate sword in his hand, one sterling youth climbed onto a table to shout words of encouragement and revolt. Strengthened by his cries, in a mob they rushed Mrs. Bub. She screamed once and then was smothered by tiny hands and feet all over her. A foot in her mouth, hands bending her limbs, a can of paint in the face, all contributed to her final submission. There was no hope.

* * * * *

A lonely cemetery, a soft wind, blue sky — a beautiful scene. A fresh mound of dirt covered the grave filled the day before. The tombstone solemnly read:

Clarissa Q. Bub met her death on October 31st,

1963,

*Overwhelmed by her children pure, the noblest
of which struck first.*

*Those youngsters whom she trained so well,
those striplings so good and clean,*

*Handed her death in quick revolt. Yes, a perfect
Halloween.*

Part II

NO MAN

by Skip Freeman

ONCE UPON a time there was a rich, well-known, beautiful young lady who loved to go on hunts and expeditions. One day she received an invitation from one of her friends asking her to go on a safari in Africa for the entire month of June. Of course, she did not want to pass up such an opportunity, for she might never have another chance in all her life to go to Africa.

But there was one slight problem. She was supposed to be married in June to a rich, well-known, handsome young man who was terribly afraid of animals — especially jungle animals. She could not just take off and leave for Africa, for then he would never marry her; but maybe, she thought, she could talk him into coming along. They could be married in Africa and spend their honeymoon there.

After a long argument, the young man meekly consented to go along, but stated that he was going only because he loved her so dearly and did not want to lose her to some wolf in Africa.

Upon arriving at their destination, the group unpacked their gear and set up camp in the middle of nowhere. The young man timidly approached his fiancée while they setting up camp and said, "You know, dear, I only came here because I love you so much . . . but after we're married, things are going to be different. You know that, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, certainly, John. Could you please hand me that hammer?"

"Evelyn, you weren't even listening!"

"Oh yes I was, John. You said things would be different after we were married; and I



imagine our relationship will probably change, but let's wait till then. We only have one more day, you know."

"Oh, all right."

The next day they went out hunting, but returned tired and unrewarded for their efforts. That night while they were eating around the fire, a band of cannibals watched them closely from bushes surrounding the camp.

The next day promised to be the most happy for the group. A local missionary had been persuaded to marry the couple right at the campsite. As the ceremony was proceeding, the cannibals burst into the camp hooting and hollering native songs. The angry young fiancée

asked the chief to kindly be silent for a few more minutes. Since the chief was in no real hurry, he obliged by telling his men to be quiet.

After the ceremony was over, the chief went over, grabbed the woman, tied her to a tree, and began to put branches and logs around her. The young man protested bitterly and said they couldn't do this. The chief nodded to his men who came and tied up her husband as well. They doused him with a special liquid and then set him on fire. Next, they used him to light the wood surrounding the young lady. As the two began to sizzle in the fire, the cannibals hungrily danced around and around.

Moral: No man is a match for a woman until he's married.

Part III

THE IRON

DUKE

by Gerald Miller

THERE CAN be little doubt that Edward Ignatius Canfield III is one of the bravest, most adventurous men in this man's world. Every day, Edward sallies forth from his apartment at 40th and Park to make his way downtown to Wall Street. Most of his friends are driven to work in their black limousines, but not Edward. The Canfields have always been a family that believe in possessing no more than they absolutely need to live in comfort. Besides, Edward, like his grandfather, is a rugged individual who believes in keeping in shape. He spends his weekends at the country club, playing golf and tennis and then going for a vigorous swim. But Edward does not believe in re-

stricting his exercise to the weekends; every day he is sure to walk at least five blocks on his way to work. It is the blocks on foot, before he hails a taxi, that have led Edward's friends to call him jokingly, and somewhat enviously too, I suspect, the "Iron Duke." For during these treks Edward overcomes some of the most perplexing and terrifying obstacles known to man. Sometimes, before he has even gotten off his own block, a ragged, unshaven man will yell at him and actually wave a soiled newspaper in his face. Sometimes a mean dachshund on a leash will drag his mistress across the sidewalk in his anxiousness to be at Mr. Edward

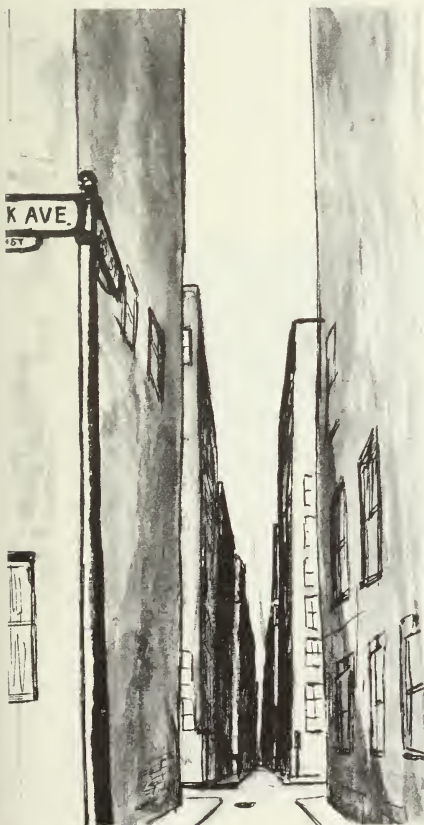
and to sniff his leg. Then there is always the terror of crossing Park Avenue. Every time he manages to cross the street without being hit by a speeding maniac, even Edward cannot keep from mopping his brow. Then he has to walk down one of the cross streets and break away from the comparative safety of the avenues. These are the moments he dreads the most, because he never knows what to expect. Sometimes he has to walk underneath a scaffolding while two or three leering apes in sweaty T-shirts throw bricks and blocks of wood down at him. Sometimes he is surrounded by a scrambling, shrieking mob of unwashed, barefoot children, dressed in rags. And sometimes a gray, wrinkled old man curses him in a foreign language and tries to extort a dime from him. Finally, Edward hails a cab and clambers into the sanctuary of vinyl seats and gray metal. Even there Edward does not feel entirely safe; who can tell what idiot is going to come ramming into the cab? He sits stiffly in the middle of the back seat, scarcely daring to breathe until the cab pulls up in front of Edward's polished steel and glass office building. Only inside the revolving glass doors can Edward bring himself to feel that he has safely survived a trip to work. As he walks in, everyone jumps up and anxiously asks what dangers he has overcome on the way down. Edward waves them off with his hand; he does not like to boast.

Part IV

BIG DATE

by John McCullough

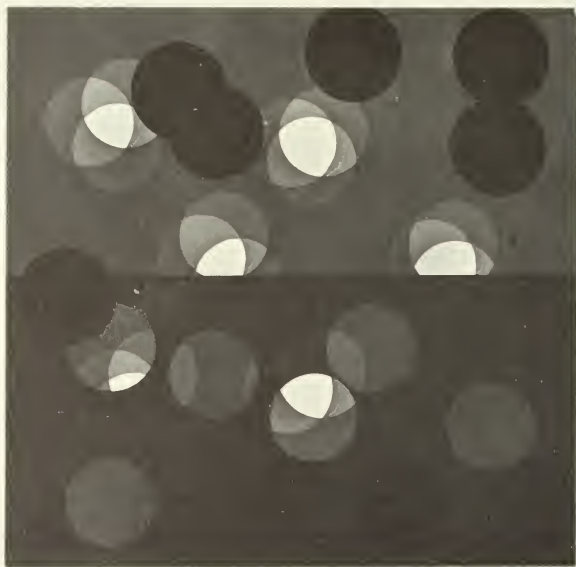
THE DAY I got home, I called Rhoda and made a date for the drive-in. I poured on the charm I had learned at prep school, and she gladly accepted my invitation to see *A Sum-*



mer Place. Rhoda is not particularly good looking, and she has a terrible personality, if you can call it that, but she is well known for her performances at the drive-in, and I had been away at prep school for three and a half months without seeing too many girls.

As I left the house, my mother asked where I was going, and I gave her the usual reply, "out," which now seemed to satisfy her. She retired to the other half of the kitchen in silence, then asked, as an afterthought, whom I was taking out. I had no desire to tell her that I was dating Rhoda, for her reputation is well known. I mentioned a girl I had known in the ninth grade who is now the smartest girl in the school, and my mother seemed happy about my choice. I rolled out of the driveway behind the wheel of our 1963 Cadillac, a really classy car which never fails to impress

the town girls. I pulled up to Rhoda's house and honked the horn; I couldn't stand going into a shack like the one she lived in. She came running out, hopped in the car, and snuggled over beside me, commenting on how beautiful the car was. We went straight to the movies; I didn't dare to stop at the local hamburger place for fear of being grossed out for being with Rhoda. We watched the movie for an hour. It was boring, and I began to neck with Rhoda seriously. She responded eagerly, like everybody said she would, and we went further and further until I had all I had wanted from her. We dressed and left, although she protested that she wanted to see the rest of the movie. I took her straight home, and left her off at the end of her driveway. I drove off, but after a couple of minutes realized that I hadn't thanked her for a good time. I stopped the car, and I was sick. Now she would *hate* me.



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THE ISSUE

It should be fairly obvious to anyone who is at all familiar with trends in student creative writing that the rate of productivity falls into a definite pattern during the course of the year. Little or nothing is written during the fall term, the pace gradually picks up throughout the winter term, until finally in the spring, a great deal of readable writing is produced. Since, as we have maintained before, literary magazines such as the MIRROR are dependent for the most part upon material submitted by persons who are not connected with the magazine's staff, we feel that it is logical to publish at intervals paralleling as closely as is practical the pace at which material is handed in. This explains why we have broken with the traditional policy of printing two issues during each term. We have put out one issue in the fall term, three this term, and will publish two during the spring. Ideally, there would be three in the spring, two in the winter, and one during the fall, but the short spring term prohibits this. At any rate, this is not necessarily a permanent change, but rather an experiment, and whether or not it is successful remains to be seen at the end of the year.

This has been a comparatively lean year for creative writing, and we are the first to admit that such conditions define the limits within which we may improve the MIRROR's quality. However, we feel that Andover's writers have begun, in this issue, to realize their true potential.

An especially informative "Mirror Philosophy" (Editorial Reflections) precedes Tim Booth's *Punch Your Card As You Leave*. This is Tim's literary debut. Next is Conway Downing's beautifully handled *Play It Cool*. Then comes the first of two stories that we are particularly proud to present, since we feel they were inspired by works which appeared in the previous MIRROR. We always experience a sense of satisfaction when this occurs. The first, *What I Learned Over Vacation*, was submitted anonymously for some strange reason, and the second, *Long On The Sides, And No Comments, Please*, was done by lower middler John Leone. John Lederer recounts one of his favorite memories in *Everyone's Been So Nice*, and in *Stick Close*, Charles Sheldon entertains our readers with a long teacher-detective story. Terry Bagg makes his first spectacular appearance of the year on page 22. Tom Carothers provides us with this month's *Truth, Beauty, Etc.*, and Skipper Lee's *An In There Date* contains some good advice about dating. Joe Magruder's *Homecoming* is a refreshing change of pace. Ian Hobson tells another spine-tingling saga of Vince Tyler: *He Never Returned*. Chai Kambhu duplicates the easy-flowing style of *Two Parables* (MIRROR, Jan., 1964) in *Conversation With Thanatos*, and since page 40 was left over, we threw in two dandy short poems, one by Chuck Rounds and the other by Bob Cottle. And if our readers enjoyed Pete Schandorff's MIRROR review in last week's PHILLIPIAN, then his other contribution to American letters (no pun) must be read. It is called *Just One Of Those Things*, and we can only say that if this sort of thing happens frequently to Mr. Schandorff, we hardly blame him for being generally bitter, and for having seized his opportunity last week to lash back at the world. This month's cover design is *Orpheus*, by Howard Cutler.

F.H.H.



At Andover nearly everybody reads the MIRROR.



THE MIRROR PHILOSOPHY

The third part of a statement in which the Mirror's "Editor-Publisher" spells out — for friends and critics alike — our guiding principles and editorial credo.

Editorial by Frank H. Hight

When we first began writing this statement of our beliefs and purposes, we had no intention of still being at it in what we would consider early spring, but there are buds pushing up through the sod and we've just seen our first flock of buzzards, fresh up from the South, circling overhead as we were walking about the campus. What better time to be discussing Puritanism, sex suppression, lawlessness, adultery, censorship, divorce, birth control, abortion, and our original topic, pornography?

We intend to cover all these — and more — in the next month or so, and it may appear to some readers that we are wandering rather far afield in our delineation of this magazine's guiding principles and editorial credo. But we have been so encouraged by the hundred-pounds-of-mail-a-day response to the first parts of "The Mirror Philosophy" that we have broadened the subject area to include many of the interrelated factors we believe have gone into the making of our modern American culture, as well as some remarkably astute personal comment upon them. It is possible that we may eventually explain how the MIRROR fits into the picture.

Thus far, we have enlightened our readers on the subjects of pornography and alcoholism, and there is more where that came from. Indeed, there is much to look forward to. But before we move on, we feel we must take time out to consider a matter which seems to be popping up in our thoughts more and more often: Spring Vacation, which usually accompanies the arrival of spring. Puritanism, sex suppression, etc., will have to wait.

VACATION: A SYMBOL

For many Andover lads, Spring Vacation represents more than just an opportunity to escape from the designs of the faculty for three

weeks. It is also a chance to teach the outside world a lesson, to leave some sort of mark upon the world, and far more important, to remind the world what it means to be a prep school student.

Now when we were young, Spring Vacation was a time for stretching out under the old alligator pear tree with a good glass of claret in one hand and a Greek tragedy or two in the other. But apparently times have changed. This morning, as we were descending the steps of George Washington Hall, the Phillips Academy administration building, we caught sight of a familiar visage, that of R. Emmett Kelly, Jr. Mr. Kelly's portable mimeograph machine dangled nonchalantly from his belt buckle, a large fluorescent green and gold "Bermuda or Bust" sign stuck on it. We inquired as to where he planned to spend his vacation.

His answer was drowned out by the clanking of his machine, and seconds later, thousands of mimeographed copies of his latest History 4 final lay upon the ground. He pressed a huge stack upon us. Our polite demurs were swept aside as Mr. Kelly's magnetic personality bound us up as one with his future plans, made us feel as though we were conspirators, on his team, so to speak, as it were.

"Yes, sir! Planning to expand," Kelly stated modestly, with an expansive gesture. "Next term we'll be doing up *all* my exams."

At last we cajoled him away from the crowd of faculty and students, men and women, old and young, who clamored for reproductions of his scholarly prose. In the solitude of his boudoir, we were able to question him at greater length about his plans. Mr. Kelly rang for soda and began to elaborate.

"Well, I'm goin' down to Bermuda, see? An' I'm hitchin' up with this broad, see? An' we're

gonna shack up, see?" It was at this moment that an obsequious little man entered bearing a tray of glasses and a gazogene. Hurling the tray of glasses to the floor and turning to face us, this seemingly mild-mannered servant ripped off his outer garments to expose the man of steel that lay beneath: Mr. F.! Immediately detecting the cheat, we let out a cry of horror and dove through the window, having been warned earlier never to set foot in his dormitory again.

And from that time on, a suspicion haunted us that possibly Mr. Kelly was using his vacation for purposes other than what we assumed. At last we determined that only empirical evidence could answer the question that was blighting our soul: Were our generation's leaders (such as Mr. Kelly) losing that high idealism that led our ancient forefathers to undertake their perilous journey across the stormy Atlantic, that led men such as Davy Crockett to risk life and limb to open up the vast American frontier that others might follow in their footsteps, that inspired artists such as Grace Metalious to instill a love of Truth and Beauty in the hearts of Man, that led us to write this editorial?

OUR SEARCH

We decided to interrogate the very next person who passed us by on the street, but when no one would speak to us, we struck upon an even better, and much more daring plan. Collecting draft cards and driver's licenses, we made our way to (we shudder in shame and fear to say it) Chez Benner. Tapping out the prescribed knock . . . knock-knock on the oaken door, we waited in terror for surveillance through the peephole. At length the door was swung open by a burly red-headed specimen — Benner Protrusions! Relaxing a little, we made our way into the exotic atmosphere and waited

(continued)

for our eyes to become accustomed to the light.

Suddenly, we heard an obscene scraping and clunking off to our left. We dodged left, feinted right, and spun—prepared to fight to the death before retreating an inch. However, it was only P. Alexis Gerard in his Competition Vectors. Shuffling over to the coke machine, he gave us his Head poles while he inserted a dime.

"Pardon me," we inquired, "but are you vacationing at Stowe?" He toasted us with his coke. Impressed by this gesture of friendship, we asked him to sit down with us. Mr. Gerard tried then as always to be accommodating, but as his skis became confused with the table legs, he fell heavily to the floor.

"Is it true that everyone wears Competition Vectors?" we continued. He smiled enchantingly, and we handed him down a slightly used french fry which he accepted with grace. "And where are you staying at Stowe?" we pressed, eager to learn more. He ignored our query as he struggled to regain his feet, but his valiant effort was doomed to failure.

"Could you tell us more about your role at Innsbruck?"

Gerard simply chortled, as if about something entirely removed from the sphere of human thought. "And how about your geländesprung technique?" we followed

up. "How about that? . . . huh? . . . huh?"

Once more we asked if he was still going to Stowe. He grunted heavily, as if to say, "Yes, I am still going to Stowe." All at once the implications of the whole conversation crashed over our consciousness like a monstrous tidal wave. Perhaps we had found the answer. If man of few words, this man who knew how to make the best of any situation was going to Stowe, then might not Stowe be the very place we ourselves had been looking for?

By the time we stepped back out into the dazzling sunlight, we had just about resolved to spend our vacation at Stowe. In fact, we were just checking our wallet to gauge our financial resources when we caught sight of one of our community's more respected members, G. Walker Bush.

"Hey, there, G. Walker Bush!" we yelled. "Where are you going for the vacation?"

"Bermuda, man! It's in there!" "What? . . . Why . . . Gee, aren't you going to Stowe?"

"Hardly, man!" Bush said, laying into a stick of gum. We felt the pall of disillusionment settling over us.

"But . . . But we thought everybody went to Stowe."

"Why, man!" said Bush confidentially, taking us aside. "All the pseudo-preps go to Stowe! The

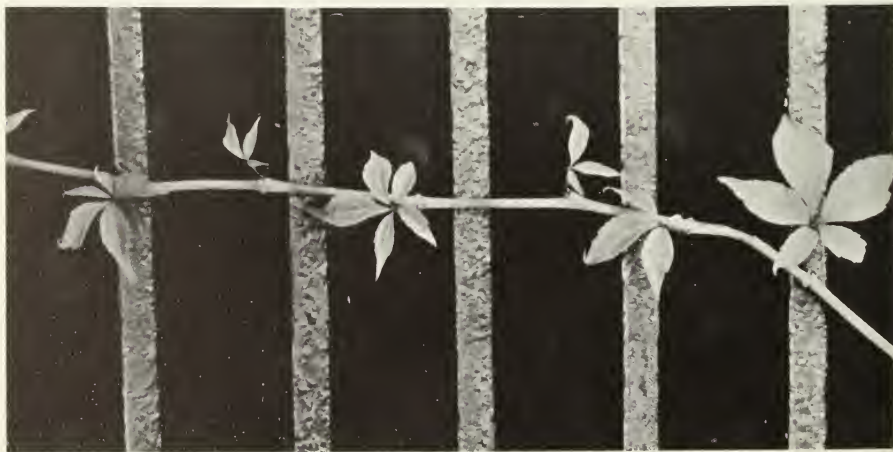
real preps go to Bermuda!"

We raced back to our dormitory because our roommate had the new LOOK with all the pictures of Bermuda in it. Ensnared in our favorite chair, we turned feverishly to the article. Imagine our surprise! Our shock! Horror! SEMI-NUDE WOMEN LYING ALL OVER THE BEACHES!!! "Hardly is this the place for us, either," we gasped.

THE ANSWER

At last we saw the light. The only place for us to spend the vacation was under our favorite alligator pear tree, where we could contemplate silently, far removed from the anxieties of Stowe and Bermuda. We understood the wisdom of Henry Thoreau's immortal words. We are not "keeping pace with our companions" because . . . yes! We "hear a different drummer." Of course! We resolved to purchase a set of drums at the earliest opportunity. Drums, wine, and Greek literature make a wonderful combination. We expect this to be the best vacation ever.

In part four of "The Mirror Philosophy," which appears in the next issue, "Editor-Publisher" Frank H. Hight will again dazzle his worshipful followers with yet another stirring blast at present-day American society. Don't miss it.



PUNCH YOUR CARD AS YOU LEAVE



by Tim Booth

HE SAT down at the table for the fourth time that week. Around him the men talked of lessening international pressure, of leaving a better world for the next generation. All the parties seemed to be coming to an agreement on a minor topic, or controversy, as the press called it. As he sat listening, in his diplomatic grey flannel suit and white shirt, he could think only of the last letter from home. His children had sent him a few crayon drawings of the last snowfall. Yes, home. He had a good home considering the economy, and a garage,

and even a car. His neighbors were friendly enough, and the children were getting a good education, not the typical high-pressure kind. He thought about his wife. They had celebrated their anniversary last month with a night on the town. So far he had enjoyed himself, and he had a good career to sustain his happiness.

His comrade's fist pounding on the table woke him up. Yes, the business at hand, peace! He was working to save the world, or so everybody told him. Yet, he felt hypocritical sitting among these dedicated men, when his real job was just to keep watch over his comrades. His thoughts wandered again. He was respected at home by those who knew his true profession. Not many men were members of the feared KGB. He walked a narrow line, and he realized it, but the job paid well. His black market connections gave him ample opportunities to spend his salary.

The American's voice rose a few decibels and he again became aware of his surroundings. The meeting broke up with handshaking and photographs. He and his comrades took a cab back to the Hotel Rex on Avenue Wendt. It was a middle class hotel in the older part of Geneva. The hotel was austere, bordering on the shabby, with its stucco walls, porous beech panelling, and stucco-yellow tile. The group went directly to their rooms. The staff did not like the ambassadors, who were cold and defensive, and the feelings were mutual. He also retired to his room to think. What should he do? He had to consider his family. But more than just his family hung on his decision. His choice would alter world strategy. After a quick vodka he made up his mind, and packed his briefcase full of documents. He knocked on the next door down the hall to say that he was going out for lunch. It seemed strange to him that his was the only door without peeling paint. Maybe he had been treated with special attention. Maybe he was not as bad as his "comrades." No, he could not be, for he was leaving! A press of a button and he was downstairs, after that it was about twenty feet to the door.

An attractive brunette at the desk asked, "Going out, Yuri?"

Yes, Yuri Nesenko was going out, eventually into oblivion, he hoped. ●

PLAY IT COOL

by Conway Downing

"HEY, 'NOOK,' what's happening tonight, man? Let's do something. How about the drive-in? Call up Brenda, and I'll call Trudy. Check you out in about five minutes."

It was the night before school was to open, and I was not entertaining the thought of staying at home. I was too excited as it was. School began the next day. I called Trudy, and she said that she could go. I called "Nook" again.

"Hey man, what'd she say? All right? Okay, I'll drive our car. Check you out around seven-thirty."

As I was undressing to take my shower, I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten that I had promised myself not to use any more of the idioms or slang that are representative of the younger generation of my race.

"School starts tomorrow. You've got to watch the way you talk," I said to myself. "Those white guys won't be able to understand what you're saying."

I sat down on the bed and picked up the newspaper again. I still couldn't believe it.

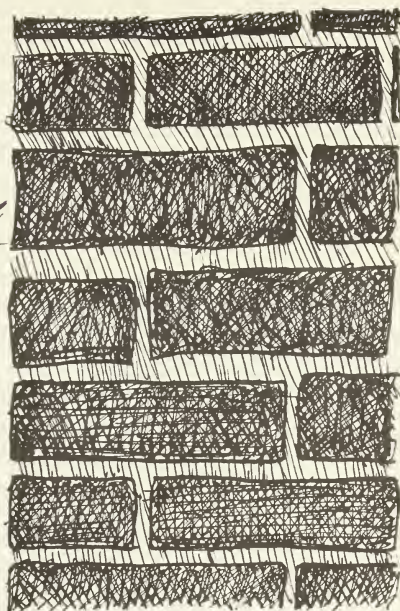
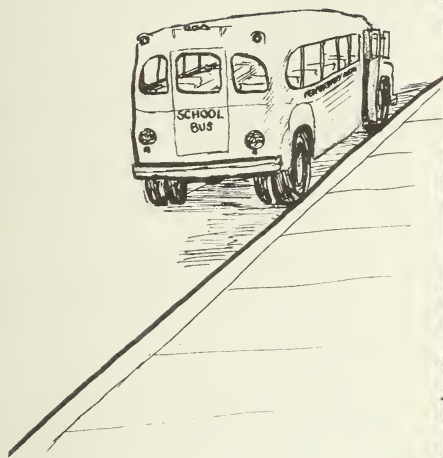
"Tomorrow will be another first in the history of Newport News,

Dr. Nelsen, director of the school board, has announced that beginning the school year of 1963-1964 the Newport News School department has begun the integration of all public high schools, including the newly converted high school, Ferguson, in the Warwick area. Five Negroes will now attend the previously all-white high schools in Newport News. Newport News is the last city in the Hampton Roads area to integrate all of its schools at all levels."

I was one of those five. Yes, tomorrow was the big day. I would not be attending Carver High now.

"George Washington Carver High School. Goodbye George, I'm going to have to do a little research of my own. All for the people, man, for the people. Watch yourself, now. I told you about that. Just talk normally. But what the hell, I'm not going to be talking much tomorrow anyway."

No, I was not planning to do much talking



that day, just looking.

I hated to get up early that morning. I did not come home until twelve-thirty from the drive-in. But I wanted to arrive at Ferguson before the other students because I knew that the school day would begin with an assembly, and I wanted to take my seat early so that I would not have to make an entrance. I wanted to keep as inconspicuous as possible. Since Ferguson was just around the corner, I decided to stop by "Nook's" house on the way. He and all the other guys were standing on the corner waiting for the school bus. All the "guys." My best friends. I would not be riding old twenty-nine with "the boys" today. I was walking to school today. To hell with those long bus rides. I was glad of that until I found myself fooling around with the guys as I had always done while we waited for the bus. Then I realized that I would not see them any more. I would see a lot of strange faces. Strange, staring, unfriendly, white faces. What the hell, I'd see the guys again after school was out. We'd still hang out together, go to dances, and have fun. School only lasted six hours. How long even one hour could be, I would soon find

out.

As I walked across the parking lot, I was happy to discover that my hunch had paid off. There were not many people in front of the building, but there were some boys standing at the main entrance. When I passed them, I did not even have to look out of the side of my eye — I could feel the stares and hear the sounds of whispering voices.

"What's that nigger think he's doing over here?"

Although the remark was intended for the group, it was said just loud enough for me to hear it. I just walked on and ignored the remark. I was expecting something like that. They always did that when they were in groups, but never alone. No, never alone, they wouldn't dare say it if alone. I'd take care of him then. I'd beat the hell out of him! I checked myself again. I had to keep down that rebellious, touchy, fighting spirit that was so much present in myself and the rest of "the boys." I couldn't afford to get into a fight. I was representing the race. You've got to play it cool, man, cool, just keep cool and watch yourself. ●

I sat in one of the side rows. The auditorium gradually filled, and after ten minutes, the principal was giving the usual beginning-of-the-year speech. He did not mention the school's being integrated. Everyone knew that. I felt as if beams of heat were being directed on me from all directions. I was not listening to the principal. I was thinking about the rest of the day: just keep cool man, everything's going to be all right, keep cool.

My ten year old sister, Sharon, had been attending the white elementary school around the corner for three years then. She never had any problems. If she could do it, I certainly should be able to do it. But wait a minute, she's in elementary school. There's a big difference. They were young; they could get along together. Sharon's color would hardly make any difference to her classmates. They would grow up that way on into high school and never have any problems. But you're in a different situation man, real different. You're a senior transfer student from Carver High, solely for the purpose of integrating Ferguson High. You're making the switch at a different level. They will not be accustomed to your presence as Sharon's classmates will have been to her's when they reach high school. What the hell. You're just going to have to play it cool, that's all. Don't worry about it.

As we left the auditorium, we had to pick up our schedules from the teachers, who were stationed at tables outside the exit. I did not even have to tell him my name. He had my card out already. There was a smile on his face. After having given me my schedule card, he then asked me whether or not I knew where my classroom was located, and I said no. Then in a friendly way, he told me how to get there. I felt a little better then because I had finally spoken with someone. But wait a minute, man, don't fool yourself. He's a teacher. He's bound to be nice to you. It's the students whom you've got to get accepted by, not the teachers. Remember that, you haven't gotten anywhere yet. Keeping this in mind, I went on to my homeroom. Despite the directions given me, I still could not find my room. And because the bell would soon ring, I looked desperately for L-10, leaving having to ask someone as a last resort. I finally asked one of the students where L-10

was located. He said down the hall and up a flight of stairs. Well, that was one step. I had talked to a student. Damn! I was late. Everybody was already in the classroom. I did not want to make an entrance, but I guess that I had to. The quiet that descended on the class when I entered was nerve-racking. The only seat left was the one situated in the middle of the room. I sat down. It was getting hot, I could feel the stares coming at me from all directions. The teacher read the role. They already knew my name, at least my last name. The only word that I said in class was "present." The next three classes were the same.

I DID NOT talk to anyone in the lunch line. I just got my tray, paid for my food, and moved on to a table where I sat alone. It was getting hot again. I could feel the stares. When I had finished my lunch and was about to leave the table, three boys came over to the table and sat down with their trays. One was captain of the football team, and the other two were also on the team.

"You played for Carver High last year, didn't you?"

The captain said it in a friendly way. He tried to be friendly, and we all began to talk about Ferguson's team that year. He mentioned that they were weak in the backfield again and that he would like me to come out for the team. I had not been thinking about the team since I had thought that they probably would not want me to play; but then, because of this gesture of friendliness, right at that moment, I decided that I would play. I told him that I would come out, and he was glad that I had decided to. He called some more of the football players over and introduced me to them. I waited for the captain and the two other boys at my table to finish eating, and we all left talking about the team's future and how we were going to beat Newport News at the end of the season.

I eventually went on to make the all-city team, and soon I knew about half of the students in the senior class. I was right, I knew it all the time. But all these white people down here could not be like "the boys" and I had always thought they were. ●

WHAT I LEARNED OVER VACATION

/Anonymous



Finding myself a typical masculine youth, I returned home to St. Joseph, Mo. at the end of the fall term, looking forward to my first date in three and a half months with avid, lecherous anticipation. I telephoned a girl in town, known by all to be charming, luscious, and available.

"Hello, Rhonda," I said suavely. "This is John Doe."

"Oh, *Johnny*, hello," she said brutally.

"I just got back from school," I said, trying to sound blasé, trying to be master of the situation. "How would you like to go out tonight?"

"Uh, okay, but lemme ask my Mom," she replied, bovinely munching a stick of gum. And after a brief pause, during which I heard feminine voices shrilling above the television, the girl picked up the receiver and said in Karo syrupy tones, "Yeah, it's awright. Sure." (Click.)

Now I had achieved my purpose; I had gotten a date with a girl termed exciting and sensuous by my contemporaries, and effervescing with crude delight, I galloped down the stairs, only to be set upon by a pair of cross-examiners more voracious than any five prosecuting attorneys in the McCarthy communist trials. "John, where are you going?" inquired my mother.

"What car are you taking?" demanded my father.

"I don't know, I thought I'd go out on a date," I muttered.

"Who's the lucky girl?" asked my mother snidely. "Remember what we've told you. Are you going to act like a gentleman?"

"Yes, you must realize that you're much stronger than the girl, and—" lectured Dad doggedly.

"Okay, Dad, but I'm late."

"You're awfully surreptitious, awfully close-mouthed about all this? How come?"

"When do you think you'll be home, son?"

"Who is she?"

"Oh, she's, ah, Sally Hertz, you remember her, from the ninth grade class party," I babbled, all too obviously lying.

"When do you think you'll be home, son?"

"Around twelve-thirty."

"Why, where do you plan on going, John?"

"Look, Mom, I gotta go."

"Okay, don't stay out too late."

"Goodbye, son!" And I sprinted for the door, only too happy to have escaped. "You know," I heard my father remark, "these kids don't tell you a damned thing these days."

"When is Ben Casey on," replied my mother, as I shut the door.

Contrary to habit, I forwent the customary drugstore encounter with my pals, fearing that they would find out whom I was dating. After cruising about town for a time, I finally stumbled upon her residence, a one-story, modern

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box house, with a '59 Chevy in the driveway. I alighted from my vehicle, and strode assuredly toward the door.

Upon ringing the bell, I stood, that twinge of nervous anticipation seizing me. She appeared, voluptuous in her skin-tight stretch slacks and her red wool sweater. She moved seductively, and patting my cheek affectionately, she murmured, "Hi, John!" Feeling a sudden, urgent desire welling up in me, I grabbed her hand and said, "Come on, chick, let's go! You turn me on!" We ran to the car; I held her by the waist as she laughed gaily. I hopped in, flipped the ignition key, and rode off in a cloud of dust. She snuggled over to me, and breathed, "Kiss me, killer!"

"Not now!" I gasped, swerving just in time to avoid an oncoming Mack truck. 'Ere long, I found the drive-in, and the incarnation of my desires moaned ecstatically, "*A Summer Place*, oh, how groovy!" We pulled up in a parking spot, and I, calculating poorly, rammed into the speaker pole with a loud *clonk!* "Oh," gasped Rhonda, falling into my arms. "Not yet, sweetie," I cautioned, "let me set us up first."

"Hee hee," she giggled, "Forget the speaker, doll; silent movies are just as cool fun."

"Yes, movies are better than ever these days," I remarked, cleverly, subtly ironic.

"John, the windshield's fogging over, sweetie."

"Listen, we don't need the screen, baby, we'll act out our own little show," I murmured lasciviously.

"Ooh," she giggled, and kissed me lightly on the cheek. Immediately, it was as if I had lengthened a short circuit. I dove and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Her lips parted. Was that her tongue that sneaked coyly through her teeth and into my oral cavity? It certainly wasn't my own, I thought, chuckling crudely.

"Let me at least take off my sweater first," she reproved me, shoving a firm, young breast in my direction. "The movie is very interesting," I commented wryly, eyeing her slyly, and glancing down the front of her bodice at her warm, curvaceous, young flesh. At this time, being a "red-blooded boy," to coin an old and familiar phrase, I could not bear to wait until she had removed her sweater, and I seized her about the waist. She resisted playfully, extend-

ing her lithe, pretty fingers to my collar; she fondled me affectionately about the neck.

I clasped her roughly. "Oh, Johnny, don't, not here!" she giggled. Little did I realize that the faces of several little children were pressed against the rear windows, innocent children about to be corrupted for life. "Oh, let's go in back," Rhonda gushed. "There's more room." I soon was fumbling ineffectually for her bra-strap, not realizing that I must needs get inside her blouse to do so.

"Oh, you men are so awkward," she giggled delightedly, in a voice which set tiny flames aflicker in my spine. We climbed over the seat, she tumbled into my lap, and we clinched, lips to lips, breast to breast, thigh to thigh, soul to soul, in rapturously mounting ecstasy, amid wild cheering from our gallery . . .

Ten minutes later it was all over; "Please get me a hamburger, darling, I'm starved," she moaned, tweaking my nose playfully. I reluctantly withdrew my hand from her luscious breast, and, adjusting my clothing, stepped out into the snow. "Hurry back," she breathed.

I stepped into the hamburger stand, and said proudly, a fulfilled man, "Two hamburgers, please!" Ten minutes later, the man delivered sharply, "That's 70 cents." I reached for my wallet, only to find it gone! "My wallet!" I thought, "Rhonda! My wallet!" Hysterical, I sprinted back to where I thought Rhonda and the car awaited, only to find no car present! "God-dammit!" I howled. She had stolen my car and, even worse, my money, not to mention my pride. And then I began to regret my gross, bestial inclinations.

"Dad," I telephoned excitedly, "My date stole my car!"

"What?" exclaimed he, utterly incredulous. "Who's your date?"

And then it struck me. How could I tell him that it was not Sally Hertz whom I had dated, but Rhonda, evil, voluptuous Rhonda? "Oh, God!" I thought, and then yammered aloud, "Uh, oh, er, sorry, sir, must have the wrong number. Goodbye!" and rushed off into the snow to seek a new destiny, more fulfilling, more significant, more essential to my metaphysical nature, i.e., I returned to school several days early, much to Mr. Bennett's chagrin, properly chastened, and having learnt my lesson. ●



EVERYONE'S BEEN SO NICE

by John Hall Lederer

OWEN'S FATHER just called and told me how sorry he was, and that I wasn't to blame myself; there had been nothing I could have done. But he's wrong, they're all wrong; I could have helped him, I know I could. Everyone's been so sympathetic, and it was me: Owen wouldn't have done it if it weren't for me, it was my fault, I made him do it, and no one will blame me, they just tell me they're sorry I was there.

The rain slithered down through the pines and puddled the ashes of last night's fire. Two black masses on each side of it intermittently exhaled wisps of vapor that were absorbed by the cold air. One of the shapes stirred and a sweater-covered arm forced its way out of the sodden sleeping bag, followed by a wool-covered head.

I pulled myself the rest of the way out of the warmth of the sleeping bag and put my boots on, unzipped the sleeping bag, and from the heap of clothing at the bottom of it, kept dry by my body heat, I removed a nylon ski

jacket and put it on. There was a moan from the other sleeping bag, and Owen's head popped out, looked around, and went back into the bag cursing the weather. I laughed, "C'mon, Owen, show a little spirit."

The bag moved again and Owen squirmed out with much grumbling. He dressed while I started a fire going and opened a can of sausage. Owen cleaned up and put the gear into the boats until breakfast was ready. While we sat eating sausage wrapped in bread we discussed the coming day. Owen wanted me to take the axe in my boat, and I agreed, since his boat was the heavier of the two. I cleaned out the frying pan, and we snapped each other into the spray covers and started out.

The water reflected the grey of the sky and was slightly roiled from its swift travel over the irregular bottom. It had stopped raining, but the clouds seemed to be held up by the tops of the cliffs on either side of the gorge that the river ran through. We dipped the double-bladed paddles into the water in time with

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each other, and leaned into each stroke with the fresh energy of the day. There was no sign of man on either side of the river and the desolation of the mountains forced itself into our minds. Owen started to sing to the rhythm of our paddling, and the mountains echoed back his "Wake up, wake up, my Corey" until we heard the roar of the first rapids. We drifted while we buckled on our life preservers and checked each other's spray covers. Owen went first and was well into the rapids before I entered the sluice. I caught an occasional glance of him as I reached the top of a haystack or saw him bracing as he went over one. The rapid was easy at the start, but it quickly became more difficult, and I no longer had the time to look for Owen. I had to continually brace, leaning all my upper body on the outstretched paddle to stabilize the kayak as it pounded through the waves. After one final rush the river stopped dropping, and I had time to look for Owen. I had to wipe the water out of my eyes and look up. Owen was sitting in an eddy, grinning, and holding up his fist. I pulled into the same eddy, and we sat and talked to each other, elated by our success. We opened a can of pineapple, ate the rings and split the juice between us. We sank the can, pushed our bows out into the current, and let it spin us around. Soon Owen was singing again, and we settled down to covering distance.

We shot three more rapids that morning and stopped for lunch when we heard the roar of the fourth. We were both stiff, so we decided to climb up the side of the mountain and look at the rapids. We half-walked and half-pulled ourselves up on the tree trunks that seemed to be growing almost horizontally. Below us we could just make out the orange decks of the kayaks and beyond them the white water of the rapids. We stared for about five minutes before Owen spoke. "We'll have to line the boats through on the other side."

"Hell, we can make it easily on this side," I said. "See the sluice there? We'll go through, make a hard turn and cut through the rocks below it."

"We'll never make that turn," he said, and we argued until Owen finally declared that he was going to line his boat through, and I

could do whatever I wanted to. As we clambered down, though, I pressured him to go through, using all the tactics I knew so well, alternately needling and begging him, and by the time we reached the bottom he'd agreed to go.

We ate another can of fruit for lunch and got back into the boats. Owen was to go first as he had stipulated, and he stayed slightly ahead of me as we backpaddled above the rapid and studied it.

Even then, I think I knew that we would never make it through, but I said nothing, for I was the daring one, the one who always had to prove that he wasn't afraid; always it had been Owen who would stop me or decide that we were doing too much, and now as I waited for him to tell me to start back, he dug in his blade and lept forward. I don't know why he went; he must have known the water was too rough, too powerful. Perhaps he was just tired of taking the back seat to me.

He went onto a brace as he reached the haystack, and I lost view of him, but I could tell from the upper blade of his paddle that he was draw-stroking, pulling the kayak away from the rocks. I saw him again just above the rocks and for a moment it looked as if he were clear, but the current caught the blade of his paddle as he stroked and swept him broadside against the rock. I could hear the crack of the wooden longerons above the din of the rapids and my own scream. Owen tried to get out, but he never had time. The buckling rubber hull caught him around the waist as both ends filled with the force of the water and squeezed him against the rock. I could see the fluorescent orange of his life jacket when it pulled his head up out of the water for a second, but it could do nothing in the turbulent water, and he quickly disappeared from view.

I knew that his only hope was for me to go down and pull him into the eddy behind the rock. From the quiet water there I would be able to help him, perhaps even get up on the rock and pull him out. It would be hard, but it could be done.

I started down, but I was back-paddling before I was in the rapid. All I could see was the water pounding his body against the rocks, as I back-paddled and cried. ●



STICK CLOSE

by Charles Sheldon

Part I

MR. BOPPLE fancied himself quite the private eye. He referred to himself as PI, short for Private Eye, and because he was a math teacher he thought the pun was hilarious. There were some times, of course, when he was rather hard put to uncover secret plots, but he knew that the entire student body at Bendover hid everything from the faculty, and he did his best to stifle any massive plots before they began. He delighted in his stealth when prowling the creaky corridors, and he was always ready with a witty response when he was discovered peeping over the stall of the john at the preoccupied student inside. Mr. Bopple knew that the students, feeling themselves safe in the privacy of the bathroom, became careless in their conversations concerning the latest crime, and he tried very hard not to get caught eaves-

dropping, because the toilet was the most effective pipeline of information that he had. Already, in the first weeks of the winter term, he had overheard and destroyed an enormous plot to smuggle several large boxes of food past his door late on Saturday night. Cleverly assuming that the food was loaded with oral dope, he intercepted the whole shipment and the next day ran extensive tests on it in the chemistry lab. Unfortunately, the ringleaders escaped, milling with the rest of the hungry students, who had, rather stupidly, contrived the alibi that the food was ordered from some place downtown. At eleven P.M., indeed!

One blustery afternoon, while he was gloating over his intelligence in concluding that the food had been only a test run to see if it could be smuggled past him, with the real attempt to follow soon,

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he heard the heavy shuffle of steps float down the large stairwell. Mr. Bopple had asked to be put in an old dorm because their stairwells carried the sounds of furtive meetings right into his apartment, and as he silently wormed his way through the oiled door into the hall, he smiled grimly at his foresight. Edging around the corner, he shot a glance up the stairs to the first floor. Sure enough, there were two of the worst agitators sneaking a large brown package into the corner room. He could hear smothered rattles from the bundle, but he didn't have the correct acoustics down at the ground floor to discern what the contents were.



After they had softly closed the door behind them, Mr. Bopple crept back into his office and pulled a well worn paperback from the bottom drawer of his desk. But a quick glance at the contents showed him that there wasn't anything about the correct procedure on discovering the purpose of moving packages into rooms, and for a moment he felt icy panic ripple along his bowels. If the manual didn't have anything about this sort of crime, how was he to solve it? But then he remembered the advice of the narrator, who had cleverly disguised the manual in the form of a spy story. Ian Hobson would be proud of him if he did a case all

on his own. Mr. Bopple reminded himself to write Mr. Hobson soon, perhaps after this package business had been cleared up. With this reassuring thought resting inside his bulbous skull, he once again crept into the hall and looked upstairs. Damn! They were still behind that door, the only one he hadn't yet had time to drill a peep hole through! He would have to wait, and waiting was one thing Mr. Bopple hated. What to do now?

Suddenly the front door opened, swirling snow into the front hall. A student, bundled in heavy coats, fought it shut, but not before the cold had brought a thin frown to Mr. Bopple's face. The

into his office, pulling the letter with the French postmark that had attracted his attention out of his large sleeve. Tom surely couldn't have noticed the deft theft, and if he had, there was little he could do.

Ten minutes later Mr. Bopple turned off the Letter Steamer, Fat. #6999999, and extracted the folded papers. Spreading them out on his desk, he swiftly dusted them for fingerprints, and recorded the watermark. None of the prints corresponded to those in his Photographs of Fingerprints of All the Criminals of the World pamphlet at first check, but during the second casual search, on page sixty-nine, he noticed a similarity.

"In there," breathed Mr. Bopple. Sure enough, the right thumb of #68680 was an exact match! Forgotten were the two agitators and the suspicious chest, this letter was something hot! But what could Tom Sin have in common with a criminal? Mr. Bopple opened the Who's Who in Crime, volume #8, and looked under 68680. His worm-like finger excitedly traced the tiny lines of print.

"No. 68680 was last seen in Europe, at the Lido, and has again disappeared. He is around sixty, tall, 6-3, 190 lbs. Of English parentage, he speaks several useless languages fluently besides French and English. Going by the aliases of English, French, German, etc; he is best known to the international underworld as the 'Snowman,' apparently because of his great affinity to win snowman building contests. He is wanted by every country in the world for Nasty Intentions - in other words, wanted because of his incessant efforts to unite the world's youth against organized government. He is one of the most dangerous criminals loose today." Sweating with excitement, Mr. Bopple softly closed the huge volume, agast at the knowledge that Tom Sin had been written by a world criminal. Incoherent snatches of thought and theory rushed against his mind. Why Tom? Is he involved in some great crime? A plot using him to organize American youth? Yes! That must be it!

Suddenly a harsh knock crashed against the mass of Mr. Bopple's brain. Desperately thrusting the still unread letter in a drawer, he opened the door, beaming expectantly.

Tom Sin stood on the threshold.

boy was Tom Sin, one of the more studious lads. Mr. Bopple did a split-second check to see if there were any suspicious bulges under the thick coat. Tom grinned hello, and started up the stairs. But the ice that had frozen on his shoes slipped on the third step, and his books spilled all over the floor. Seizing this excellent opportunity to do a quick search, Mr. Bopple started to pick them up, the important passages mirroring in his mind. Tom's eyes reeked of guilt as he thanked him for his help. Mr. Bopple watched him walk up the stairs and around the landing to his room, directly over the front hall. Smiling craftily, Mr. Bopple sauntered back

"Sir, did you pick up a letter addressed to me when I dropped my books a while ago?" Mr. Bopple tried not to show his guilt.

"Why, hardly, Tom. But if I find it, I'll let you know."

"Thank you, sir." As he closed the door, Mr. Bopple let out a sigh of relief, secretly proud of his acting ability. He lurched for the letter in the half-closed drawer, his hands shaking with anticipation. The small black typing jumped out at him.

"Cheve ami — Il y'a eu pendant — "Damn! The letter was in French! And he didn't dare take it to M. Growle, the French teacher. Hopelessly Mr. Bopple scanned the jumble of letters and accents. But wait! There, about seventeen and a fifth lines from the bottom, were the words, "airplane glue." New terrors leapt into Mr. Bopple's mind, and he pressed his hands to his aching head. He suddenly realized that it was after five-ten, and he had given his class a free cut. The cold winter night covered the quadrangle, and a few flakes of snow drifted past the street light outside his window. Airplane glue! Wasn't that some kind of fad, sniffing it or something? A dope! Airplane glue a dope! Surely Snowman wouldn't stoop to peddling dope. Or would he? Dope was crime's greatest racket. What a smart way to make money!

As the night crept on, Mr. Bopple couldn't continue beyond a thin theory that Tom Sin was peddling Snowman's dope. But Tom Sin was a grind, and grinds don't make trouble! At least I didn't when I came here a few years ago, thought Mr. Bopple. Study hours began, and he forgot to go on his usual prow, even though there were some shuffling sounds from the third floor. At nine-thirty he went to bed, and as he turned over, he reflected that he should do a systematic search the next morning while the boys were in Saturday morning assembly.

Part II

IN ONE stricken convulsion, the covers were thrown off the quivering body, rigid with terror. The terrible sound was growing in volume — a great scraping rumble, followed by thuds, right outside his window! Yellow light flashed into his bedroom, and amidst the din Mr. Bopple put the pillow over

his head. Then the sound faded, until all was silent. Shakily getting out of bed, he crawled to the window and lifted the lower curtain. The bleary white of falling snow made an orb out of the streetlight, and already the orange snowplow was moving onto the main highway, its cautionary light blinking once every five-eighths of a second.

Strangely, the plowed snow right outside his window had tumbled into the form of a snowman!

Mr. Bopple went back to bed, unable to sleep. Frightening thoughts rushed along the convolutions of his brain. Unconsciously he pinched the heavy roll of fat around his protruding navel, his hands sweating. It seemed as if he had lain there for hours, not sleeping, but dreaming, when he heard another sound. A glance at his lighted clock, a Westclox Lumiflex B35 Alarm, showed it to be three A.M. Somewhere above, the sound of harsh whispering echoed in the empty stairwell. Mr. Bopple lay still, every nerve drawn to a fine line of tension, cursing the soft crackling of the sheets under his madly racing heart. A door closed, then silence.

Suspecting underhand doings, Mr. Bopple got up. Quietly he pulled on a pair of old pants (soft cloth so as to cut down on noise). After making sure that no light was on in his room and squirting some oil on the hinges of his door, he eased out into the hall. Slants of light were coming from around the door of the corner room! Mr. Bopple's body hairs shifted with frightened anticipation, and he swiftly pulled on his Crump's Creepy Creepers (Abercrombie and Fitch, \$11.95) so as to be silent. Thank God the steps were of steel, and not dry, crackling wood! The last thing he needed now was a creaky staircase! He stepped from the top step across the narrow hall and placed his feet as near to the wall as possible, where the boards didn't creak so much. Pressing against the cool plaster, he listened. The voices within were low, but audible.

"Pack 'em tight, lad."

"I can only get six or seven tubes in each bo—" Someone on the third floor coughed in his sleep — or was he asleep? — and drowned out the rest of the phrase. Mr. Bopple wiggled his left ear, trying to catch every word. Then Tom Sin spoke!

"That should do it."

"Yeah, for this shipment." Was

that Pumpkin speaking? Mr. Bopple thought so, but he wasn't sure. He cursed the fact that he had dropped those Hearing Improvement Lessons three months ago.

"Well, let's get 'em down to Station B after picking up the rest upstairs." Mr. Bopple wondered where Station B was. It was necessary that he know; he was on to something big. Then there were movements in the room toward the door, and Mr. Bopple slid down the specially waxed banister and hid around the corner. When he sneaked his next look, Tom Sin and two others (yes, one was Pumpkin. The other was a boy called Bump, nicknamed Lumpy Dump) came out of the room and went upstairs. Each boy was carrying twenty or thirty small boxes, which glinted in the light from the window of the bathroom door, and which made the same significant rattle that had been heard in the large package the afternoon before! Then a door shut on the third floor, and night cloaked the silent corridors. Several minutes later, the light in the corner room went off, and Mr. Bopple wondered exactly what to do. Creeping back to bed, he fell asleep, drained of all strength, a question of Station B hovering on the edge of his dreams.

Part III

SATURDAY morning Mr. Bopple arose, wondering if the events of the night before were a dream. A glance at the purloined letter brought back all the horrible reality of the unknown crime, and he spent most of his breakfast reading Ian Hobson for clues in procedure from here. After breakfast, he decided to run over the Art Center for some photography equipment, thinking he could bug the dorm with cameras and flash bulbs that weren't noticeable. It had stopped snowing an hour or so before, and as a result, his 1952 Nash station wagon had no trouble negotiating the slippery roads, especially since the garage mechanic had recently gotten the engine running on five of the six cylinders.

The twenty minute drive — the engine was cold and stalled more than the usual number of times — brought him to the Art Center exactly when the doors were open-

(continued)

ing, and soon he was carrying cameras, flashbulbs, cords, lightbulbs, darkbulbs (a clever invention of a physics teacher, Mr. Dubious, which, when turned on, turned the room dark) to the car. He was ready to crank the motor into life when he felt nervous tension call him to the men's room. Washing his hands, he noticed the clean sinks, contrasting them with those in his dorm, which had been clogged with glue ever since the model building craze had invaded the campus, three weeks ago. As he started back up the cement stairs, he was arrested by those two black doors across the hall, looming tall. A horrible fascination drew him to the aluminum handle, which turned out to be unlocked. The great doors swung open into a black void. Mr. Bopple groped for a lightswitch, and after an attempt at an open socket, the naked bulbs glared whitely. He gasped in surprise. He was in a huge corridor, with his back to a boiler room. The long cement passage led away under what must have been the stage of the meeting hall, Benedict Arnold. The corridor must be for janitors and storage, he thought. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the harsh light, he noticed that the walls were lined with hundreds of shiny boxes.

"Extra light bulbs?" He mused aloud. He picked one up, and then threw it from him with a horrified gesture.

"My God! *Hundreds of model airplanes!*" The box crashed against the wall, and showered olive drab plastic all over the floor. Then Mr. Bopple saw the tubes of glue, rolling toward his imitation leather loafers. Suddenly he understood, Snowman was peddling glue to Tom Sin, who was distributing it to the future leaders of the nation! *When the Bendover alumni reached important positions in government, Snowman would have them completely in his power! Another plot to revolt the youth of the world!* It was macabrely brilliant! Each student would assemble a model airplane (Bopple remembered the airplane building fad that had swept the campus weeks before), using only one of the several enclosed tubes of glue. The rest he would *SNIFF UNTIL HOPELESSLY ADDICTED!*

Mr. Bopple uttered a sob, clumsily backing toward the huge doors. He would have to tell the headmaster, Dr. Hemp! His greasy hands scrabbled for the handle,

desperately. Suddenly he knew he was being watched! He sank to his fanny on the humid cement floor, opaque eyeballs rolling.

"No... no. Help!" But the cry was feeble, and he sat there, twisted in terror, helpless. "RIIINNGGG!!!" The sharp bell screamed along the corridor. Bopple's cry was lost in the great well of sound, and the strident overtones echoed down the cement passage long after the bell fell silent. In his fear, a thought crawled against the crown of his mind. Of course! All the students were in Saturday morning assembly, and Pumpkin, Lump, and Sin all had five cuts. *He was safe!* Laughing and crying with savage relief, he tore at the cool handle and burst into the cement stairwell. His triumphant grin crumbled on the flabby lips as he saw Tom Sin step out of the men's room, holding a large tube of glue.

"Get back in that passage, Sir. You wouldn't want your eyes glued shut, would you?"

"That will be two - no, three - demerits, Sin. And Posting!"

"Hardly. In the room, Flab!"

"In there?" asked Bopple, pointing to the corridor, terrified.

"IN THERE!" The tube of glue moved closer to Bopple's face. Bopple, twitching at his hated nickname, backed slowly into the boiler room. Three minutes later he was bound to a chair and gagged, helpless. His stricken eyeballs rolled and he moaned feebly.

"See you tonight, Flab." Tom Sin locked the doors behind him. Mr. Bopple stared at the silent bulbs, letting a foolish thought cross his brain. I wonder if the nine-sixteen class will hand back their corrected tests. After an hour of endless time, he began to sweat, and the fetid salt ran among his clothing, agitating his woolen jacket. Already the ropes of glue and string were cutting into his wrists and ankles. My God, he wondered, what's next?

Part IV

CENTURIES later, the bulbs flickered off for about thirteen thirty-seconds of a second; Bopple knew that it was about seven thirty, when the power plant went on the night shift. This indication that he could still think sanely went unnoticed, however, in the welter

of pain and blood from the swollen bonds that held his arms and legs to the chair. He had lost a lot of weight from nervous tension, so he had a little slack, but the pain still remained dull and thick, well over the crest that marks the limit in agony.

During the day, between bouts of senselessness, he had concluded that this was Station B, probably a distribution center for the models. His eyes blinked, and he started to count the nailhead impressions in the cement floor for the third time. He had reached six-hundred ninety-nine when the aluminum handle jerked and the doors swung open. He managed a stupid grin when Tom Sin walked in, accompanied by four other students, all from Bopple's dorm. Along with the Pumpkin and Lumpy Dump, there was a fellow called Buns and a troublemaker named Don Shell. They all stood silently as Sin walked over to Mr. Bopple, loosened his bonds and removed his gag.

"How about untying me completely? If you do, I'll only give you one demerit."

"You will. Sorry, Flab, but hardly. You see, we've got a lot to do, and you'd just be a nuisance. I'd like to wipe you out now, but there isn't time." He motioned to his comrades and they started to rapidly load the boxes on a large trolley. Tom Sin leaned against the wall, pulling four paper bags from his coat and slowly slapping them against his palm. He raised an eyebrow at Mr. Bopple.

"Well Flab, I bet you want to know what's going to happen. I don't want to tell you, but if you don't know you probably will panic, or something. Seeing as you must have read Snowman's letter, I'll tell you he's my Godfather. You see, my mother was his mistress and my father his best friend. Anyway, Snowman got this plan worked out, and because dad's in the UN, he couldn't ask him to help carry it off. So I was elected. All these models are going to a new dorm where they will be distributed to other high schools. There are over fifty distribution points in the U.S. alone, and each point services over thirty high schools. Pretty soon, when the younger generation is in power (for, you see, glue doesn't affect you physically), Snowman will withdraw the glue supply. And in order to get more done, the students will have to revolt and take

over the world! And I will be second in command!" Tom Sin's eyeballs flashed red stars, and he dripped saliva from the corner of his mouth. Mr. Bopple tried to say something foul, but Sin interrupted him. "Look, Flab! So you don't think glue has power, huh? Watch!" He quickly poured glue in each paper bag, and threw them to the others. They fell to the floor, writhing in ecstatic splendor, sniffing. Sin laughed contemptably, saying, "So now you see, Flab." By now the four boys were lying silent on the floor, eyes glazed. Sin looked at his watch. "Well, Flab, it's ten till nine. Time to go. Here's where you go for a little ride. You see, there's only one safe way to get to the new dorms through this building, and that's down this corridor, up the elevator, and—anyway, you'll see. Let's go." In one easy motion (Mr. Bopple was surprised at his strength) Tom Sin lifted him, chair and all, onto the loaded trolley. After placing the four others among the shiny boxes, the trolley began to slowly roll toward the meeting hall, the severe light washing the color out of Mr. Bopple's already pale face. It was a matter of moments before they were in the large new elevator, and then Mr. Bopple was staring at the white movie screen from backstage. They waited here for a while, listening to the hundreds of students filling the auditorium. Mr. Bopple suddenly remembered that it was almost nine, time for the second showing of the movie, which was *Sixty-Nine Days in Peking*, a movie he had long wanted to see. Why didn't a student come backstage and discover them?

Tom Sin waited silently, and then a great crash of completely discorded singing crested and broke over Mr. Bopple's aching head. He recognized the strains of "Loyal Flew," the traditional school song.

"Let's go." The trolley rolled on-stage, in full sight of over six hundred students! But they were all facing the balcony, which was empty! No one looked around and in a moment they were again in the wings, on the opposite side of the stage. **HOW BRILLIANT!** Mr. Bopple collapsed, exhausted by his useless sobbing which had gone unheard. The lights suddenly went out, sinking the great hall into darkness, and a lion roared on the screen. But the trolley was already rolling across the plowed parking

lot. Mr. Bopple didn't notice that they rolled right past his car, nearly buried with thrust-up snow.

It was several minutes later when he came to; the boxes were almost all unloaded into a large truck outside Severe House. With a muffled bubbling, the exhaust faded down the icy drive, and the empty trolley began to move again, this time through the graveyard. Mr. Bopple shivered with cold (or was it?), and then they were under the pool of light over the drive-in entrance to the basement of the science building, Animal, Molecule and Equation House. The large grey steel door rose overhead, and they were once again in a cement corridor. They rolled around several corners to a door marked WAAPA. Mr. Bopple realized that they were at the school radio station, which had lately been attempting to gain FM rights. The brown wooden door swung open, and they entered a cluttered room, cut in half by a large brown velvet drape. Mr. Bopple heard the schoolboy announcer say, "Well, that's all for tonight, fans. Tune in again at eight tomorrow morning." There was a click, and a sudden rush of activity. Mr. Bopple noticed several students attaching wires to what appeared to be useless apparatus, and then Tom Sin stepped up to the mike, fiddling with several dials.



"Come in, W69, Come in. WAA-PA WAAPA WAAPA here. Come in." There was a sharp burst of static, and then a faint voice crackled into the soundproof room.

"Got you, WAAPA. Was it successful?"

"Perfect. Shipments now sent out to Methuen, Lawrence, No. Andover . . ." Sin's voice droned on, listing thirty or more towns. "We got a dink teacher here who got wise, though. What shall I do with him?" The other voice hesitated; then answered.

"You have no choice. There's too much at stake."

"I understand. See you in France over spring vacation."

"Tight, boy." There was another click, and the mike fell silent. Tom Sin signaled to the rest of the members in the studio; they began to turn off speakers and close up. Mr. Bopple was rolled through the echoing basement to another ramp, and then out into the cold night. He saw that they were passing the corner of Paul Jones hall, entering the Great Quadrangle. Why wasn't someone walking through it to Ben Hur House? But the quad was empty, and the trolley bumped up the low steps into the Dining Hall unseen.

The great vaulted portraits of long dead faculty members frowned severely upon the rattling trolley, bluish in the sifted moonlight through the tall windows. Mr. Bopple wondered where they were going; they had passed into the ground floor pantry. The steel slop counters shone dully, and the stacked trays threw long and pale shadows. Tom Sin's voice shattered the silence.

"Well, Flab, I guess you know all the answers. You could go right to 'Eggs' Benedict and really throw a wrench into the works. But you are going into the works!" Mr. Bopple was lifted onto the slop counter, and his greasy face rubbed in some unwiped mashed potato. "There's one thing you don't know, Flab," continued Tom, "and that's what WAAPA really stands for. It means World Association for the Advancement of Pubescent Adolescents. Now I guess you know it all - who's boss, what will happen, everything." Mr. Bopple writhed in a last desperate attempt at freedom; he fell on the rough tiled floor next to the huge dishwasher. Tom roughly picked him up and placed him on the feed end of the machine. Then there was a great "whooshshsh . . . !!!" and steam licked the bottoms of his feet, now tied to the plastic spikes of the endless belt. Tom went to the other end of the machine and bent over, and Bopple suddenly understood.

"Ten demerits, Sin! Ten, and Pro! ! ! " The belt clanked and started to move. Bopple's screaming arched under the boiling water, and ended somewhat later. One couldn't say exactly when - sometime after nine thirty - because the rush of the water was very loud. ●

EXCERPTS FROM "PROPER NAMES"

On The Death Of A Military Hero In A Field Of Poppies

I

Consanguineous lechery in the grasses,
Coating the dry-plain's wrinkled skin
In stained uniforms and Kalliope's tears:
This garment does not become you.

From a viscid scabbard, that noble heart,
We have tried to melt the hand of Toledo;
Akhilles, Hektor can scramble for your sword.
You have made villains of us all!

*(Hushèd be . . .
The frost comes in . . .
Hide in your gauntlet . . .
'skias onar anthropos')*

II

You were more a fool than we, O vain;
No misanthrope was greater, or so great.
I cannot hate you; yet, we crawl among
Your furbished medals, your helmet,
Your powdered ribbons,
Black, stung with mud . . .

O yellow stream of fear! we grapple with
Its hiss. And, writhing, seethes the bellowing wood.
Hide us, hold us, and caress us . . . soft!
Soft, soft, and softer still . . .
A redbird screams.

*(Hushèd be . . .
The frosh comes in . . .
Hide in your gauntlet . . .
'skias onar anthropos')*

III

And when Uther died we could not weep.
Or when the son cried, hand around the swords,
(O fearful instruments who our spirits keep)
We fell a victim to your craven words.

Or, is it not absurd that we should mourn
 The coronations of the unfound realm —
 The machinations of the state unborn — . . .
 Decry ; exile ! the captain at the helm
 Steers wildly and fiercely pulls us off our way.
 There is no dark ; this daemon knows the day,
 And is it, this most sterile of all days —
 And dead, but rich, this sower of our ways.
 (O in your ganglion and gauntlet hide your eyes)
 Have pity on us now, and feel our loss ;
 Protect us now as insurrections rise . . .
 (*'ti d' ou tis? skias onar anthropos'*)

Mozart At Endor

I

Clearly an abstraction
 This summer's distraction
 Lifts us to the sibyl
 Who can cerebrate our end.

Mermaid painted on faience
 With your hair in your eyes,
 Can you see us?
 We are wise —
 A child holds our hand.
 Shall we sweep him aside?

*Like a word that you catch from a fog,
 That slithers on your tongue
 And plays in your brain,
 The image leaps and flames.*

II

Philosophoi banter, and drop with the hoar-frost,
 And melt with the hoar-frost ;
 They sift and fall,
 As time on a speckled toadstool,
 As mud splashed on a looking-glass.

What can one confront but oneself ?

III

Saul in the chill of his reflection
 Sees himself the resurrected *logos*
 With dust in his eye.





7-7-7-7 • BEAUTY etcetera

A SECOND EXPERIMENT IN THE ABSURD or QUITE THE LITERARY WORK

by Tom Carothers

(Scene: the front steps of Commons.)

1ST STUDENT: Hi, guys!

TEACHER: Well you're quite the guy yourself.

2ND STUDENT: Yeah. Quite the guy *(Enter Jack.)*

JACK: Hello, sir. Nice day, isn't it?

TEACHER: Ho! Ho! Gross Body not so nice.

3RD STUDENT: Ho! Ho! Gross Flash, not so nice. Haw! Haw! chortle. chortle...

4TH STUDENT: Gross Body, not so nice. Haw! Haw! Haw!

5TH STUDENT: Gross Body, hardly so nice.

6TH STUDENT: Not so nice gross Body. Ho! Ho! Ho!

1ST STUDENT: Gross Body, greasy wop, not so nice.

4TH STUDENT: Not so nice.

6TH STUDENT: Gross Snowball, not so nice.

7TH STUDENT: Gross Flash, quite the guy.

3RD STUDENT: Yeah, quel guy.

1ST STUDENT: Gross wop not so nice. Haw! Ho!

5TH STUDENT: Quite the guy yourself.

7TH STUDENT: Gross Planaria Face, not so nice. Ho! Ho!

8TH STUDENT: Gross Flash, pas si joli. Haw! Haw! Haw!

9TH STUDENT: Gross Dabbah, Babbah not so nice.

3RD STUDENT: Gross Zombie, pas si joli aussi.

5TH STUDENT: Gross sixth student, not so nice.

1ST STUDENT: Quite the guy, Toad.

3RD STUDENT: Yeah, you're one hell of a guy.

7TH STUDENT: Gross Body, so ugly, not so nice.

2ND STUDENT: Gross Flash not...

8TH STUDENT: Why 'tis a guy that you...

9TH STUDENT: One hell of a guy...

3RD STUDENT: Well you're sumptin your...

4TH STUDENT: Gross Body...

10TH STUDENT: ... Planaria Face not...

5TH STUDENT: ... pas si joli.

1ST STUDENT: Haw! Haw! Haw!

4TH STUDENT: ... Haw! Haw!...

69TH STUDENT: Hee! Hee! Hee!...

9TH STUDENT: ... Ho!...

6TH STUDENT: Gross...

10TH STUDENT ... quel guy...

11TH STUDENTS ... Ho!... S... h...

12TH STUDENT: HoHoHoHoHoHoHo...

(Scene: a train headed for home.)

JACK: Boy, I sure am glad to get away from school. You know, all that Day South sarcasm can really get on your nerves.

PETE: Yeah. I'm sick of it too.

(Scene: the train station.)

JACK: Hi, Mom.

MOTHER: Ho! Ho! Gross Body, so ugly, not so nice. Haw! Haw! Haw!

LITTLE SISTER: Ho! Ho!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR: Not so nice. Haw! Haw! Haw!

THE BIG Pontiac 413 glided to a stop, its whitewalls nonchalantly snug against the curb. The darkness and the rain did little to muffle the shrill, imperious blast of the horn. Dolly's statuesque profile appeared against the light of the open door as she waved goodnight to her mother, then the door slammed. The warm, wet smell of summer rain came with her into the car. He slipped away from the curb without a backward glance. Dolly smiled.

"Stryker Warren! You didn't tell me anything over the phone, not a thing! I didn't know when you were coming, I didn't —"

"Skip it, honey."

"Well! Go ahead and get mad at me, see if I care!" She looked at him, then she said softly, "I told my mother we were going to the show, but we can — Stryker, don't do that!"

Stryker had taken his hands off the wheel to light a cigarette.

"But we can do what?" asked Stryker,

"You're just using me," Dolly accused coquettishly.

"What for?"

"For my body," she giggled, and moved away.

Stryker flipped the radio on. She took his hand and stroked his wrist with her fingertips. He endured that for as long as he could, then his hand tightened over hers. She slapped it sharply.

"Keep your hands to yourself and your eyes on the road," Dolly said in a deep, teasing voice. Stryker didn't say anything. She leaned up against him and whispered in his ear, "You shouldn't pout so much, big boy!" She ran her hand over the back of his neck. "You shouldn't pout so much at all." Stryker punched the radio button with his finger as she put her head on his shoulder; the music was insanely loud.

"That's a good station," Dolly breathed; Stryker pulled her tight against him; her hand brushed against his thigh.

"You know, I have to get up real early in the morning," she said prettily, as she disengaged his arm. "So you'd better be taking me home early." Stryker looked at her.

AN IN THERE DATE

by Skipper Lee

"Honey," he said slowly, "I think there's something I better tell you."

"What's that, dear?" She asked coquettishly.

Stryker jabbed the brights at an approaching car.

"Stryker? Stryker, what is it that you better tell me?" she purred.

The rain was thick, and the occasional headlights of an approaching car were magnified to cover the whole windshield. The rain made a steady hum, the cars a whooshing sound as they passed.

Stryker Warren looked at her. "There's a cadaver in the back seat," he said.

She was silent for a moment.

"If this is your idea of a joke, it's not very funny," she said slowly. "As a matter of fact,

(continued)

I don't find that very funny at all." She paused but he said nothing. A giggle started in her throat, but it died abruptly.

"There's a *what* in the back seat?"

"Why don't you look and see for yourself?"

"Why should I?" Dolly asked quickly.

Stryker punched a new station on the radio.

Dolly's head turned a fraction to the side. There was some sort of bundle on the back seat. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw the dark woods flashing by on either side of the slick black roadway. She turned back to face the front again.

"Stryker?" He did not answer. "Stryker?" She gave it up, humming to the music instead.

When she finally did reach for the bundle, Dolly stuck out her hand nonchalantly enough; it brushed against something cold and clammy. She jerked back, wiping her hand violently. The girl began to cry softly.

"I told you there was a cadaver back there," Stryker said.

Up ahead there was an intersection, and Warren stopped for the red light. She pulled frantically at the lock on the door.

"Let me out!" she cried. "LET ME OUT! I want to get OUT!" She pulled back on the handle and the heavy door swung open, pulling the upper half of her body out over the road. Stryker Warren pressed the accelerator to the floor, and the car careened down the roadway, swaying from the left side of the road to the right. Pavement swept beneath Dolly's hysterical screams at seventy-eighty-ninety miles an hour.

Stryker leaned over and slammed the door. She collapsed quivering against it. After a while he said, "Well, what are we going to do with it?" He paused as if for an answer, then continued, "We can't just leave it there, can we?"

"Don't know what you're talking about," she sobbed. "I just want to go home. Take me home!"

"We'll make a mess in this rain if we bury it," he said thoughtfully. "I know! Let's take it to the beach and throw it in the water."

She didn't say anything. . .

He had to park pretty far back from the water so as not to get the car stuck in the wet sand.

"You want to give me a hand with this?" She stood shaking hysterically on the other side of the car, so he dragged it down to the water himself. It was unwieldy and heavy, and consequently took a long time, but he managed it. Rolling it down into the water, Stryker gave it a shove. The cadaver floated quietly close to shore. Brushing his hands off, Stryker started back towards the car.

"You can't just leave it like that!"

Stryker looked toward the cadaver appraisingly. "You mean because it floats?"

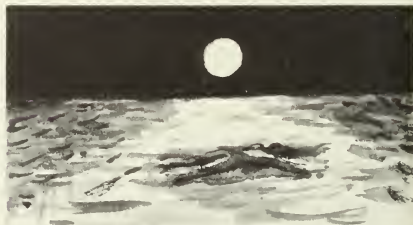
She nodded jerkily.

"No, it's not too good that way," he agreed, frowning. "What do you want me to do about it?"

Going back to the car, he got what he needed. Wading into the water, he tied the cadaver to his waist with his belt. After he had swum out a hundred yards, Warren stopped and raised the knife quickly.

"Once we get the air out of the lungs, it'll sink easy," Stryker muttered. The cadaver sunk quietly.

"Oh my God!" Dolly whispered, on the beach, as she gripped his body tightly. "How could you be so cruel?" Stryker looked at her blonde hair against his chest.



The next night Marylou sat close to him, her head light on his shoulder.

"Where are we going tonight, Stryker?" she asked.

"Before we discuss that, there's something else we ought to consider," he whispered into her ear.

"Yes?"

"There's a cadaver in the back seat."

Marylou giggled. "If this is your idea of a joke, I don't think it's. . ."

HOMECOMING

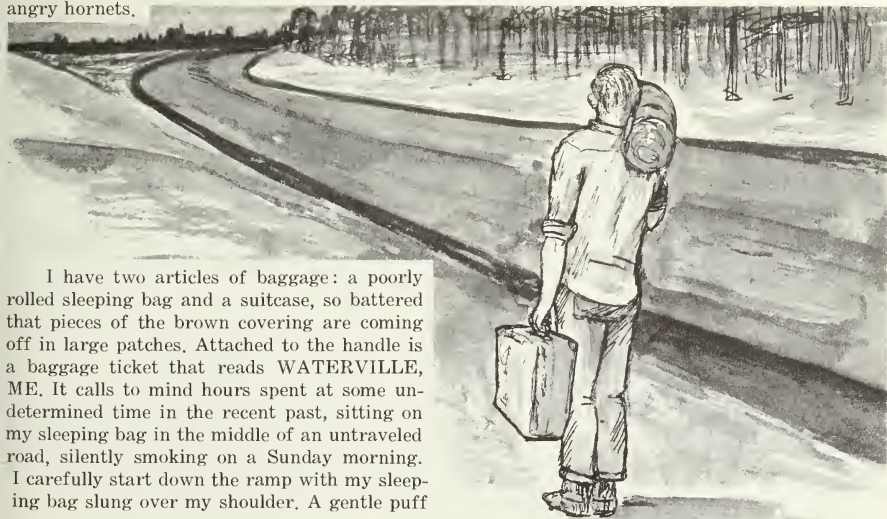
by Joc Magruder

THREE-FORTY-FIVE A.M. The night is hot and humid. The stars and the moon give off enough light for me to see for about a quarter of a mile. My faded blue work shirt, open at the chest, is damp with sweat. My khaki pants are streaked with dirt in the creases across the thighs. My stomach is full of buttered steamed clams, and lobster with mayonaise, and beer. I dozed fitfully during the trip, which had lasted for eternity, and now I am tired and aching. My mouth is full of a metallic taste; my fingernails black with tar. My dilapidated sneakers are uncomfortable and wet.

In my fatigued state I have unclear recollections of driving for many hours, perhaps days, but without noticing the passage of time. The pace was relaxed, dreamlike, as if we hadn't had any destination. We stopped occasionally for ice-cream cones, or something else to eat; sometimes we stopped for no apparent reason. But that was all long ago, and doesn't concern me now.



The blue bus is parked in the right-hand lane of the thruway. I shake hands with the bearded driver and some others who are awake, and they drive away. Alone, I observe my surroundings. I become aware of the incessant whine of truck tires. It is audible for miles, a plaintive whine with the peculiar quality of changing volume according to some unknown law of nature, rather than varying with the distance of the truck from the listening point. It closely resembles the buzz of angry hornets.



I have two articles of baggage: a poorly rolled sleeping bag and a suitcase, so battered that pieces of the brown covering are coming off in large patches. Attached to the handle is a baggage ticket that reads WATERVILLE, ME. It calls to mind hours spent at some undetermined time in the recent past, sitting on my sleeping bag in the middle of an untraveled road, silently smoking on a Sunday morning. I carefully start down the ramp with my sleeping bag slung over my shoulder. A gentle puff

(continued)

of breeze tingles with the odor of blue dew sparkling on green grass, and taunts me with some hidden message, beckoning me onward. The ethereal scent transports me into a delicately balanced moment of enchantment that builds up quietly to a peak of soft, intense pleasure, and then crystallizes just as quietly into reality, punctuated by the sharp crunching of my sneakers in the gutter sand.

A wave of heat descends upon me from out of the humid night, heavy now with the chirping of crickets. The crunching of the sand ceases as I pass under a railway trestle, and is replaced by the near-silent flopping of my ancient sneakers. I shift the unraveling sleeping bag from one shoulder to the other, and feel the cool sweat on the shoulder from which I have removed it. The whine of the trucks is growing fainter. My aches and my weariness make me want to sleep, yet I am strangely content to continue walking.

I come at last to a little graveyard, dating from colonial times, now just a quaint group of quietly corroding marble stands, bleached white by countless rainstorms. The names and dates that are still recognizable are meaningless. They give no clue to the heartache they once caused ancient mourners, ancient mourners who themselves have long since passed into oblivion, mourned in their turn. The curious peace in the graveyard is the only trace of the exquisite indolence of the small New England village. Soon all the names and dates will be obliterated, and that period in nature's endless cycle will be hidden quietly from posterity.

I enter the graveyard through the iron gate and cross to the farthest corner. I unroll my sleeping bag and remove my sneakers and my

dust-filled socks. I crawl into the sleeping bag and feel my weary body unbend at last. I gaze at the stars, listen to the crickets, catch a trace of a whine from the ever present trucks on the thruway. The breeze puffs softly, bringing once again the exotic, luring odor. The

chirping of the crickets bores into my mind; I am acutely aware of my state of blissful relaxation . . . and then I am asleep.

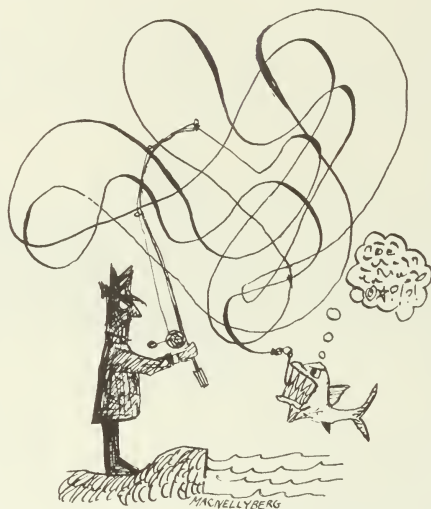
Some time later I wake up quietly. The sky is lighter, but still dark. The stars are beginning to fade from view. A barnswallow flits gracefully overhead; a solitary mosquito buzzes near me, but soon disappears into the gently resting night. Daybreak is coming, but no matter, I fall asleep.

A short time after I stir once more. I feel rested, but my aches have not totally disappeared. There are more mosquitoes this time,

and I get out of the sleeping bag and stand on the dew-soaked ground. I replace my socks and shoes slowly, roll up the sleeping bag and sling it over the shoulder of my faded blue shirt, still open at my chest. I climb leisurely over the crisply cold stone wall. There are no cars on the road. The birds produce a profusion of cheerful twitters, chirps, and warbles. Daybreak is coming, it is inescapable.

I walk onto the beach and survey the full span of Long Island Sound. The tiny waves wash a small way up on to the finely granulated, fish-smelling sand. I unroll the sleeping bag on a splintery, paint-bare picnic table. The breeze gently passes around me on all sides. For the last time, I sleep.

When I wake up, day has come. The early morning beach is empty. From the already brilliant sun I judge it to be around nine. Day has indeed broken, the enchantment is over, I am home. ●



HE NEVER RETURNED

by Ian Hobson

IT WAS ten o'clock in Boston. Vince Tyler, number 069 of the British Secret Service, had just come out of a theater on Washington Street. The movie wasn't very good, but it was a welcome break from the police work he had been doing for the past three weeks. The case was almost wrapped up. The diamond smuggler who had come originally from Paris was about to be apprehended making his last contact on the corner of Washington and Winter Streets, and Tyler didn't want to miss the expression on the man's face when the police grabbed him.

As he neared the intersection, Tyler noticed that there were four men waiting at the MTA station. He knew the pickup was to be made just outside the station, but he thought the police would be more discreet in handling this affair. One man would be enough to make the pinch. They had no idea who the smuggler was, though, so he guessed that there were more

men to insure the capture of the smuggler. As the hour approached 11:00 P.M., when the contact was to be made, the four men spread out along the sidewalk. One of them walked up to Tyler.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was about to ask you the same question," Vince said heavily.

"We don't want anyone loitering around here after ten-thirty, so move on, buddy," the thick Boston accent cut into the air.

"I'm a policeman, an undercover agent."

"Oh, you are, huh? Well me and my boys here are just waiting for somebody like you to show up. Right boys?" The three others who had gathered around him responded with affirmative grunts. One of them, the biggest, suddenly wheeled on Tyler and stuck a gun in his ribs.

"I hope you men realize that threatening a police officer is punishable by imprisonment."

(continued)

"Listen to little johnny-law!" said the big one. Tyler measured the inches to the first man's knees, and he figured that a good spring would knock him down so that there would be enough confusion for him to draw his Walther PPK and fire at the man who held the gun in his gut. Tyler's zero number gave him the license to kill. Before he could leap, the big man's hand caught Vince's head with a rabbit punch and knocked him unconscious.

HE WOKE UP in the MTA car bound for North Station, his hands bound with twenty pound test monofilament leader to the two steel loops hanging down from the ceiling. Tyler's empty pockets and holster told him that the men had robbed him blind. It was 11:34 P.M. They wanted to keep him out of the way while they made contact with the smuggler. Vince wondered whether or not the police had seen what had happened to him.

"Hi, what's your name? I'm Candy Jones," said a pretty girl about twenty years old seated behind Tyler. She had startled him out of his thinking, and he was caught speechless. He noticed her high cheek bones and cute little mouth surrounded by cascades of streaky blond hair. She was wearing stretch pants and a tight-fitting sweater that hugged her well-developed breasts.

"My name is Vince Tyler. What are you doing out by yourself at this time of night? A pretty girl like you need not be without company on a Saturday night."

"You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes, and my hands hurt very much. Would you see if you could untie them for me?"

"The conductor said that some men, some friends of yours, put you on the MTA. They said you were drunk, and then they gave the conductor twenty dollars to see that you stayed

put until twelve."

"Well, what are you doing, keeping me company until then?"

"Yes," she said, "you looked like a nice fellow to me, and I thought you might know how to get to Logan airport by the MTA. You see, I've only got five cents left and a ticket on the twelve o'clock flight to Pittsburgh."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about the MTA, but I'll see what I can do. I think I might do better if my hands were untied."

"O.K." she said and untied his hands.

She and Vince went over the map of the MTA route, and figured that it would take them at least four changes and over twelve stops before they would be at Logan, where she could catch her plane and Vince could phone the police. It would be tough going, he thought, but with a little bit of luck, they could make it.

It was 11:55. The next stop was Logan Field, and he knew the airport. It would take them at least seven minutes to reach the terminal. When they arrived at the ticket counter, the man behind the desk said that the plane had just taken off and the next one to Pittsburgh was at 10:37 the next morning.

"Oh Vince! What'll I do now? I've got no place to stay, and no money to buy a room."

"Don't worry, Candy, I'll take care of you. You can stay with me in my suite at the Statler Hilton." Her innocent blue eyes melted deep into his.

On the way back to the Hotel in the police cruiser, she asked him what he was doing in America, and he evaded her questions with the stock response taught to every member of the Secret Service.

"I work for Universal Imports at Regents Park in London. My boss sent me over here to look into a deal we had with the Hasbro Toy Company. You see, Hasbro promised us a ship-



ment of Baby Jane dolls, and they haven't arrived yet at London. This was two months ago that our order was made, and we have yet to receive any receipt for our order."

"You lie, Mr. Tyler," said the driver of the Massachusetts State Police car. "I am agent XX6LP9. We of CPQCO (Death To All British Secret Service Agents) know of your plans to stop the diamond smuggling, and we intend to stop your activities. You and your friend might as well sit back and enjoy the ride. From here on in, your fate is sealed." He spoke with a thick Czechoslovakian accent that betrayed his allegiance to the revolutionary group situated in this country, thought Tyler. When he got free of this mess, he would have to send word to F, his superior at Regents Park, and tell him that it was the Communist group from Czechoslovakia that was causing the flooding of the diamond market in the U.S. Their probable reason for doing this was to disrupt the U.S. economy and make the way clear for the communist leaders over here to further spread the communist doctrine. The leader would use the falling apart of the U.S. economy as an example of the eventuality of the takeover of Communism and the downfall of capitalism.

They pulled into an abandoned warehouse in the Naval Yard, Tyler and Candy were ordered out of the car and into the warehouse. There another man met them and took them to their room where they were to spend the night and then fly from Logan on a special chartered flight to the Soviet Union the next morning. Tyler got all this information from the man who met them at the door of the building.

Once inside the room, which wasn't too bad, Candy flung herself at Vince.

"Vince, oh Vince."

"Now, now. We'll get out of here yet, don't worry." He picked her up in his arms, and laid

her gently upon the huge double bed.

"Vince. I want you so much."

He kissed her full on the lips and murmured, "Let me have you, baby. I want you." His cruel lips crushed hers, and his tongue brutally explored the inside of her tender mouth causing her to erupt with passion. Her bra slipped off easily under his curious fingers, and his hands felt the fullness of her breasts. Her fingernails clawed his back, and in a moment their passion was fulfilled.

LATER ON that night Vince crawled naked out of their bed, put on his shirt and pants and went to find out if there was any possible means of escape from the building. All the exits were locked and there weren't any windows on that floor. It was impossible to get to the second floor unless one went through the ceiling, so the only thing to do was to try and bribe one of the guards stationed outside the room whom he had sneaked by earlier.

"How would you like to make an extra fifty bucks?"

"Get back in your room or I'll call Mr. Surun."

Surun. The name rang a bell. If Tyler could capture him he would have one of the five leaders of CPQCO, and then the whole Communist movement in America would be crushed. But first, Tyler would have to get free of the warehouse. A little karate practiced on the guard got Tyler a gun and a uniform. Now to get Candy and get the hell out of there.

She was just as eager as Vince to escape, and ready to go in three minutes. It was relatively simple leaving the warehouse, because on the guard's uniform there was a key for every door in the place. In a few minutes they were outside the building and walk-

(continued)



ing east toward the center of town. At four o'clock in the morning, a police car patrolling the district caught sight of them and picked them up. Vince explained that he was a Secret Service agent, and that he wanted to go back to his hotel. The policeman took them into headquarters first, where the chief of police, who knew Tyler, questioned him as to the whereabouts of the warehouse, and why they hadn't been able to catch the diamond smugglers. Vince explained that after the gang knew that the police were on its tail, it probably called the whole thing off.

"That's too bad, Tyler. I thought we had this thing wrapped up. In fact, I stayed up all night trying to locate you and find out what happened."

"Well, chief, I guess I'll have to follow them to Europe and try to capture them there. It's a shame that you can't intercept that plane today, but this diplomatic immunity can't be tampered with. You know, this affair goes much deeper than you imagine. It goes so deep that I can't tell you half the things that go on in this organization. The affair certainly has international relations hanging on the capture of the gang. Now I'd like to get back to my hotel, Miss Jones will accompany me."

"Sargent Welch, take them back to the Statler Hilton."

At the hotel, Vince and Candy prepared for the joys of their heightened relationship when he suddenly remembered that he had to send a message to F in London.

"Can you hang on for a moment, sweetie?"

"Yes, but hurry, darling, hurry."

He picked up a Western Union telegraph blank from the desk in the lounge and started to write the message to Universal Imports, in code, of course:

"So Jo Str I Th Bu Fu Fa Cho Cho
Ga Ga Oo Bla Gr F Y U T A. I Th
Yo Mo Bi Sh. Ho Wo Yo Li To Ea
M Pe. An Th Gu In Bo Is Ge To
Fl Ov He Wi My Wo, So I Th We
Ou To Gi Hi A Ki In Th Nu An St
Th Ga An Sm Go On He It Ru Th
Am Ec.

By Th Wa, I Me A Ni Br W Wh
I Ha Ma Th In, Wo Li To Br He
Ba, Bu Sh Ha To Go To Pi.

Love, 069"

Vince realized that the enemy would probably see this message sometime before it got to Universal Imports, so he put in a lot of unimportant facts and lies to throw the counterespies off the track.

"Vince! Hurry!"

"Take it easy, baby, I'm coming."

She was sweeter this time than before. The experience had made her fully aware of the bliss and contentment of real love. She was so eager and so fiery.

AT NINE O'CLOCK, Vince Tyler woke up in the arms of his lover, looked out the window at the already bustling streets and decided that he had better get moving if he were to catch Surun at Logan. He disentangled himself from Candy and went to the shower where he enjoyed an English Toddy (a hot shower immediately followed by a cold one). Candy was awake when he came back to the bedroom.

"We have to get to the airport by ten, so you had better hurry," said Tyler.

"Do we have to go? I was just getting to like it here in Boston. Besides, why do we have to be at Logan by ten? I thought my plane left at ten-thirty."

"Never mind," he said, whipping the sheet from her naked body, "I have to catch a government plane and follow this fellow who kept us penned up in that warehouse last night."

"Oh, that was all right. Otherwise I never would have. . ."

"Yeh."

A cab took them to Logan International Airport. Candy caught up to Vince at the ticket counter.

"Sorry to have made you pay, but I didn't have any American money. I guess this is it. Goodby," he said, kissing her full on the left eyeball. She stood dazed at the gate watching his Caravelle make a ninety degree turn to the east following the trail left by Sunrun's 707.

Where did Candy get the money to pay for Vince's plane ticket? On the subway she said she was broke. Find out in Ian Hobson's next fantastic installment of He Never Returned, which will appear in the next issue.

CONVERSATION WITH THANATOS

CAN YOU see the royal palace? There it is, over there, the hazy blue spot on the mountain top. Do you see it? Well, that's where His Majesty lives. At dawn the sun begins to rise from behind the spires of the palace. Oh, it's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. You can only look at it for an instant, though, because otherwise you'd go blind. Our ancestors used to think that His Majesty made the sun set and rise. Not many people, however, believe that now.

As you can see, our kingdom is an ancient one. Our history goes back to when the land was ruled by many lesser kings, but now His Highness is all-powerful. No, I've never seen the king. Have you? I didn't think so. No one knows what he looks like. He keeps to himself. Only a select few may ever enter the palace. Around the mountain flows the Black River. It looks very ominous, but I guess that's just because it's muddy and cold. No bridges cross it. They say nevertheless that it is easy to swim to the other shore. We're not absolutely sure of this, though, because His Majesty's palace is so wonderful and he is so kind that no one wants to return once he has crossed the river.

My brother swam it years ago, and he has not returned yet. Most people never even dare to stand on the river bank.

Yes, it does trouble me sometimes that I have never actually seen the King. I wish that he would visit us here once in a while. When I go to one of His servants or ministers and ask them for an audience, they become angry. Their faces grow red. Their eyes widen and begin to bulge. They jump up on their chairs and they shout down at me and scream, "Ingrate! Fool!" They say things I don't understand and ask me so many questions. "Why do you demand to see the King, have you no respect for His Majesty? Do you not appreciate what he has done for you and for our land? Isn't that enough?" I am overwhelmed. I ask for forgiveness and walk away.

I want to swim the river and finally see the King, and yet I am afraid. My brother never came back; no one has.



by Chai Kambhu

You ask how do I know that the King is still in the palace? I guess I don't know for sure. I've never really thought of that before. It would be horrible, after crossing the river, to find that He is not there. What would become of one then? Oh, this is silly. Why this doubt all of a sudden? I should be ashamed of myself. The King has to be there, but still nobody has come back to prove it. I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe the King has left, perhaps he is dead. If he isn't dead, then why doesn't he show himself to us? Come to us? Anyway, I'll never go near the river again, I'll stay away from it as long as possible. What? Let go of me! You can't drag me there. I don't want to go! ●

LONG ON THE SIDES, AND NO COMMENTS, PLEASE

by John Leone

"**H**OW WOULD you like it?" The barber grinned at me, reminding me of a drunken dwarf.

"Not too much off the top. Or the sides." I was going to a party, and I didn't want to look barren.

"Do you want a haircut or not? I have to take something off, for God's sake." I climbed into the chair, and he immediately twirled me around facing the mirror. He was a very trim old white haired midget of a man with a Chaplin moustache, and he looked very out of proportion to the giant clippers he was holding. He presented a comic picture.

I picked up my paper and started reading. Rather, pretended to read, because I must confess to a fatal weakness I sustain from early childhood experience at the barber's: I have to watch his work for fear of getting scalped. I also confess (ashamedly) that the barbers I used to frequent were noted for their cheap prices rather than their expert craftsmanship.

At any rate, I watched him nervously.

"What do you think of the weather? Nothing like it since summer '03. I remember." I started. He couldn't be *that* old. "I was on the bum. From Kansas City to Tucson to Sacramento to Frisco to Chicago, all over. I was quite the traveler."

"Oh?" I could see something coming.

"Yup. Awful bright I was, too. Fella name of J.P. Morgan picked me up in New York City, went to work as his office boy. I used to hang around listening to 'em talk: Rocky, Astor, Morgan, the big wheels. Ol' Roosevelt had been giving a hard time, 'specially Rocky, about the Anti-Trust."

"Not so much on top, okay?"

"Yeah. Don't move so much. Yeah, they were a pretty wild bunch. Meanwhiles, I saved me up enough to go over to the Continent. It was about September in '07, and . . ."

"Where?"

"The Continent. Europe. Tramped it over on a steamer, \$500 and one tuxedo. Ahh, the Continent! Hung around Paris for a time. Wrote a couple stories for *The New Yorker*, then . . ."

The New Yorker didn't exist then."

He ignored my interruption. ". . . I set up house off the Quay de Conti. Had a baroness head over heels about me. She couldn't speak a word of English, though. Had a dowry of 8 million francs. That's another story, though.

"Went up to Switzerland for a while. Did a little skiing. I was among the first ever to do it as a sport. From there, we left to . . ."

"We?"

"Me and the baroness. Think I was gonna drop 8 million francs?" He looked at me as though I were insane. "Who'd you think?"

I shut up. "Came over to Munich, where I became close friends with von Rictofen. Good ol' Hans! Just in college then. Heidelberg, I think it was.

"Nothing much doing in Munich, nineteen-ten's the year. Went up to Russia (on the baroness's payroll) and became an honorary Bolshevik. Lenin himself shook this hand." He extended his right hand. "I was all for it in those days, the Revolution and all."

He had stopped cutting my hair. He looked at the ceiling. "If only they had listened, I *knew* the power'd go to their heads. Got the best of them." He sighed.

"Went down to Rome in '11. Nothing doing, and the baroness was getting wise, anyway, so I left for home.

"Came back by way of Australia. Darnedest place you ever saw. A-borigines a-lill over! Drinking tea, yet, at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon, yet! Did you ever hear of anything so silly?"

"No. Hey, could you speed it up a little? Really. I mean, I got to get going."



"Okay. Don't rush me. Don't ever rush an *artiste*, that's what he told me."

"Who?"

"Why, Picasso of course, when I was in Spain in the War." I clamped my mouth tight.

"Got back to the States in '13, went to work on Wall Street. Times were never better. Everybody happy. Those were the days.

"Got into barberin' in '29, after the crash. Nothin' else to do, I was wiped out. Lost a fortune.

"I gave J. J. Astor his last haircut. Regular Men's, it was, shave and shine. We used to throw in shaves free."

I squirmed in my seat. "Hold still for God's sake. Wilson himself once walked through the shop in Washington. Never said a word." He looked bewildered. "Just walked right on through.

"Almost finished. You ever seen Mae West, in person?" No, I hadn't. As a matter of fact, I . . .

"You're too young, of course. *There* was a woman!"

"You met her?" I asked, unable to catch myself in time.

He pounced. "*Met* her?" He laughed. "Come in every day for a year solid in the salon in Hollywood. I had a salon in Hollywood." He paused. "All done, sonny."

I walked out, then turned back. I stuck my head in the door and said, "Did you really do all that?"

"Yup. Anyway, for \$3.00, you deserve more than a haircut. As Mr. P. T. Barnum once told me, you get what. . ."

I tripped on the stairs outside. ●

JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

by Pete Schandorff

(The following letter was written several years ago, but it was never sent, for lack of courage and the want of a postage stamp.)

October 1, 19——

Dearest Connie,

I haven't written since we parted last August because I have needed the time to think. For the past six weeks I have seen you everywhere I have been; you have been in whatever I have done; your picture has become part of my life, and my life has been going badly ever since we left each other. Why is it that everyone prospers except me? I thought that I was smart, yet intelligence doesn't find jobs. I'm not bad looking, but apparently you thought so. Before I continue, let me get one thing straight — I still love you.

Do you remember last summer, way back to the first day of the session? The day was bright, gay with excitement; but my room was dark, shaded by that old, rotten walnut tree that guarded my window. I had come early the night before, and I had spent it watching an old movie on television. It was *Casablanca*, with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. That morning I was sitting in my dank window, dangling my legs, thinking about some patriotic scene from the movie, and watching the

new students arrive, when you entered the front gate. From that moment you were part of me. The shadows from that cursed tree lifted, the grass was greener, and for the first time I was happy about going to summer school. Perhaps you don't remember — I always will —, but I jumped down from my perch in the window and started to whistle a tune, half-hoping, half-dreading that you would see me. Thinking about it now, maybe you didn't see me, for I was still in the deep shade. Anyway, you just looked confused, turned around, and walked towards the girls' entrance of the dormitory. I felt kind of foolish just standing there, but at least I had found a sense of purpose about the summer — you.

For the first week I just followed you around (startled, eh?) everywhere you went — to class, to the tennis courts, even to the Congregational church on Sunday (you only went once while you were there). You became an obsession with me; I was curious, yet afraid. Now this obsession has become a passion; but I am no longer afraid, for as you see I am writing this letter. During the afternoon I would sit under my protective walnut tree and watch you study in your window, or I would sneak down to the tennis courts and watch you play from a safe



distance. At night I wouldn't turn out my lights unless I saw that yours were out, too. As I said, your presence was a challenge — it gave me day-to-day purpose.

But one day you sat by me at breakfast. I was startled, naturally, but you probably sat there by mistake. Anyway, we started up a conversation. It was something about high schools now challenging prep schools. I didn't pay attention to the details, just to you. You were superb; and before I knew what I had done, I had made a date with you for tennis that very afternoon. It was doubles, and I am glad I was your partner. It would have been hard for me to have played well against you, but together we aced three sets in a row.

That tennis date, I suppose, was the turning point of the summer. The following day I sat next to you in lab, and you sat by me in study hall. Every night after I had made sure that you were in bed, then I would watch the late movie. But the films didn't mean much to me any more, for all I could see was your face, and the actors only echoed your name. I was smitten, to say the least — and I was terrified. But I didn't show my fear, and each day I grew bolder and bolder. It seemed that every afternoon we either swam or played tennis together. I even asked you for a movie date in Boston, and you accepted. I must admit that I spent more time watching you than the screen — you were much more alive than any actress. In fact, during the summer we ate together, studied together, and did most everything except sleep together. That never was one of my intentions.

Everything was looking up for me: my grades, my sense of humor, and even my tennis game were improving. And all because of you. Still, even in my finest hour something was missing. It seemed that every time we were alone, really alone, and I wanted to thank you for your presence, wanted to kiss you, you turned cold. No longer were you my movie actress. You would say something about not getting "involved," and then you would leave. I always let you go until that fateful last weekend. Then you left me, but only after getting "involved."

All that week I had been waiting for something to happen. At night I gave up my movie to sit under my friendly, dark walnut tree that protected me from a prying moon and coquet-

tish stars. I thought, worried, brooded about you. Yours was the life I wanted to lead — to be handsome, talented, and loved. In return I would have shared my talents and returned the love. But you are not I, and I am not you.

Do you remember that party on the Friday night after exams? Everyone was saying good-bye, and soft, tender kisses were exchanged for the last time. But you, Connie, in this happy, important hour, were cold. You were pouting over on the corner couch when I stole up next to you and placed my hand ever so gently on your neck. I stroked your hair, your shiny hair of gold. And when I put my arm around your shoulder, you turned as to say no; but I whispered, "Let's go outside — under the tree," and you consented. No one can know how happy I was, so happy that I stammered and couldn't see straight for the tears that rimmed my grinning mouth. We sat down under the protection of my old friend the walnut tree, and I felt for the first time that you appreciated me. I took your hand and kissed it, and you responded, Connie, superbly. You made me feel rich, handsome, important — like a man. As usual, you took command of the situation, and I was your servant, willingly. After it was over, I looked at you, and there was a scowl on your lips. You didn't run when you left me — you just walked away. I was too happy, too numbed, to chase after you. It would have done no good, anyway. That night I slept like a man — no movie, no brooding, no walnut tree.

But the next morning after I had packed, I visited your room, and you had left. Instead of you I found your venomous note. "It was great fun," you wrote, "but just one of those things." I winced at your perverted humor, your lack of any taste whatsoever. You had no idea what love meant, what I had wanted and received from you. You hadn't understood the entire summer, the object of the exercise, me! Oh, Connie, you used me! You took up with me, went out with me, played with me, only because I was convenient. How silly, how stupid you really are! I was so hurt that I cried; and I sat under my walnut tree, our walnut tree, and even that old friend could give me no peace. What went wrong? Where did I fail? Perhaps you know, I don't.

Anyway, chalk this one off as an experience.

Love,
Petey

Stopping by Woods on a ...

I was
stopping by
the dark,
snowy,
enchanted woods.
Woods?
No, not woods at all —
Enchanted Desert.

/Chuck Rounds

Wings

If I had the wings of an eagle;
Throbbing wings,
Soaring wings,
Climbing, powering, towering wings;
If I had a pair of eagle's wings,
I could nail 'em up on my wall.

/Bob Cottle

Rp
Shop



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Upon our return this fall, we were very disappointed (although not very surprised) to find that the main source of our "college suction" had been eliminated from the Extra-Curricular Council Bulletin. Suspension of the *Mirror* was due first of all to the large debt inherited from last year's Board (quoted by Mr. Kemper in figures not far removed from those of the National Debt), and secondly, to the unliterary character of last year's publication. We are back in business on a trial basis, having convinced Mr. Kemper that the *Mirror*, as a literary magazine, serves an important function; namely that it encourages, and also provides an outlet, for student creativity. The official go-ahead was given when the Graves Hall custodian removed the huge padlock from the door of the *Mirror* room, thus allowing us to use the door instead of the traditional side window entrance.

Last year's "*Mirror Philosophy*", although entertaining, had little to offer in the way of philosophy and absolutely nothing in the way of explanation of the magazine's guiding principles. Since the *Mirror* is, for all practical purposes, making a fresh start, we believe that we should state our basic policy. Briefly then, we feel that the *Mirror* should be a vehicle for only the *best* in student literature. To achieve these ends, we find it necessary to sacrifice some concern for average student appeal, and concentrate more on publishing a high quality literature. Naturally, we are concerned about the appeal of the magazine, but we also feel that a composition need not be in bad taste to possess an entertainment value for the Andover student.

This first issue of the *Mirror*, besides offering an answer to the pestering question, "When's the *Mirror* coming out?", is also the first serious attempt at publishing a literary magazine at Andover in quite a while. We think that this is the best *Mirror* in years, due to a great number of contributions and a lot of much-appreciated help from the English Department. As you flip through this issue you will notice that the old "Frank Hight Flare" is missing. We think this is a step in the right direction.



THE LORD'S DISCIPLE

by Allen Yu '65

Blithely ignoring the STOP sign at the front gate, Mr. Tugbottom swung his Mustang out of the semi-circular driveway of Ridgway Academy, and with a fanfare of screeching tires, a thick cloud of carbon monoxide, and a thunderous roar of the engine, proceeded on his way along U.S. Route 135.

Tubby (as Mr. Tugbottom was affectionately known to intimates) had good reason to be happy. Autumn was his favorite season, and the sight of countless leaves falling and dying by the roadside as he drove from one New England prep-school to another never ceased to delight him. Stupendous, he thought, the power that God wielded over life and death—from the most inconsequential fungus to Man, the jewel of his creation. Tubby was modest enough, of course, to realize that he would never possess the power of the Almighty, but he did confess to himself secretly that in his profession he felt, shall we say, *identified* with God. He shared with God, for instance, the power to fulfill the desire of men's hearts; the power to try men's souls; and the capability of unleashing upon any mortal who invoked his displeasure the damnation of his judgment.

Mr. Tugbottom's eyes showed wistfulness as he revelled in his contemplations; he gazed, unseeing, unheeding, at the road before him, while the needle of his speedometer quivered near seventy-five. He never saw the signpost ahead, much less the SHARP TURN it warned against; he missed the latter and crashed headlong into the former.

Tubby was rudely jarred out of his daydreaming by the jolt of the impact; he was faintly aware of breaking through glass, and then a curious sensation of flying weightlessly through the air.

Tucked away deep within the recesses of his memory was the recollection of having once read that in the last second of consciousness before death, one's entire life flashes before one. Tubby wondered whether he was about to see the last fifty years of his life in retrospect; if he was, he was probably going to die. Expiring in an automobile fell short of Mr. Tugbottom's romantic notion of death. He had always envisioned himself lying in bed, an anxious doctor gripping his wrist and a priest splashing holy water over him, and standing all around him his great-nephews, cousins, and in-laws, all sobbing in hankerchief-wringing agony.

But assuming that an automobile accident was to be the mode of his death, what would become of him afterwards? It never occurred to Tubby that he would not go to Heaven (when a man died, he just "went to Heaven") but he often wondered how he would get there.

He imagined himself walking on a red carpet and ascending a broad gilt marble staircase. The cheers of thousands echoed through the halls of Elysium and the music of Joshua's trumpets rang in his ears; arch-angels sang, and Heaven rejoiced. Glory, glory, glory! they chanted; glory, glory, glory, was what Tubby wanted. The gates of St. Peter swung open before him; he trod now upon diamond-studded gold. And then, through the mists of eternity, through the haze of the dawn of time, came God, more brilliant than the coronas of a million stars. God saw Tubby, and He was happy. And God did take Tubby by the hand, and He did seat him at his right . . .

Mr. Tugbottom thought back upon the kind of life he had led, trying to see it as God would probably see it. Had it been a good life? Oh

yes, decidedly. Had it been useful? At least he thought so; certainly he had done a great service for mankind. The Lord may judge souls, Tubby reasoned, but he judged the *man* himself. He never ceased to delight in planting himself in the high-backed leather chair of the headmaster or dean, and with the pouches of his cheek furrowed in a Winston Churchill scowl and his eyes protuberating from under his bushy brows like cold, glass marbles, wither the presumptuous upstarts who entered the room one by one.

He would receive their names in silence, and leave them shifting nervously on their feet while he spent two minutes selecting their dossiers from the pile on the desk. Then the inquisition would begin.

"Tell me, young Mitchell, what makes you think you are good enough to apply to Harvard?" The aspirant would list a number of reasons, trying in vain at the same time to appear as modest as he could. The Sphinx would ask one riddle after another, and with each word uttered in response its victim moved inevitably closer to his end. The interview would draw to a close, and as the applicant moved toward the door, Tubby would ask the deciding question: "Mr. Mitchell, are you smart enough to meet the standards of Harvard?" If he answered no, it was an admission of his own inadequacy, and saved Tubby the trouble of having to make a decision; again, if he said yes, the brat was beyond all manner of doubt an impertinent upstart, to be soundly chastised with a C rating.

Through the year Mr. Tugbottom established for himself a reputation as one of the most discriminating and exacting admissions officers Cambridge had ever seen, and those few who emerged with a B could consider themselves very lucky young men indeed.

It irked Mr. Tugbottom immensely to have to depart from the world so abruptly; it was almost as if he were suddenly to get up from the table at a large dinner-party, snatch his hat and coat, stalk out the front door and slam it on the hostess's nose without thanking her for the evening. Of course, that would be downright rude, and Tubby didn't think anyone would consider him lacking in manners if he were to die without thanking humanity for a wonderful time. There would, however, be those who would regret his loss. Hilda would be

especially bereaved. They had been planning on going to Niagara Falls for their second honeymoon for some time, and Tubby felt somewhat guilty that he would have to cancel their plans. Still, Hilda had always been understanding, when he was late for dinner or had to work overtime, and he was confident that she would understand this time, too. He would miss her chicken-pie, though . . .

When Mr. Tugbottom landed he was dead.

Mr. Tugbottom had been waiting in the room for nearly two hours. Periodically someone would emerge from behind the closed door at the end of the corridor; a name would be announced, and someone belonging to the name would rise from the long bench set against the wall and disappear into the room, shutting the door behind him.

Somehow Mr. Tugbottom hadn't imagined Heaven to be quite like this. He was sitting in a square room painted from ceiling to floor in pale institutional green. The floor was uncarpetted, the room unfurnished, and the drabness unmitigated. He sat on one of two benches that faced each other, and occupied himself by avoiding the eyes of his neighbors or staring at the light-bulb suspended unimaginatively from the ceiling; there were no pictures to study, nor magazines to read. Finally the boredom overcame him, and hoping to start a conversation with the man on his right, he let out in an exasperated sigh, "Damn it all, if I had known . . ." Mr. Tugbottom stopped suddenly, for every eye in the room had turned on him in a scandalized stare; he realized the inappropriateness of his choice of words amid his surroundings, and he shrivelled in embarrassment.

The moment of shock passed, and everyone returned to looking at the lightbulb. The ice was broken, however, and Tubby's neighbor turned to him amiably. "I know just how you feel," he said; "it is pretty depressing, isn't it?"

"If I had known Heaven was to be like this I would never have learned how to drive," said Tubby.

"Oh, this isn't Heaven!" Panic struck Tubby, and the possibility that he was not in Heaven dawned on him.

"Do you mean to say this is . . ."

"This isn't Heaven *yet*. We're just waiting right now for our interviews, when the man inside that room goes over our records and asks



us a lot of questions. If we pass, *then* we go to Heaven."

Tubby let out his breath in relief, but he had still more questions. "What do we need an interview for? I always thought that if you were good, you went to Heaven, and if you were bad, you went to Hell. Nobody ever told me anything about an interview."

"Well, that used to be true," said the man, "but nowadays the competition is so fierce, and there are so many people who are just 'good,' as you choose to put it, that they have to consider other factors as well; the 'well-rounded man' and all that, you know."

"What kind of questions does the interviewer ask?"

"He has a chart in front of him, and as he asks you questions he checks appropriate boxes for such topics as 'warmth of personality,' 'concern for others,' 'reaction to setbacks,' 'originality,' 'energy and initiative,' 'independence,' and 'quality of leadership': whether below average, average, good, excellent, or truly outstanding. Then, on the basis of those assessments, he gives you an A, B, or C rating."

"What do those mean?" asked Tubby.

"'A' means you go straight to Heaven. 'B' means you go to Purgatory, and that means you

are on probation; where you go from Purgatory depends on how you behave. A 'C' rating means — well, if you get a 'C,' friend, it's all over. You go straight to Hell." The finality and juridical decisiveness of a mere alphabetical letter overwhelmed Tubby, and he sat with his mouth gaping in awe. He recovered eventually and asked.

"How long do the interviews last?"

"Only about ten minutes; fifteen at the most."

"What!" Tubby shouted in disbelief; he rose from his seat and all eyes in the room turned on him again. "Do you mean to say that on the basis of a ten minute interview and a small letter, a person can be condemned for the rest of eternity to Hell?"

"Well, not exactly. Don't forget that the interviewer has the record of your entire life in front of him."

Tubby sat down slowly again. He felt considerably agitated, if only by having a long-cherished illusion shattered and his chances for admission into Heaven rendered less positive. He sat in absorbed silence for several minutes, trying to reassess his standing. Though he still believed the pearly gates would open for him, the phrase "other factors to be considered" disturbed him, and a soupçon of doubt lurked in the back of his mind.

With little consideration a voice interrupted his thoughts harshly: "Tugbottom, Algernon P., next!"

"Hey! That's you," whispered Tubby's neighbor excitedly. "You'd better hurry up! It's the chance of your life time." With his disrupted thoughts whirling in disarray through his mind, Mr. Tugbottom felt himself nudged on his right and pulled on his left, and before he knew it, he was sitting, half-surprised and totally bewildered, in front of a large mahogany desk. A youngish and pleasant looking man leaned across the desk and extended his hand. "How do you do? Mr. Algernon P. Tugbottom, I assume."

The hand remained extended over the desk for some moments, for Tubby sat frozen in his chair, a wild look upon his face. Suddenly he remembered where he was, and took the man's hand.

"Are you God?" he asked.

"Oh no, no, no!" chuckled the man good-naturedly. "I'm merely an interviewer. It's my

job to screen all the applicants for Heaven."

"Then you must be Saint Peter."

"No, Saint Peter is in charge of the gates — a kind of doorman, you know. Well now, let's see if I can find your dossier." Mr. Tugbottom shifted nervously in his chair. The interviewer found the file and opened it.

"Oh," he remarked casually. "I didn't know you were from Harvard; I used to be a Yale man myself, you know." He continued to read, and much to Tubby's dismay, the interviewer's mouth turned down in a frown.

"Are you a communist?" he asked.

"A communist! Why should I be a communist?"

"Well you do come from Harvard, don't you?"

"Of course I come from Harvard. But what does that have to do with being a communist?"

"I thought all Harvardians were communists."

"That's nonsense! I'm not a communist, I have never been one, and I don't intend to become one either."

"Well, I suppose not *all* Harvard men are communists." The interviewer read on, and as the minutes elapsed it was evident that he was becoming increasingly unhappy.

"This isn't very good," he said.

"What isn't?" asked Tubby anxiously.

"It says here that you used to be a Harvard admissions officer. How did you interview your candidates?"

"Why, the same way you do. I would have a form with little boxes that I would check during the course of the interview, I would examine the applicant's record, and finally I would mete out an A, B, or C rating." Mr. Tugbottom felt encouraged as he spoke, for he was addressing a kindred spirit.

"Exactly — that's just what I thought. Do you realize who I am, Mr. Tugbottom?"

"Why, you are a college — excuse me — a *Heaven* interviewer." For some reason that last phrase struck Mr. Tugbottom as slightly unusual.

"Exactly. I am a representative of God, authorized by Him expressly to interview souls in the manner you have just described. Now tell me: on what basis do you presume to do on earth what I have to have special permission to do in Heaven?"

Tubby was perspiring profusely and breath-

ing rapidly. "That was my job," he wailed. "Everyone did it. We had to do it. We couldn't let just anybody into Harvard."

"I don't intend to dispute your wish to perform your job well. But I do challenge your right to pass judgment on your fellow-men — only the Lord can do that. For the better part of your life, then, you have been playing God! That is a sin, sir, a sin!" The interviewer brought his first down on the desk in an emphatic and angry thump. From where Tubby sat he could see the interviewer pick up his pen and make upon the form before him a large, semi-circular motion.

Tubby leapt from his chair and sank to his knees, pleading. "You can't do this to me! You don't understand — it was my job! Please, I have to get into Heaven!"

The interviewer pressed a button on his desk, and two angels entered the room; they grasped Mr. Tugbottom by the arms and dragged him out the door.

"Wait, no!" Mr. Tugbottom continued to cry. "It's a mistake! You can't do this to me. I am God!"

Tubby's figure grew smaller and smaller as he disappeared down the long corridor, and his wails were heard no more.



DREAM

by Derek Huntington '65

Thru the center of the isolated town ran a wide, dusty, yellow street lined by brown and yellow adobe buildings. A boy, apparently about fifteen, sat on the edge of the boardwalk beside the street, pushing his feet back and forth through the dust that had settled out of the way of the infrequent traffic. Except for an occasional glance over his left shoulder, the boy stared blankly at his shuffling feet, oblivious even to the little children that shouted and romped across the road.

A few minutes later, an older, bigger boy strode down the boardwalk and stopped behind his comrade. While the younger one continued to play his feet in the dirt, the other reached into his back pocket and, pulling out a bottle, dropped it at the boy's feet. The boy snatched it up, stuffed it hurriedly into his shirt, and then stood up, smiling widely and excitedly at his friend above him on the boardwalk.

"Was it easy?"

"I told you, anyone can buy here."

"Even me?"

"Even you."

The smaller boy hopped up onto the boardwalk and faced the other.

"I can do it?"

"Sure."

With one last questioning look, the boy whirled around and marched off in the direction whence the other had come. He thumped along the creaking boardwalk until confronted by an incongruous neon sign. Here his pace slackened, but the last few steps before opening the door were again brisk and powerful. The door flew open before him with a sharp jingle, and an air-conditioned breeze penetrated his sweaty clothes.

The interior of the store, unlike any other building in the town, was modern and dustless. All the bottles sat in orderly rows on the varnished shelves along the walls, waiting. At the far end of the room was a counter and a cash register, behind which stood a large, dark, middle-aged woman. As the boy eased up to the register, he surveyed the myriad of winking bottles.

The cashier coughed and the boy turned to face her. Shoving his hand into his pocket and pulling out a change purse, he asked his question. The cashier pointed to one of the shelves and the boy strode dutifully over, picked a small, gleaming bottle, and returned to the counter. As he poured some coins onto the counter, the door jangled and opened. The clamor of the screaming children burst into the room and then retreated, muffled by the closing door. The boy turned to confront a pair of dark, green eyes. The accompanying face was sharp and angular; straight black hair shrouded each side. The body was small and lean and forceful.

As he awkwardly stared back, she slowly turned her eyes away and then walked over to the shelves. He followed, clenching his fist about his change purse. He watched her fingers search and play among the bottles, turning one over, gently sliding it back, then fondling others.

Slowly she turned her head and looked back over her shoulder. His arm stretched out and his fist unclenched to reveal the purse. She smiled coldly.

Outside, the cries and shouts of the children suddenly ceased. Without a word, the cashier ran heavily to the door and opened it. A group of forty or fifty blank-faced children walked slowly across the street. The cashier frowned out at them, but they continued to shuffle silently towards her. When they reached the boardwalk, they all stopped except for a small, blonde child. She stepped up on the boardwalk and walked to the door, saying nothing, just staring straight ahead. The cashier glared down on the strangely common, yet becoming, white face, and with a quick, powerful hand motion, slammed the door shut in the child's face.

The boy started towards the door, but then hesitated and turned back to the black-haired woman. She met his eyes with her usual, bored gaze. Tears in his eyes, he sputtered out his question. She nodded. The cashier turned her back on the two and with a shrug began rearranging some bottles.

There is a world — perhaps I have not left it yet — that holds for me warmth which I have never matched. It is a world of looking up for faces, a world with its own dark aroma of security. There are corners in the old house that breathe it out so strongly that even now, when the family gathers there, I feel strangely washed and clean. We meet in the old house twice a year, and there has always been an air of continuity akin to the brown nooks and hidden pantries. It is as if we arrived out of nowhere, into this timeless circle, and were reborn.

The gravel driveway crunches under the car's wheels as we swing around the corner, past gardens now hidden under piles of shifting color, and pull up beside the garage under the elms. Grandma will be at the door any minute now. I jump out of the car, and then, reminded by my tight, unfamiliar collar, turn sedately toward the house. From this side we see it, flanked by the garage and the grape arbor, with all the irregularity of an old building that has been added to over the years. Here is a new wing on the left, an extension on the right, but the old stone steps and the doorframe are original. Grandma and Grandpa are in the doorway now, and I run to meet them. As I embrace my grandmother I suddenly feel self-conscious and awkward. She seems a little frail, smaller this year, though her warmth has never changed. Grandpa has his old roguish twinkle and he still towers over me. "Come, let's get you all inside and have a look at you, Susie, how pretty you look in that dress, John bring that basket from the back seat, would you, oh it's so good to see you all again!" After a rush and a bustle of trips back and forth, we all pile into the hall.

Once inside the door, with the familiar smell of turkey cooking, everything seems warm and right. Here is the study, with its low ceiling and cavernous fireplace, a flintlock hung over the mantle piece, and books lining three walls with solid brownness. The old mahogany clock over the fire ticks on the same dry tone. A quick inspection of the dining room, and a hasty peep into the kitchen already bustling with girls and women, and I'm off down the broad shallow stairs into the music room. It's a large room with light pouring in from windows that reach from floor to high ceiling. The old rough-hewn beams and plaster show how old the building

GATHERING

by John Tucker '67

really is. There are little islands of people grouped around the fire, or the piano, or in the corner with the sofa. On the left, the long side, a table set against the wall is spread with hors d'oeuvres. Farther down is a set of double doors with glass panels which open onto the outdoors at the rear of the house.

Here is the long terrace, bordered with ivy and field-stone. There is the old wooden bench, made from a slab of white oak and steamed into a long curve, worn smooth with time. The mighty elm, now bare and dry, stands by the corner of the terrace; I love to run my hand over its strangely fissured bark. The lawn slopes down, leaving a wide skirt about the house, here steep, there almost flat, and meets a stone fence, marking the edge of the field. Beyond, the woods have a fine brown, pen-stroke texture, each bare branch in the front rank delineated, until the distance blends the autumn colors into one. Impatient, and yet not sure where to begin the day, I turn and go back inside by the other doors leading to the study.

I find the house alive with aunts and uncles, cousins and several of those un-categorizable relations, all in various stages of helping grandma or mixing cocktails or carrying the baskets and boxes for the feast. I pick my way between clumps of adults, wondering why they don't sit down, and trying to act grown-up in my



suit. I shift back and forth between groups, coming up to each as if I had a mission, and trying to catch flying sparks of conversation. One of my cousins, about my age and similarly uncomfortable, is at the gathering. Now we slip off and run silently through the house, smelling the rich ancient odors of the rooms, all different. Upstairs and downstairs, we follow the trail of other times and other people. In one dry, airless room upstairs, where the ceiling almost meets the floor at the side, we discover the remains of a wireless set, copies of high school yearbooks and *Popular Science* from 1933. There in the still heat we were practically touching that boy's life, of another time.

After a while, we are recalled from the hidden stairways and secret passages, and the two of us saunter into the dining room, feeling as if we led two lives, and slightly contemptuous of the mundane, ground-floor society. Soon, however, anticipation drives all else from our minds, and we find our seats and stand behind them, shifting from one leg to another. The younger children are seated at card tables covered with linen, apart from the adults. The tables are set with silver, heavy plates, and crystal, and dishes of cranberry sauce promise great things of the turkey. Soon in an almost processional manner, the girls appear bearing fowl, vegetables, and wine. Soon plates bright

with squash and peas are passed around, gravy flows liberally, and an uncle pours the wine. Even the children are allowed a drop. The atmosphere is at once restrained and gay. Everyone calls upon Grandpa for a toast. He rises, and as he says a quiet benediction, everyone knows that he is talking to each of us, personally. He stands tall at the table, and he grins and clowns like a boy. To each of us, he and Grandma span the lives and thoughts of us all, and it is easy to see how pleased they are to be together with us today. We turn to the feast.

"Oh, what a delicious turkey!" "Grandma, this squash is marvelous!" We eat and eat, and the festive mood increases. Plates are passed round again. Gradually, one by one, we push back our chairs and protest, "no more." The bird is stripped, and everyone radiates satisfaction. Then there is ice cream, and several cakes, and coffee for the grownups.

The afternoon slips away with music and laughter. Children scurry among the relics of the banquet, and everyone chips in to help clean up. Late in the day, my cousin and I walk in the woods beyond the house. Deep among the pines the air smells sharp and clean, and we leave a sibilant track among the piles of bright-colored scraps. A squirrel races across the face of a huge rock, half buried in brown pine-needles, and my cousin skims a pine cone at him joyously. We wander deep into the stillness, rapping sticks on trees, daring each other to small stunts, until at last the chill penetrates even our heavy jackets, and we set off again for the house. As we reach that undefinable place where the woods thin and the grass appears, wispy-brown, from beneath the painted leaves, I stop and look over the fields to the house. It seems so natural, nestled against the hill, as much a part of the living world as the gray autumn sky or the silent evening hush itself. I never tire of this sight, and every year I stop again to look and savor the slow sunset. I feel rooted deep to the roots of trees, growing things deep on the earth, and I drink the icy air, at peace.

Though my grandfather passed on in the spring, when the water-color woods were already faintly washed with green, perhaps this year I will feel again the peace of harvesting. No, there is no doubt, for in the back of my mind I know these things continue, and no one is ever divorced from them.

THREE POEMS

by David Foster

OCCULT

The days forgotten in death's light
And light remembered in days of death
Are both the images played upon the minds
Of men with stilted memories;
Where colors are not green,
But glaucous shadows crawling behind
The undefined dimensions of music.
"These," he said, "are hallucinations
Set against the tintinnabulations
Of cows on summer afternoons.
We, the perceivers of what we hear,
The knowers of what we say,
We are the ambidextrous sorcerers

Living by enfleurage.
Imbued with obscurities of impression,
We preach reality, the garish men.
The words we utter in the confusion
Of twisted and shadowed sculptures,
The arms we weave in symphonic measure,
Carresses on the tawny treasure
Are only delusion or the preclusion
That precedes insipid death."

And when the Mennonites of this museum
Are emitted from their crypts:
The staid scratches in the damp,
The final fading of the lamps.

ELEGY OF TONE

There was a time in the ardor of forty years :
Slept winnocked and rose-blooming.
Mine, the breath of insanity,
The sound of the last faint bastion clicking to the floor ;
For bodies arched against the tree
Whose barbed branches shift and chafe —
The icy rakes of nether lips —
Emboldened by the touch of kiss and caress.
The baited looks and brailed trees,
The tales of rented unities ;
O do not speak in that hollow tone
And hide with fervent grins this talk of stupid things.

In the smells and pungent odors,
In effulgence of this corner
The anonymities of their beings,
Their acrid thoughts and obtuse seeings
Are the augurs and the prophets, time-infested,
Of this place where once she rested,
Back against the tenuous trunk
Feeling the light embrace,
To that finality of dispossession
And regression of a spoken word,
Dispassionate in the silent and the roar . . .
Living in that hollow tone.

THE STREAK OF TOUCH

Speak not with so tempestuous
Streak ; the lambent eyes gone stalking,
Metallic limbs gone walking :
the lime, unlimited sea.

Lipped so with love and pull, we
Touch ; in night's fluctuating kiss,
In the green-glow of caress :
sink threads of sensitivity.

MIDNIGHT TO 11:55 A.M.

a short play in six scenes

by Peter Burkhard '65

(Setting: The walls and floors of the sets are black. In the first scene, a small table runs lengthwise with the UR-DL diagonal at about CLC. There is a chair UL of the table following the same diagonal. Another is at the UR end and runs with the center line. While there is ample lighting for the floor space, no indication of walls or other furniture is given.

Supposedly, the first scene takes place in a kitchen, but no effort need be made to support this idea. As the lights rise, JOSEPH is leaning back in the first chair, stretched in a yawn. LINDA enter UR, from nowhere in particular, pauses at the door, then moves toward JOE.)

LINDA: I thought a second cup of coffee might perk you up a bit, Joe. You were out pretty late last night.

JOE: Oh, thanks honey.

LINDA: I wish those union meetings of yours didn't take up so much time.

JOE: Well, I keep telling you that this isn't a job that can be done quickly.

LINDA: (Sitting down at C chair) But I hardly ever see you anymore. You're at work all day, and at your meetings most of the night; why, last night you didn't even come home for supper. (pause) Joe, I want you to stay home . . .

JOE: How many times do I have to tell you, Linda? The organization . . . union . . . is in real trouble with the government. We've got to keep working to protect it; or else we're through.

LINDA: (Rising and moving L around the table) Why don't you tell me what it is that you do that is so important that I can't see my own husband?

JOE: (Rising and moving to DLC end of table.) (Uncertainly) Well . . . we . . . we keep the government from taking us over. (wheeling around, forcefully) We keep Grushenka and his rotten goons from wiping out everybody who works for a decent living . . . everybody who doesn't bow and lick the sidewalk for them!

LINDA: (Coming around to him) But I still don't see why you can't spend some time with me. (she puts her hand on his shoulders; he smiles down at her.) Couldn't someone else do your job? At least for a . . .

JOE: (Breaking away) Someone else! Someone else? Without me, who do you think would have . . . (stops short, irritated)

LINDA: What?

JOE: Nothing. Nothing. Forget it . . .

(The doorbuzzer rings; Linda looks curiously at Joe, then because he doesn't seem to notice the buzzing, exits to answer the door. Joe sits back on the table, rubs both sides of his nose with his fingers and stares at a spot in the floor about six feet away. Linda re-enters slowly with a thick newspaper in her arms. She is reading something on the front page and appears visibly upset by it.)

LINDA: (Moving slowly, slightly unsteadily, toward him) Joe . . . there's been another one. (His fingers stop massaging his nose) Joe there's been another murder! (his head snaps to attention) It says that one of the police deputies was "gunned down before his own family" . . . at . . . midnight . . . last night! Joe! Why don't you listen to me? It was the resistance Joe! Joe listen! The resistance is killing again!

JOE: Well?

LINDA: But to kill a man in his own home, on Sunday morning . . .

JOE: The shenkas have no respect for a person's home! The shenkas have no respect for Sunday either! Why should w . . . the resistance?!

LINDA: (Shocked, and open mouth) (slowly) They killed a man. They've killed many men. They'll -

JOE: - keep on killing until every last dirty shenka is wiped out! Not until.

LINDA: But one killing just means more killing. Why do they think it will help anything?

JOE: Because it's the only way.

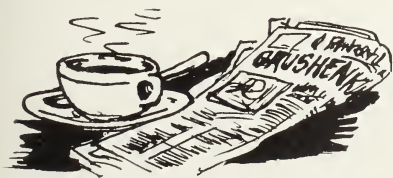
LINDA: But . . . But it's evil to . . .

JOE: (slowly) And the shenkas are evil, too. The evil will be destroyed. Every last one of them will be . . .

LINDA: (interrupting quickly) Joe, please don't talk like that. I'm frightened when you talk like that.

JOE: Frightened? Frightened! Frightened of what? Does Grushenka frighten you? Do his goons frighten you? Do you remember reading about Hitler, about the Chinese? Does it frighten you that Grushenka makes them look like beginners? What does frighten you anyway? What? Answer me?

LINDA: Joe!!! (both stop short, staring at each other. Suddenly the telephone rings; neither hear it. After it rings two or three times, Linda moves UR and out of the lights, answers the phone and speaks in muffled tones. Joe is motionless until she leaves, then, dropping his hands by his side, resumes his seat; leans back and regards fixedly the DLC corner of the table. Linda re-enters.) That was Mother and Dad. They're coming by in a few minutes; we're going to a church service up town. (pause; she clears away the coffee cup and is about to leave when she turns around almost timidly) Joe, will you come?



JOE: (turning away) You know about that.

LINDA: Well you haven't been to church with me since we were married . . .

JOE: Just be happy the shenkas haven't blown your churches up. I'm sorry. I just don't feel right in a church, that's all.

LINDA: But Joe . . .

JOE: I said I was sorry!

LINDA: (suddenly and resignedly) Well, I have to get ready.

(She exits after looking at him curiously for a moment. He sits brooding at the table, thumbs through the newspaper and stops at the front page. He pulls the paper into his lap and reads the first story. At first his interest is slight, then begins to gleam in the eyes; he puts the paper on the table and bends over it, a smile spreading slowly across his face. Suddenly he breaks into a long wicked laugh, leaning back in his chair. The laugh and the lights fade simultaneously. BO

(Setting: Same as before; the paper is lying on the floor in a heap. Joe is seated at the table cleaning a short barrelled .38 revolver and its silencer. He has a number of cleaning tools spread out on the table and is rubbing the stock of the gun vigorously. From time to time he glances at his watch. The doorbuzzer rings.)

JOE: (hurriedly) Just a second! (he hides the gun and other equipment in a small drawer unseen to the audience and apparently locks it. Then he hurries out to the door (offstage) Oh! Come in Eric! Come in! they both enter) How have you been lately?

ERIC: Joe, there's something. . .

JOE: Here, sit down, sit down (he motions to C chair) You haven't seen my wife have you?

ERIC: Joe . . .

JOE: I thought I'd do a little cleaning up around for her. We had a few words this morning, you know, and I . . . (he spies the paper on the floor and moves over to pick it up) (pause) Well.

ERIC: Joe, listen to me. Something's happened.

JOE: What happened, did your wife throw you out again? (laughs) No, I guess not. She gave that up a while back . . . What is it Eric?

ERIC: We went to church with Linda, my wife, and me. And, then afterwards, when everybody, or at least most everybody was

out, and we were walking back towards . . . well, there was a black car that came by, and a man got out, and suddenly he threw something black in the window and then there was an explosion inside . . . (he chokes)

JOE: The dirty rotten slimy shenkas . . .

ERIC: (continues without listening to him) and afterwards . . . Linda . . .

JOE: (shouting) Linda! What happened to Linda??

ERIC: (he sits silent for a moment, then sorrowfully shakes his head) She's dead.

JOE: (he slowly sits on the LC chair. The middle of his forearms are rested on the edge of the table, leaving his hands open before him. Slowly and softly he begins to murmur) No, No, No, No . . . (freezes) I'll kill them. I'll kill them. I'll kill them like I've never killed them before. I'll kill those shenks . . .

ERIC: (looking up suddenly) But it wasn't the police, Joe. There were party members inside. It was the resistance that did it; they cried out that they were destroying the shenkas. It was the resistance.

JOE: (speechless, he comes as near to crying as a man can.) They can't. They can't. They can't take her away, I love her. They can't.

ERIC: I'm sorry Joe. (looks at him silently for a moment) (blurts) Joe, they killed your wife for nothing; the shenkas got away! (Joe sinks back into his chair. Eric stands there uncomfortably then slowly walks out.)

(Joe suddenly snaps back half-way. He sits stunned in his chair for a moment. Then he reaches into his pocket, takes the key to the drawer out, unlocks it, removes the gun. He stares at it then breaks away from his chair and throws the gun UC as hard as he can, into the blackness. We cannot hear it fall. He stands with his back to the audience, trembling slightly as the lights fade. BO.

(Setting: The majority of the stage is black. There is a very dim light over a desk set far in either UR or UL. Behind it sits a clergyman in black clerics. He is old and rather kindly looking, and the dim desk lamp is not quite enough to illuminate the work he has done. Thus he frequently bends over closely; then sits up to rub his eyes. Down stage, in the opposite corner, stands Joe, at first completely obscure but slowly illuminated by a light directly in back of him. He stands facing the desk, with his back to the audience, slightly

stooped over. The light rises as Joe slowly moves toward the desk. When he is about center stage, the priest is irritated by the light and looks up. A pool forms before the desk. Joe steps into it.)

JOE: You're a priest, aren't you.

PRIEST: Yes. How did you enter here?

JOE: Father . . . sir . . . I have to speak with you.

PRIEST: My friend, it is far too late in the night. You should have come earlier.

JOE: But if you're a priest, then I have to tell you now.

PRIEST: Have you a confession to make?

JOE: A confession? Yes, I think so. I . . .

PRIEST: Then perhaps it would be better if you returned tomorrow.

JOE: No! No! I can't come here tomorrow! I need you now! I need help now!

PRIEST: (Rising) My son . . .

JOE: (unheeding and blurting) I'm a murderer! I'm a murderer!

PRIEST: (coming around front of the desk) I see. Why have you come to me?

JOE: Wait! You don't understand! I'm a killer; I'm in the resistance! I killed for the resistance. I killed . . . thirty-eight men for them. For them! And then they took my wife. And she's dead, (he hangs his head; then, softly) Oh God, help me.

PRIEST: (Shaken, but still in control) And what do you want of me?

JOE: (Stares at him) I don't know . . . I just came here . . . Linda came here . . .

PRIEST: Are you afraid of God? (Joe can only look at him in question?) Are you afraid that God has damned you? (same response from Joe) Then, my son, you must learn to pray for forgiveness, for mercy. Have you ever prayed before? (Joe bows his head, and shakes it slowly) Then you must return to your house, and shut your doors very tightly, and send your thoughts to God.

JOE: No! No! I can't go back. They're looking for me . . . I'd just start again, I'd murder again. I have to learn to be free before I can go back . . . don't you see?

PRIEST: But my son . . .

JOE: Let me stay here, with you. Teach me to be forgiven . . . please.

PRIEST: I can never forgive you for anything you have done. I can only help you to wish forgiveness more than anything else . . .

JOE: Yes, yes! I know!

PRIEST: It may take much time.

JOE: (balking) Time?

PRIEST: A week, a month, a year. Maybe a lifetime.

JOE: (bushes his head, uncertainly; then suddenly resolved) Yes. (the two exit UR and the lights fade. BO)

(Setting: Black surroundings as usual but this time we are in a moderately crowded bar room, almost a year later. The bar runs diagonally along the upper right quarter of the stage. Just down stage is a round table with two chairs. UL from this, on the other side of the stage is another table surrounded with more chairs, and filled up. There are several people at the bar, a few of them young (?) girls. Entrance is ULC. Two men at the first table get up and go towards the bar just as Joe, much greyer than before enters, looks around cautiously, then spies the empty table and scurries over to it, taking the chair nearest the wall. The bartender comes slowly around, to take his order; Joe mumbles something indistinguishable to the audience. The bartender seems to recognize Joe and goes back to the group at the bar and points him out. One of the "girls" makes a "watch me" gesture and moves over and takes the remaining seat.)

GIRL: (sitting down) Hi there . . . Joe . . . remember me? How about buying me a drink?

JOE: Oh, yeah . . . ah . . . Mona -

GIRL: Liz. That's all right. You aren't the only one whose forgotten me. How's the business . . . killer? (she gives him a large inviting smile)

JOE: (horrified) No! No! Nothing any more. It's all over and done with. (A man who has been eyeing Joe from the bar suddenly goes behind the bar and exits by a back door.)

GIRL: Yeah, sure Joe. No more business. That's why you're back in this hole looking for Willie huh?

JOE: That's just it; I came back to tell him . . . (he looks up and sees the man who left and another, larger man come out from around the bar and approach the table) Hello there, Willie.

WILLIE: (to girl) Beat it . . . I said beat it! (she leaves and he sits down, suddenly very cordial) Well, Joe good to see you again. Haven't seen you around for quite a while.

JOE: I've been away. A long way away.

WILLIE: Say, Joe. (quietly) We're all sorry about your wife. (he hangs on, waiting for Joe's reaction, Joe doesn't appear to have heard him) Well, anyway we're glad to have you back!

JOE: (looking straight at him; slowly) I'm not back. I'm out.

WILLIE: Now, Joe, just because you've been away for awhile doesn't mean we're going to throw you out like an old shoe. Sure, you'll be back in the swing of things in no time . . .

JOE: I guess you didn't hear me Willie; I said I was out. I mean it.

WILLIE: Now wait a minute Joe . . .

JOE: I'm sorry Willie. (he rises to go)

WILLIE: (Grabbing his arm) Hold it boy! What makes you think you can run out on us? Well?

JOE: (He sits down and reaches into his coat pocket for a foot-by-half-foot piece of dark black cloth, of a very strange texture.) It's because of this, Willie. I killed thirty-eight human beings for you and your . . . union. You killed my wife. Besides that though, I committed the worst sin of them all. (he pauses. The lights fade on the rest of the bar and the voices become muffled.) An old man taught me to wish for forgiveness, Willie. He gave me this piece of black cloth; he said I couldn't be sure I had earned forgiveness until . . . the cloth turned white. (Willie breaks into hysterical laughter; the lights come up on the rest of the bar room, and the others turn around to look.)

WILLIE: (recovering from laughter) Oh my God . . . you had me worried there — for a minute. (laughs a little more) Okay, you've had your fun. Now, listen. (he bends over the table) There's a job tonight; one of the big shenks is coming into town just before midnight, we've been given the job. Are you with us? (Joe looks at him and slowly shakes his head) Well what's the matter with you anyway, have you turned shenk?!!

JOE: (aroused but under control) You know I'm not a shenk! You know I've never been one and never will be. (pauses, looks at his hands) But I'm not a murderer anymore. Never.

WILLIE: (Looks hard at him for a minute) We'll see.

(Willie exits the way he entered. Joe suddenly

turns around to look where he has gone. Then he reaches into his pocket and slowly brings out the black cloth and looks at it; sighs deeply; then moves towards the door. He pauses midway to look at those at the bar; they turn away. The lights and voices fade as he leaves. BO)

(Setting: during this scene, none of the players speak distinct lines. The stage is completely bare, and as the lights rise, we hear the shouting of a crowd. All at once a mob floods on stage, surrounding two or three uniformed policemen, who are "escorting" Willie, hand cuffed, towards the other side of the stage. The crowd boos and hisses, pressing them so closely that the group cannot move. Joe appears at the edge of the crowd, silent. He has no love for the police but cannot bring himself to join the others. Four rather ragged looking men break from the crowd and huddle DL. One of them looks up and spots Joe RC and points him out. The group approaches him and pulls him aside. They speak to him, gesturing toward the crowd. One of them pulls a gun out of his shirt and offers it to him. He refuses vigorously. The four are much surprised, but they continue their pleading no longer. As a unit, they penetrate the crowd. Joe is silent at the outskirts of it, expectant but slightly afraid. Suddenly three bursts of gun fire are heard, then a fourth. The crowd instantly is silent. They then break away from the center, and begin to cheer. The bodies of the police are exposed; the four men and Willie have disappeared. The crowd moves off UL leaving Joe standing alone at about C. He holds his head in his hands and slowly begins to sob gently. Then he stops, removes the cloth from his pocket without looking at it. Then he looks down at it and lets the strip tumble out of his hands until he holds only one corner. It is still black.) BO

(Setting: A brick wall runs from R to UC. At DR are a trash can, a few old boxes and a pile of scrap lead piping. At L is another trash can and a larger box. Joe is seated on his heels before the can at DL. He is smoking a cigarette and looking at nothing in particular. A smallish man in a Harris tweed and spectacles scurries in from UL, exhausted and badly frightened.)

MAN: Oh please . . . help me . . . (panting) help me! (Joe is startled but only turns his head to look at the man. He doesn't know what to make of him.)

JOE: (Rising) Well, what's the . . . (A large

rough, perhaps one of the four who previously approached Joe, rushes in and catches the man around the neck. He doesn't see Joe)

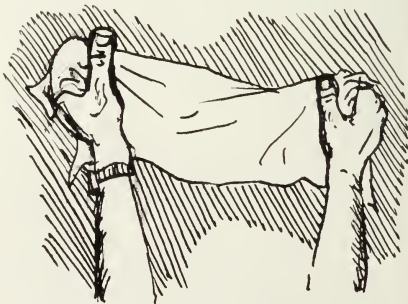
ROUGH: All right shenk! Curtains! (he begins to beat the little man)

JOE: (Seizing the rough's arm) Hey! Wait a minute! Stop it! Hey Leave him alone!

ROUGH: (Taking one hand off the other man) Listen buster, maybe you're too yellow to fight the shenks; but stay outta my way!

(he grabs Joe by the collar and shoves him back into the pile of rubble DR)

(Joe looks up the two; the rough has forced the man down and he is pounding him furiously. Joe's horror increases. He struggles to get up from the pile. His hand brushes a short length of lead piping. A million thoughts race through his mind. He climbs out of the pile, takes one step and hits the rough over the head as hard as he can. The rough stiffens. Joe hits again, then again and again. The rough's body slumps to the floor; the little man limps to the wall, where he stands weakly and watches with growing horror the wild beating. He slowly inches along the wall until he disappears UL. Joe stops with the pipe in mid-air. He holds it for a moment, then it drops with a metallic thud. He collapses on the ground and lays sobbing for a few moments. Then he pulls himself onto his knees. The lights fade around him; he is left in a pool. In a sudden rage he pulls the cloth out of his pocket and holds it high over his head as if to tear it to bits. Then he looks at it and brings it slowly down before his wondering eyes. It has turned white. Fade. BO. Curtain.)



MATINICUS ISLAND

by John Tucker '67

We had been sailing part of the morning and most of the afternoon. Since lunch-time the black-hulled schooner had been lying down smartly to a brisk south-east breeze, and we had taken in the working jib and set the big-bellied genoa to make her really fly. We squinted in the wind as we looked forward over the deck-house, and every time she heeled we could hear crockery and silverware clink in the galley below. All day we creamed along until the sun had seemed to fuse the sea and air into one brilliant, flashing element, without a trace of land to mar the illusion. At last, toward evening, we saw the island, splitting our world in two again. We drew on toward it and rounded close under a high point, rocky and patched with scrub brush, at about five o'clock.

We soon discovered that it was not one island, but two. They were separated by a channel which narrowed and shoaled up at the far end, for we could see water foaming on hidden rocks. Greg and I, being the fo'e'stle hands, let down the sails with a rush of flying halliards, and got the anchor out on the fore-hatch with the rode coiled loosely in large loops on the deck. We slipped slowly into the channel with the engine barely turning over until Greg's father said quietly from the helm, "That's good enough." We slowed to a halt, the chain and line ran out through the chock on the bowsprit, and in a matter of minutes the big schooner lay at her anchor with her bow to the tide funneling down the channel.

We gathered aft in the cockpit and my father passed mugs of hot tea up from the galley. As we drank, we looked hungrily at the islands on either side. The land dropped steeply from scrubby bluffs seventy-five to a hundred feet above us, and the water was deep all the way to the rocky shore. At the far end of the channel, some five hundred yards from us, ancient wooden fishing shacks were perched at the water's edge like weathered herons on spindly legs. Clouds of gulls circled them continually,



creaking their harsh cries. The shacks looked deserted, and faded lobster traps and markers heaped on the docks seemed to point to only occasional use. Several small lobster boats, of the kind found all over the Maine coast, were moored ahead of us in shallower water.

Ben, Greg's father and skipper of our cruise, remarked that the island looked pretty wild. Its name was Matinicus, and as we sat in the cockpit he told us a little about it. The island's sole industry is the sea, lobstering and fishing in season. No tourists and few yachtsmen crowd the little harbor the way they do in Monhegan, further to the South and West. The islanders, he told us, are said to be mainly the inbred, suspicious, great-great grandchildren of early Scottish and Irish settlers. Then he spoke of the great feuds that break out all along the Maine coast over lobstering rights; and the story of the Marine who brought his family to Matinicus after the war and was forced to leave because the islanders could tolerate only so many using the lobster beds. A grim, though exciting view of the island, it harmonized with the look and feel of the place.

The sun had begun to set when Ben finished, and the crew was getting hungry. Of course Greg and I wanted to fish, but my father had planned a grand lobster dinner in honor of the island. But where were we to get lobsters on a Sunday evening? Greg and I tumbled into the dinghy as fast as possible and struck out for the shore. We tied the dinghy to a float at

the foot of towering piles, and climbed the sheer ladder to the dock. Finding a dirt road, we followed it out of sight of the water. The ground was covered with dry pine needles and the air smelt heavy and warm. We found the store at a crossroads above a small cove which we hadn't noticed coming in. A few lobster boats were still arriving, and the docks were piled high with new traps, but the store was closed. We had trouble finding the schooner again, for a light fog had settled in with the evening, and the wind had begun to pick up. Once aboard however, we explained our difficulty. It looked as if we weren't going to have lobster that night.

But then we heard a motor through the gathering mist and a lobster boat appeared about twenty yards to starboard. My father poked his head up out of the companion-way and hailed the boat. She hesitated, then at his second hail she turned and headed for us. We soon saw that there were two boys in their late teens in her, dressed in thick sweaters and oilskin pants. They brought the boat alongside and made fast without even bumping the paint.

"Do you know where we can buy some lobsters?" My father addressed one boy with red hair. He seemed to consider the question a moment.

"You tried the store yet?" He asked in the slow down east accent that delighted Greg and me. Ben explained that it was closed. The boy thought and then, turning to his companion, said, as much to him as to us, "We'll get you some lobsters." And without another word the boys cast off and headed their boat into the fog astern of us.

The fog was now a real blanket that enfolded the schooner, condensing in big drops on the rigging, and walling off our vision at twenty yards or so. The yacht and the crew on her seemed to be floating on an endless sea, for the land was lost to sight. A feeling of helplessness took hold of us; we were caught blind in a tiny wild harbor thirty-five miles off the coast of Maine. Some rain came up with the wind.

Soon, however, we heard the cough of a motor nearby, and Greg and I ran up on deck in time to help the boys tie up alongside. My father brought up a bucket, and the boys counted off fifteen or sixteen lobsters of all sizes. Ben came up and offered to pay for the lobsters, but the smaller of the two boys said,

"No, take them, they're a gift." Despite our protests, they refused to accept money, so Ben asked them to come aboard and have a drink. So while the wind shrilled in the rigging and the rain pounded on the deck, the six of us crowded below. My father put the lobsters to boil in a huge pot on the alcohol stove, and the rest of us squeezed around the table in the drowsy warmth of the main cabin. The boys sat on one side, a little uncomfortable, while Ben asked them about themselves.

Their names were Lem Pearson and Seth MacDonald, and they were both seventeen. They said they couldn't stay but a minute, but soon they unbent and began to talk more freely. During the winter they lived on the mainland with relatives and went to school in Portland. During vacations they came back to Matinicus and worked the lobster beds from 5 a.m. to sundown. Lem's father was dead, so he and an uncle shared a boat and traps, splitting the profits. Much of Lem's share went to support himself and his mother, though she had to work on the mainland as did her brother. It was a hard life, and Lem and Seth had already experienced the pattern they would follow the rest of their lives. Neither could afford college, and when pressed about scholarships, they seemed to feel it was better to help on the island than spend four years away to get a degree. Their red faces, homely, boldly marked, and strong, their hard hands and quiet ways told of self-reliance and determination. One could easily picture them thirty years hence, still strong and unbent, accepting their life without complaint. I guessed they had given us the worth of six or eight dollars without a second thought.

We talked for perhaps an hour, and finally they stood up and thanked us gravely, climbed into oilskins and went quietly on deck into the night wind. We said goodbye on deck, shivering as they cast off, and then the lobster boat melted into the mist. The sound of the motor was audible for a few minutes, receding grayly into silence.

We couldn't eat all the lobsters that night, and they don't keep well in an ice chest, so some of the small ones went overboard. But what was left made one of the most delicious lobster dinners I ever tasted. And when we left Matinicus the next morning in a roaring thunder-squall, one bright spot remained in our memory of the island, like a stretch of clean white beach on a rocky coast.

I Can't Help But Harp On It

by E. A. S. Mazel '65

It used to be
A girl in dreams,
A tune well-played,
But now it seems
A jangly bell
Has cut the song
Mid-air, and now
The trill is gone.
A frown, a tear,
A loss of face,
Beats down my note,
Unstrings my base.

The Fundamental Theorem

by E. A. S. Mazel '65

Oh, the thought of tangling with Neaera's hair,
Eclipsed the lined reality of there,
Where straight-faced masters, rational, complex,
Transformed the null space to the field of sex.

I was integrated to dream,
Betwitched beyond the bareness of the board,
Whose steady, strong, erasable black gleam
Could not upset the thoughts my mind had stored.

While I plotted faithfully a curve,
I knew that I could never make it graph,
For artless chalk can't possibly preserve
That subtle function of a woman's laugh.

The street is bare.
The people squint across,
Jeer and scream and throw things.
Taunts converge under the forgiving moon.
The people run. Attack.
And kick and punch and yell.
They assert that they are right.
Their proofs are fists
And guns and sticks and knives.

Men are equal, some are more so.
Help the less so and satisfy
You and me and everybody.
We must teach them
(Who are they?)
What is right
(What is right?)

Meanwhile
People look down from the fiftieth story
And strain ears to hear the screams.
Sound is slow:
The spectators hear not,
The fighters hear not.
(When will they all hear?)

/Anonymous

Rivulets, gullies
Canyons both large and larger.
Wind oozing its predestined way
Led by . . .
the rain and other
watery substances that glide,
slide, and even . . .
play enthusiastic
little tricks and games where no one or . . .
nothing bothers to go and grow.

/Alex Belida '66

GENE

by Robin Batteau '65

Did I ever tell you about this boy I had who sleepwalked? No? Quite a character he was, really something quite extraordinary. He'd had the awful misfortunes of being the first to discover his father's dead body — he'd had a heart attack — and for a boy of ten this was naturally rather a shattering experience. His mother said that he'd really behaved quite remarkably; that he had gone and called the doctor and not got flustered . . . well, naturally he was upset; after all, he was only ten; but for a boy of his age he recovered quite well from the experience; that's what his mother told me. He told me about it once himself. I don't think I'll ever forget that. There are a lot of things from Choate that I'll never forget, and this is one of them. Did I ever tell you about the time our old headmaster — quite a disciplinarian he was — came marching down the aisle in chapel one morning holding aloft a toilet seat in his right hand? Oh, that's a different story. To get on with this boy — Gene was his name — he was really quite a nice boy . . .

* * *

"Do I have to?" said the boy, leaning on the head of the brown bannister which guided the staircase to the main floor below.

"Yes, Gene, and be quick about it; you're supper's getting cold," was the reply from the empty countenance that should have been his mother's face.

"Aw, mom . . . gee whiz . . . jeepers, mom, my hands are clean! Do I still have to?"

"Oh, all right, dear; but call your father to supper now, would you? He's in his study."

"Gee, thanks, mom!" The boy's heretofore empty face received a mouth for this moment, and the mouth smiled. The boy then burst into motion, running up the brown staircase to the third floor, and while he was running his voice said, "Dad? Dad! Come on, supper's on the table. Dad? Dad?"

The boy reached the door of his father's study, and knocked twice before turning the doorknob and teasingly peering in. He saw his father's motionless body slumped over his desk, and he waited for him to pop up and startle him, as was his custom. He crept over to the body, and, seeing no movement, he lept onto his father's back and yelled, "Scared ya!" at the top of his lungs.

The room had long since stopped echoing the boy's cry when he opened his newly-acquired eyes. Slowly he picked himself up from off his father's limp body, and, lastly, retracted his trembling hands. He tried to speak, but the words couldn't force their way through his choked throat. His mouth formed words which could not be heard: "Dad? Dad? Dad? Dad, are you asleep? You're asleep, aren't you, Dad? Dad? Dad, tell me you're asleep! Dad? Dad? Dad!!" The boy rushed once again over to his dead father and was about to clutch him to his breast when his feet cemented themselves to the floor. His eyes bulged, his mouth began to open, and his gaze slowly shifted from the still corpse to his trembling hands, the fingers outstretched and wanting desperately to curl. He stepped backward once, twice, many times, until he felt the door leading out of the room bump into his back; he felt with his left hand for the doorknob, and turned it carefully, trying not to make a sound. At last the door was open, and the boy burst into motion for the second time of the evening, and now his voice was saying, "Mom! Mom! Come . . . here! Mom, please, please, please, mom, come here, come here, mom, please, come here . . ."

"Stop screaming, Gene, stop it! Please, Gene, stop it!"

"O.K., mom, O.K., mom, O.K., mom . . ."

"Now calm down, dear, and run and call the doctor."

"The . . . doctor?"

"Yes, dear, now hurry, please!"

"Yes, mom . . . mom? Is dad dead? Is he dead, mom? Is dad dead?"

"No, dear; now go call the doctor. It's not

your fault, dear; now go call the doctor!"

"Not my fault? It's not my fault?"

The boy called the doctor, who came and took the boy's dead father away in an ambulance. But the boy merely sat in a brown chair in a brown living room, and thought, "It's not my fault . . ."



. . . — got along extremely well with all the other boys, of course, and everyone liked him. He never showed any evidence of being disturbed about this — you know, finding his father dead — except, of course, this business of sleepwalking. According to his mother, the boy began sleepwalking just about a year after the tragedy, and he continued to do so regularly until he was twenty-one. I was told by someone that the day he turned twenty-one was the last day he ever sleepwalked — that is to say, the last night; but you know what I mean —, and he's evidently perfectly all right now. What's that, Larkie? Yes, that's right; you know a lot of people think my name is Julep, or some such other ridiculous name. They just can't seem to believe that a man like me should have a name like Juliff. I suppose it seems strange to them, but I've been living with it for years, and it's never bothered me. Well, to return to my point, he'd been sleepwalking for several years, and he was obviously quite well practiced in it. I was his housemaster (I had other boys, too, of course, but then again he was the most intriguing member of that particular group), and so the duty of taking care of Gene was naturally delegated to me. It was always a curious moment for me to wake him up; his mother — also quite a wonderful per-

son — told me how I should do it. I was to lead him back to bed from wherever he had been sleepwalking, settle him in bed, and then rub his cheek with the back of my hand. You know, when a person sleepwalks, you're not supposed to wake him suddenly, because the shock he might get from seeing himself in a rather odd situation could conceivably cause him permanent damage, and you might get sued for promoting a traumatic experience. Every time I would rub his cheek, that way to get him up, his face would light up in the most delightful manner and he would smile literally from ear to ear, and then all this happiness would instantaneously disappear as he found that it was only me. I'm quite sure that he expected to find his mother there, and when he was confronted with my face I can well imagine that the disappointment would be rather great.

One night, I remember well, I was feeling rather angry at someone or something. Ah yes, the headmaster had chewed me out awfully for having disagreed openly on one of his pet rules. Smoking, I think it was; he was a bit of a fanatic about keeping the boys from smoking, although outside of that, rather a nice chap. Well, I very much wanted some sleep that night — you know, to sort of drown my sorrow in sleep —, and I was determined not to let Gene spoil it for me. Before I went to bed that night, I locked all the doors and bolted all the windows — except one. Naturally, Gene found it. About two o'clock the next morning, the doorbell woke me out of bed. You can imagine the shock to my ego to find my prisoner, complete with pillow and a sopping wet blanket, guiltlessly standing in the doorway looking as if there were a halo about his head. I put him to bed as usual, and he told me just how he'd got out. I checked up on his story later that day, and he was evidently telling the whole truth. What he'd done was this: he had tried all the doors and windows on the first floor and eventually got down into the basement. There was the one open window in the house. But it was too high up for Gene to get out by. This didn't stop Gene though. He found some old boxes and crates in the corners and piled these up below the window. Up he went, and he was away. I must say I was rather astounded by the fact that he did all this while he was asleep; Heaven knows what he could have done while he was awake.

His most memorable escapade, at least to me was the time when he got into the art center. He had again found his way out of the dormitory and had made it to the art center before being noticed. There one of the grounds attendants recognized him (this was quite early in the morning and Gene was getting to be a bit of a regular sight to the grounds crew). I was known to all as the man to come to if Gene went wandering, so once again the doorbell woke me out of bed and I marched away to bring back Gene. When I found him, I was rather stopped short by the sight: he was kneeling and bowing before a small pyramid of skulls, human skulls. These had been brought to the art center for the students to sketch. Gene had, evidently, built the pyramid by himself. Over his head he wore a yellow silk scarf, which I suppose he had also found in the art center and the whole appearance was a bit startling.

* * *

The boy was now a bigger boy, but he would not fit into his father's shoes. Two bare feet were tickled by the chill of the early-morning dew, but the gait never wavered. His eyes had long since disappeared, and his smile, too, was not to be seen. The voice of a suit of blue dungaree overalls, smeared with white paint, bleached and faded almost white drifted toward Gene only to be dispersed as it met no receiver. "Hey, boy! Where you going? Boy? Boy! Come here, boy! Where do you think you're going . . ." The voice quickly died away.

The boy had reached the art center and he turned the knob on the front door and peered in, although his eyes, temporarily regained, did not see the sight which was before them. His feet moved quickly under him and brought him to what he was searching for: eleven human skulls, their eyes long since disappeared, and their smiles turned to nothingness by time.

The boy picked one up in his trembling hands and inserted his thumbs in the empty sockets where once had been eyes. His chest began to heave, and a great cry began to surge upward from it, only to be stifled by the choking in his throat. He then carried the skull to a brown table, which was standing nearby, and began to build his monument of worry, slowly, carefully, one precious skull at a time, mustn't make a

mistake, can't let it fall, please, please . . .

There was a silk scarf lying on a table several feet from the Pyramid. Gene placed it over his head and returned before the Pyramid. He knelt, not making a sound; must be no noise, no sound; now he bows beneath his altar and his fingers of one hand intertwine with the fingers of the other hand and his knuckles turn white as bone.

* * *

When I came in he didn't even seem to notice it was me; as if he hadn't even heard me. I took him gently by the hand and led him out. He made no resistance. While we were walking back to the dormitory I turned to him (he was still sleepwalking) and noticed that the yellow silk scarf was still over his head.

"Gene," I said, "oh, Gene, I wish you'd tell me why you are wearing that scarf over your head."

"Shhhh!" said Gene, gesturing like this, you know, with the finger to the lips.

"Oh, come on, Gene." I said, "why in Heaven's name are you wearing that scarf over your head?"

Gene stopped walking and grasped my arm. He turned his head first in one direction, then in another, as if to see if anyone were watching us or listening.

"So Mister Juliff won't see me," he whispered.

"So Mister Juliff won't see me," he whispered.

A white fog turned gray, then black. Two eyes appeared in the darkness, then blackness again.

"So Mister Juliff won't see me," he whispered.

Again the white fog, becoming black. But no eyes this time.

"So Mister Juliff won't see me."

Does it mean something? Can it, should it? Must it mean something?

"So Mister Juliff won't see me."

Yes, yes, yes! He is saying . . .

"So Mister Juliff won't see me."

"So Mister Juliff won't see me."

"So Mister Juliff won't see me."

A BEDTIME STORY

by Daniel John Peet '65



Once upon a time, a small boy clad entirely in blue stood at the edge of a very busy thoroughfare, admiring the beauty of a solitary white rose.

After first noticing the delicate plant, his childlike curiosity caused him to walk round and round, observing the rose in all its beauty. It seemed a bit strange for such a rose to choose his home beside a dusty path of human travel, yet the beauty and gentle fragrance of the rose pleased the boy.

As little boys are wont to, he got down on his hands and knees, curled his head around until he was able to see the blossom, and whispered, "Watcha doin' here by this old road, mister? Why doncha' come on home with me to my garden? I've got a nice place for you under my window by the wall. It's not so hot during the day and not dusty one bit. Why ya' living here, mister?"

Because it is a well known fact that young children are not easily surprised, the boy listened without so much as blinking as the white rose replied, "Oh, I'd love to. Could you take me with you? I promise I'd open my petals for you every morning! Oh, how I'd love to live under your window!"

The boy was quite touched with the plaintive reply of the beautiful flower and was about to gather him up in his hands when he saw the rose quickly gather in his petals. "Oh, they're coming!" was the muffled cry of the little white rose, "They're coming!"

Down the dusty path marched a column of very stately figures. "But who are they?" asked the boy, somewhat in awe, somewhat in fright.

Before the little rose could reply, a broad-shouldered man in military clothes, with his sword raised in the air, rode by on a charger. His eyes were large and red and the boy was sure he was charging into battle, because he barely heard his shout as he flashed past, "I'll save the world! Remember, Might is Right!"

The boy glanced at the rose who appeared paler and droopier than usual. He was barely able to hear the rose gasp, "There are more coming."

The next figure which approached wore a big smile, waved heartily to the young boy and the white rose beside him, and said, "Pleased to meet you! Pleased to meet you! My name is Smith, Vote for me. I'll build an honest government. And don't forget, a vote for me is a vote to save the world!" The young boy couldn't understand why this strange man never got tired of holding his face in the saame position, or why his arms didn't ever tire from waving.

The last in line was a stooped, white-haired man, dressed elaborately in a long black gown and carrying a square piece of black cardboard on his head. "My, it must be hot to walk around all day in such clothes," thought the boy.

The old man was so encumbered with books and papers that he could hardly put one foot in front of the other. Without lifting his head, he repeated again and again, "*Scientia homines servabit . . . Scientia homines servabit . . .*"

The boy was puzzled at the strange way that the old white-haired man spoke. He turned to the white rose and asked, "What's he saying? What's he mean?"

But, alas, the little white rose lay crumpled and broken in the dust at the little boy's feet.

The Other Day A Brother of My Friend Died and I

by Daniel John Peet

The other day a brother of my friend
Died and I, being one in a position to
Offer condolences, went immediately to him
And did all I could to be consoling.
I said, "Have you read 'Invictus'?"
One has no need to fear death with that
Philosophy.
Seeing that it was no use to ease the
Agony of his brother's death in his mind,
I asked him to sit and listen while
I read to him the manner in which we must
Accept
Death.
I chose "Mussee Des Beaux Arts",
A truly comforting piece of writing.
I had just finished with the phrase,
"It was not an important failure . . .",
When my usually docile friend whirled
And thrust a beastlike snout
In my face. His eyes glowed red.
He raised a gnarled lip
Above a salient canine and rasped,
As if in a retch :

HUMAN IN SEASON

by James Trenton '65

Gordon finished drinking and pushed himself back under the leaves of the overhanging willow. (There are willows all around the lake. An obvious hiding place - a place that a tired man, worn from running, would stumble to lie down and sleep.) He had to move on, get away from the lake and the Scouts that were only hours behind. Perhaps up on the ridges to the left, where the forest was thick and dark and easy to burrow into. (Where the forest is full of loose bark and moss that leave traces of someone's passing.) No. Maybe the swamps to the right. Easy to get caught in the endless sticky mud but safe if the deepest parts were reached. But night was too close and too dark; and the Scouts could follow as well then as during the day.

Gordon slowly rolled over and stared up at the purple sky through leaves rusted in the sunset. A lone star stood there, reddish and tiny. Gordon had associated himself with that star at the beginning of the Sport, one evening earlier. The sunset had been a beautiful one then, the golden lances of light playing through the tall windows of the License Shop onto the guns and swords, throwing tiny orbs of sun into the darkening corners. Throwing a little of the sun on Gordon, too, standing before the Warden and the Deputies. But there wasn't enough to keep him warm when the Decision came. "We have decided to make you the Fox. You will start tonight. The Hunters will follow the Scouts once your position has been assured. But you know the rules, Mr. Gordon. After all, you were a Scout once, weren't you? Yes." And Gordon had taken a rifle from the rack and walked that night from the city. The sun was long behind the mountains (Where most Foxes go) when he passed the *deep* Gates; and a gong had sounded, starting the new Sport.

More stars came out, and the night blackened. Gordon buttoned his heavy jacket, already shivering a little in the starting cold. The ground would freeze again, and the crust would be just weak enough to break under running feet - weak enough to leave an obvious trail. Gordon had to move now in the time he had before his tracks would print the woods floor, in the first hours after dark.

He stood up carefully and threaded through the hanging willow tendrils. There was a game trail following the lake, and he began to jog along it slowly, trying to run lightly. His feet

padded steadily on the hard dirt; in a quarter hour the lake was behind. The mountains stood sharply ahead, and already the slope grew steeper as the foothills began. Gordon watched the trail carefully now; he couldn't miss the sign left so recently by the other Fox. The one that got away from him, the one that had outwitted him as he now had to outwit the Scouts himself.

There! A twisted tree flung over the black trail, the great crippled limb in deep shadow. Gordon ran up the path for a minute, the doubled back to the tree and stepped onto the limb. His boots left no scratches on the bark, - the other Fox's hadn't either, and the Scout following him had kept along the trail. Fool! Gordon swore silently as he stooped to a crouch and hunkered along the branch. It soon grew steeper and sprouted other limbs; Gordon climbed higher, watching.

He searched for five minutes among the branches from nearby trees entangled with his own when he saw the sign - a tiny scrape that glinted in the dark. He carefully eased from his position onto the branches of the next tree, and again searched until he saw the sign. In half an hour he had travelled far from the game trail - far along a trail that had eluded him before and that had given him no second chance.

He finally had to rest in a crotch; the cold had numbed his fingers and the gloves were no help. He would have to wait here until dawn.

A wind began, and the broken leaves on the tree clattered silently. Gordon could see his breath and his nose burned with frostbite. But he had found the escape, the Foxrun had been whispered of for years. No Scout had yet found it during the Sport. (But there is always a new Hunt, and all routes are found.)

The tree swayed some during the night; the sap just under the bark frozen and began to creak. The dawn was long in coming and Gordon didn't sleep. Once he thought he heard dogs on the trail, three hundred yards down the slope, but the noise faded and didn't return.

The last star finally faded back into blue and the wan sun came over the shoulder of the hill. Gordon began to work his fingers, warming them in the light. He was stiff from the sitting position, but after an hour of careful travel he became warm and stopped to pour some kernals of corn into his gloved hand and eat. They didn't give him much energy, but he had nothing else in the tiny pack.

He was high on the mountain slopes now, and already the trees were growing thicker and more stunted. Somewhere soon the other Fox must have left the branches and once again



gone along the forest floor. Gordon began to search carefully, and, just as the afternoon sun was throwing an early chill into the sky, he saw the imprint among the fallen needles of spruce. One bootprint stood beneath a huge fir that towered over a dry and frozen streambed. Gordon didn't leave the tree at once; instead he climbed higher and stared ahead toward the iceshod peaks. Somewhere among those buttresses there was a route Out, but the trail was growing fainter and the tearing wind and nightly snows on the icefields above would have wiped out most tracks by now. He glanced up at the sun's position and climbed to the ground, already looking for a hollow to spend the night, looking for a place to hide.

He hiked slowly up the streambed on the ice-worn stones, leaving no trail. The rocks grew larger and more frequent; then he emerged into an amphitheater of fallen scree and glacier-torn granite. He rested for a while, examining the opposite walls of stone; and suddenly the sinking sun caught for an instant the outline of a cave at the base of the two-hundred-foot cliffs. He ran quickly ahead, keeping under cover, and as the sun threw the cirque into shadow he half-slid, half-climbed over the last of the shale. The cave was small, maybe six feet deep and two high, but the sprigs of spruce boughs, still green, were all the sign he needed. He smiled a little as he crawled out of the open. For the first time since the Gates had been passed he would be warm for a night. A mountain goat high above clattered across ice, and Gordon started for a moment, confused; but then he remembered a Class (All Scouts go to Class), so long ago, and relaxed. The bed of branches was soft and warm, and he slept, facing the huge cold bowl of cliffs, now only an outline against the lonely stars.

* * * *

Maybe it was a sudden draft from the icefields above, maybe not. Gordon jerked from his sleep and flung his arm onto the rifle, eyes straining to see into the night-black cirque. Something had awakened him, some noise or sound. The boughs crackled under his chest as he breathed - it was impossible for him to hear a sharp clang of a boot on stone, or the click of a rifle bolt thrown back, or . . . what? Then he saw it - the guarded glow from a light somewhere behind the boulders below. A light such

as a radio would make - a radio calling in the Hunters! He had been found! But could they see the cave from their position? Were they even now preparing to surround his location so he had no chance at all of escape?

It took ten seconds to load the rifle and crawl from the cave, keeping low in the depression where the scree met the cliff. The gully was full of loose stones, and, as he climbed, they rolled down the slope, rattling. A hundred yards further he stopped, afraid of the noise, and looked up at the rock face. There were cracks and ledges up there and he could move silently, but he could also be spotted at once. The Scouts would let him climb, he knew, but there would perhaps be others above, waiting to once again assure his position. But the Hunters were at most a few hours away. He had no choice.

The cracks were full of ice, but the rough-nailed toes on the boots caught and didn't slip. The ledges were narrow, too narrow, but he was able to go up fast; and when he had to rest, most of the cliff was below him. But perhaps the Hunters were, too. He opened his mouth and tore in great masses of icy air, burning his throat and lungs. Only thirty feet to go, and if he wasn't spotlighted by then, he would have a chance. He reached up and grasped a crevasse, pulling himself along the rock. The ledges were fewer near the top, and he climbed more slowly, more deliberately. His back tingled, expecting to be suddenly etched on the cliff by the huge Assuring light. Only ten feet left - hand to the crack, foot onto the ledge, and hand again to another crack. And then half the heaving body over the top, gasping kicking a little to swing up the legs. Lying there, air searing lungs, wonderful free air.

But Gordon knew it wasn't free. (Foxes are always Assured when they stop below the peaks, always.) He had to go on, get Out. He stood and began to stumble up the slope of the tiny glacial valley, cold and grey in the stars' light.

Up here the boulders were bigger, harder to climb through; and Gordon felt himself falter in the thinning air. He felt the Scouts at his back, perhaps right now watching him, waiting for the arrival of the Hunters. Behind, over the lip of the cliff, the calls of the startled searchers faded and left the valley silent. Why hadn't they spotlighted him while he was on



the rock face? Hadn't they heard the falling stones as he scrambled along the gully from the cave? But no time to wonder, only time to look for the trail Out, the way over the glacier and icefield ahead. In the light before the dawn the narrow valley was black and hidden, narrowing toward the first moraines and rotten ice, shining a little against the stars. Gordon ran ahead, slipping on the ice locked over the rocks and shale of a glacial stream. And then he was on the first snow, hoots sparking the ice, hobs scraping and tearing. Up the first slopes and onto the moon-washed plateau of ice before the lowest and closest fall, block-like and huge in the night. He could hide there - rest, and watch.

Then he sprinted the last hundred yards and stumbled among the huge bergs of ice, fallen crazily and broken on the slope. Legs failing, lungs pumping and dying, breath lumping in the throat, he collapsed in the snow behind a house-sized chunk, tearing open his working mouth and sobbing. He spread out his arms and began clenching his hands, trying to pull strength back into his body. Then, as the ice began to melt against his neck and wrists, he rolled through the soft snow to the glazed corner of the block and stared back into the valley. The glacier fell below for a hundred feet and ended in the moraines and cliff. Beyond were the singing slopes, and three days further, the glow from the city on the plain. He saw nothing. The rifle, still clipped to the frozen sling, began to prod into his back; and he took it off, laying it on the snow beside him. Below, on the tendrils of the ending glacier, no one came, and Gordon relaxed a little,

breathing more slowly. To the east the sky began to grow light with the dawn, and the first stars faded. He had to move on.

He tracked up through the icefall more deliberately now, stopping often to watch his trail. The slope grew steeper, the blocks larger and closer, and then he had to climb up through cracks and ice chimneys. The dawn came and the sky grew blue and gold to the east; Gordon knew that he would have to hide or be seen in his dark jacket against the dirtied snow. (Some freeze in the peaks, and Hunters are disappointed. But always the Hunt is Assured). He looked for an ice cave, a hollow, anything, but the icefall only steepened.

It was almost full light when he climbed out of the last chimney and stood on the head of the glacier. The snow here was softer, heavier, and the icefield clung to the walls of the frozen cliffs like a tremendous spider, legs stretching far along the black pinnacles a thousand feet higher. Which col was the way Out? Which way had the other Fox gone? Gordon stared at the brightening snow and then saw the three prints to the left, tacking up the highest leg of the spider behind a sheltering shoulder.

Stepping on ice exposed from the beginning wind, he moved onto the nearly vertical snowfield, using the rifle as a brace. The trail was still visible in places - the wind had blown away the lighter snow, showing the raised and compressed ice left by a foot; and he followed, trying to beat the full day to the crest.

But the sun splashed from the plain onto the peaks, and Gordon felt the first rays

against his back. He paused and looked back - there was no one, but the Scouts had field glasses, he knew. He knew too much about the Scouts, and nothing could be used to his advantage now. He finally plodded past the three prints, half way from the top, and turned with the thin strip of ice and snow as it wound and twisted along the steep and narrow couloir between two gray needles of piercing granite. The walls of the gully grew narrower, maybe ten feet apart, throwing the narrowing tendril into shadow. Gordon was protected from below by the shoulder now, but there were aircraft, which were used if a Fox became too clever. And Gordon knew that three days was too long for the Hunters to wait for any Assurance.

The snow, protected from the wind, was soft and deep; every step mired his boots and hips. He plowed ahead, leaving a furrow, once in a while using the partially filled channel where it hadn't been refilled by the nightly snow. Then, at a point where the sides of the gully widened and rose, Gordon heard the first rumble, high above. He jerked his eyes up, saw the golden light of the strengthening sun against the cliffs above - the heat softening the heavy and thick snow at the top of the couloir.

A plunge toward the side of the suddenly deadly channel, a crouch against the slab-like, black walls; and then the wait for the flutter-roar of the tumbling snow. Gordon jammed his rifle crossways in his lap and put his head between his knees, staring at the frozen and cracked boots, shuddering as the first stones and flying powder pattered against his back. Then the plunging tide, pulling at Gordon and the walls, failing to move the walls but plucking Gordon from the side and bowling him down, careening him against the rocks and throwing him at last high onto a ledge at a sharp turn of the couloir. He smashed against the cliff, the rifle snapping and falling back into the cauldron; and lay there, unconscious, nearly dead.

As the last stones clattered after the falling snow, trying to catchup, Gordon moved his head, tried to move his arms and legs. The ripped and ruined jacket was darkening with blood, freezing against the ledge where skin met rock. Gordon looked down into the gully, twenty feet below, and then along the narrow strip of granite.

"When will they come, now? The Hunters?"



Gordon blinked and stared; the other Fox lay a yard away, wasted, a raw bone coming from his boot, hollow eyes starting in fear. "I'm As-sured now, aren't I — when will they come?"

Gordon looked at the pain-crazed face, the frozen bone, the eyes now terrified of the Hunters.

"I found the route — the way out. After you escaped, five days ago. I followed the Route to get away myself." The other eyes brightened a little.

"Wondering why you took . . . so long. Had no idea . . ."

"But the Scouts followed me, this time. They're on the glacier now."

"Oh, no." But the frozen lips were too starved and too tried to even whimper. "I've been here two days. Same thing as threw you here . . . Ironic." He fell silent and Gordon

closed his eyes, thinking that there could have been laughter. He heard the chatter of an aircraft above, the sound swirled by the winds among the grey and clouding peaks. He shivered as the beginning clouds covered the sun, as the storms of the mountains, so frequent and so short, began. It would snow soon, maybe even before the Hunters arrived, an hour from now. Gordon looked at the other Fox.

"Only luck I found the tree, you know."

"Must have been. Yes. Oh, no. Hear it? . . . God." The black eyes stared into Gordon's own, and smiled a little through the fear.

"You made a lousy Scout . . . even worse than me, son . . ."

(The Hunt ends, as has been Decided. The book of this Decision on the Warden's table shuts and this Sport is over.)

Jane In A Grey Gainsborough Hat

by Terry Bagg '65

Of two things I may be certain;
that I have seen you turn from me
as quietly as a mirror reveals,
that I have seen you shifting
where the breeze is unchanged.

You, goldenrod borne somehow unwilling,
glancing me rudely, cloaking me,
like some hasty yellow irritation,
you are swept from me
on that unchanging breeze.

And I know that you are seabred,
and I am seabred, and statuary.
Stoney, we sit,
statues of cracking concrete,
staring across each other;
shapes are a fascination
that curdles the blood.

We are grey and seaswept;
your faithlessness
blackens your blossom,
and we gasp for room
in a pile of dry seaweed.

SAM

by Jon Mills '65

I was a typical six year old. My nose was eternally running, my face incessantly dirty, and my brown hair just long enough to discourage combing. I had the vivacious energy found in all kids of that age.

In my first year at Nursery School, when I was four my parents gave me a young German Shepherd, a welcome companion. I had few cronies except my older brothers, and they were usually running around with the "gang." It was only on very rare occasions that I was allowed to tag along. For this reason I spent a great deal of time with Sam, as I called the dog, in the woods and fields surrounding our home in New Hampshire. Sam was just a puppy when I got him, and with the help of Dad I started training him. Having the average perseverance of a six year old, I never got very far with him, but then Sam needed very little teaching. As it happens often with a young dog and a young boy, we became much more than animal and master; we were really close friends.

In a year Sam was fully grown. He had developed into a big, healthy animal, but partly because of his inborn nature and partly because Dad saw that he received the proper treatment that first year, he grew up with none of the viciousness common to his breed. Sam was brown and tan with a patch of soft white fur on his breast. I used to love to put my arms around his neck and bury my nose in that velvety fur. It smelled like brown oak leaves. His nose was large, black, and warm, and it seemed to me that he used it chiefly for nuzzling. His ears were pointed and always in motion, like a radar antenna. But by far the most sensitive and revealing of his features were his eyes. They were wide-set in his big head. His look was soft, intelligent, kindly, almost understanding, and their softness revealed the dog's gentle



nature. The eyes themselves were moist, dark, shaded a melancholy brown with little white showing. They could become keen and bright when we played, and yet there was an unexplainable suggestion of sadness in their liquid warmth.

Sam never left my side. All day I played with him, and when I went to school he waited at the door until I could join him. At night, he slept by my side. I remember I used to wake up suddenly sometimes and be scared of the dark. I was pretty young and insecurity was unbearable. But Sam would be there every time, nuzzling my cheek with his nose and sniffing in my face. Immediately, I would feel better and fall back to sleep, holding his head in my arms.

By my sixth birthday Sam had reached his physical prime. His shoulders came up to my elbow, and his build was powerful. He looked strong, with a finely shaped grace about the



curve of his muscles that is rare in dogs that are so powerful. In one of our favorite games I would sneak up on him without his knowing, or so I imagined, then I would jump onto his back as the Lone Ranger always did. He would bolt off into the woods with me on his back and I would ride around as the Masked Man capturing outlaws. The only trouble was it sometimes became difficult to make an arrest, when the personification of Right and Good had to chase Silver before he could gallop off in hot pursuit of the culprits.

Behind our house was a swamp which gradually gave way to higher unwooded ground. This hill rose to a grassy crest and then fell off in a long open slope crossed by a stone wall about three-fourths of the way down. Several yards beyond the wall were the railroad tracks. Naturally, like most kids I loved to watch all sorts of huge machines at work. Such equipment was referred to as my "favorites" by the family, and any time one was pointed out while we passed it in the car, both Sam and I would give it an awed and fascinated examination.

To return to the trains: whenever we heard one in the distance, Sam and I would tear out of the house, cross the swamp by my secret bridge, run over the knoll, and fly down the slope, jumping the wall, in order to beat the train and see it race by my special sitting place in the soft hay. Of course, I had been constantly cautioned by my parents to stay well back, but I would spend most of my time lecturing Sam on this safety factor rather than observing it myself.

The day after I "graduated" from Kindergarten in June, I heard that train in the distance and took off for the tracks with Sam at my side. We ran across my bridge, splashing the whole way, scrambled over the knoll, and bounced down through the deep grass. My head just cleared the tassels of the stalks, and they whipped and slashed at my face, spraying pollen and chaff into the warm air. I clambered over the stone wall and headed for my special spot in the field. The train was barreling towards us fast. Just before I reached my spot, my foot caught something; I tripped. I tumbled toward the tracks. My momentum carried me over the slight incline and down onto the pitchy ties, mere yards before the onrushing train. I remember feeling almost instantly the blunt shock of Sam's nose against my shoulders and neck, still soft, yet with a force and power I never realized he had. With a flip of his massive head, he shoved me somersaulting off the tracks and over the other side of the embankment. As I fell, I turned and looked up at Sam. My whole body cried for him to move; my voice was too slow to speak. My mind seems to have photographed that instant. I can still see him just as that train swept him away, looking after me with his moist brown eyes. They were bright with action, yet that sadness somehow was there.

I wandered, stunned back to the house. I could not cry; I tried; there was no relief. I had been jerked from the reality that I understood. Dad came home that night; he talked; I listened; then I cried.

Fall

Leaves turning red,
Flowers going to bed,
People putting caps
On their head
Bear cubs asking
To be fed.

Bees and insects
Dropping dead.

Squirrels and chipmunks
In their huts eating
Acorn pie and nuts.

Andy Magruder

A COMMONER'S REACTION TO JONATHAN EDWARD'S "A SINNER IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD".

by Ward B. Hinkle '65

Dear Sir,

July 9, 1741

Having attended your sermon on the eighth, I should like to congratulate you on a truly fine exhibition. Your stand was perhaps a little strong, but it was altogether useful and entertaining. I would advise you not to take quite so forceful a stand on the issue of sinners, since in so doing you may tend to alienate some of the outstanding social figures of our congregation.

Your points about bodily constitution and financial means were very well taken indeed. Some of our parish have a tendency to remain too much indoors and thus, because of their inactivity, are continually beset with various diseases. This state of constant ill health leads to an over concern and preoccupation with pains and woes. I would think it much better if they spent their lives out of doors doing vigorous physical labor such as I do. I have seen in the youth of today much of the preoccupation with means of which you spoke. My own son constantly bothers me for money. I have strongly pointed out to him that he must practice frugality so that perhaps someday he may have as rich a farm as I do. As you know, I have the second largest farm in the county, over six hundred acres of land, fifty cows, twenty-seven pigs, and seventy-eight laying hens. I have also one of the largest houses in the state and a very substantial bank account.

I think you did well to point out that there are many of the congregation whose souls are in danger, and yet they do not know it. Only last week, Silas Freehand traded a colicky horse to me for my old buggy. The horse lived no more than a week. Such disgraceful actions should be punished in the severest manner. This type of willful and sinful action can be atoned for with only the very most extreme suffering. May his soul fry in Hell!

I am happy to say that his time for atonement is nearer at hand than might otherwise be the case. I fervently hope that the weak rear axle on the buggy I traded to him breaks as soon as possible.

You expressed the fear that the time atonement is near at hand. I would be extremely grateful if you could give a precise date. I am in the middle of transacting a large sale of timber, and I would like to have it completed before the appointed day. My daughter plans to be married next month, and it would be a great help to know whether or not I will have to worry about a dowery. Then too, I have a rotten tooth that ought to be removed if the End is more than several weeks away.

Once more I would like to repeat my praise for a very fine sermon. See if you can manage to soften a little on some of the sinners, and I am sure that you will have sound support from your congregation.

Sincerely Yours,
Publius Factow

The soft murmurings of moderated conversation occasionally punctuated by evenly modulated laughter harmonized with the soft tinkling of spoons against teacups. The tea lapped gently in the cups, and potted palms held out pacifying leaves to the assemblage. Teeth sparkled in smiling faces, but were outshone by the scintillating conversation.

Suddenly as if someone had tinkled authoritatively on a tea cup, all talk stopped and the glass doors to the "madding crowd" swung open. Eyes framed by plucked eyebrows grew wide as the outsider strode into the room. Perceptive, intelligent minds took in his appearance and sensitive souls shuddered. The tea drinkers turned away and tried to reweave the intricate thread of conversation, but the continuity was lost, the mood shattered.

A gum cloud of silence hung over the room, deadening the animation of a few moments before. The outsider drank his tea without sugar and ate his cookie. With a final soft slurp that was absorbed by the silence, the outsider finished his tea and hurried to the exit.

The door closed with a sigh and the dark

THE ART TEA

by Mark Moore '65

cloud was dispelled letting the sun rekindle the conversation. The outsider pressed his nose against the windows and stared in. Tea gurgled continually from the silver urns. The potted palms seemed to swish and sway rhythmically. The insiders glided about the room effortlessly, pausing and nibbling at various oases. Their mouth seem to open and close in a set of rhythmic pattern. They looked around them with blank stares. The sun, shining through the room, was strangely refracted; apparently by water.

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Walking, as he was accustomed to, among the gantries he sensed a new inner emotion stimulated by the sight of the tall, dark, and impersonal girders. Moulded from steel, they presented a formidable opposition to the gentleness of the "white room." A surge of anger spilled forth and the man, as if he were a lunatic, lunged at the ladder that pointed upward and climbed, no, rather choked his way to the top. Clutching an iron bar, he flung himself from the small work panel into space. His body arched and fell, but the fall was broken by the umbelical cords that connected computer and rocket. As he hung there, entangled, a crowd of workmen below moved restlessly on, and the fog moved in, quietly swirling round and round its captive.

by Alex Belida '66

Manhattan Breakfasts

by Terry Bagg '65

Asphalt and jelly
mix as an egg drops,
sullen and citified,
onto your plate.

You stare across a table,
at images blurred by coffeesteam.
Outside, the rain shines jetblack;
yet Lever Brothers, haughty, like the sun,
smiles, patriarch of New York dawns.

Voices throb and beat like
some great tidal wave,
tossing stone to steel,
pebbling the strand
of the avenues.

Iron floats, the Hudson
hisses on wooden piers.
The ships rule unshifting.

O I am amazed by steely things.
Waterfall, rust and silver,
that turns our tears to stone.

And on Coney Island, on a shaken strand,
a million hippopotamoi waltz,
and pound their weeping into sand.

Shrill cadenza, unearthly morning.
I am impersonal. My toast soaks in my tea.

Evolution

by Bill Call

In the beginning there was "I",
Consummate meaning new-discovered,
Found through insight now-uncovered
By sightless sounds and soundless sights,
Secret silence of the night.

In the beginning black was black,
Precept spawned by pure endeavor,
Conscience built to last forever
On praiseless self and selfless praise,
Bastard child of blighted race.

But now, O Esau,
I have sat and watched,
Sat and wondered,
Watched and wondered
In the embryonic framework,
That new-found cagework
For my embryonic soul.

And now, O Lord,
I have seen the arms,
Yes, seen them all,
Seen the awful mysteries
Of the unrepented night,
That oft-repeated insight
Of my unrepented mind.

But still, as at beginning,
In the battle we were winning,
Though in prospect now of sinning:
Only independent "I".

One More Versailles

by Rob Moody '66

Sirius — and the fountain's languors
mirror the music and the night
mirror the gardens and the night.

Marbles white in the moon-bright
garden of a summer regal and
doomed to pass.

The powered night and the music
are joined in battle-royal among
The pale moon-marbles amid
carefully lush green.
What tomorrow can there be for elegance?

But the adversary was sadly inexorable,
bitterly inexorable, and the night won
over the music,

the infinite night: and
the music perished with
a final cadenza,
leaving the ghost of a fountain
as it passed forever into silence.

Requiem for an Academician

by Terry Bagg '65

September's leaves fall,
gravitated, as they must,
like something pinned,
a black patch, on silver sleeves.

Pewter pitchers unrowed,
a statue of St. Michael,
shining serendipities
battered by sharp shards of evening. —

(Somehow these ignore you,
as an honest man
might trust, blue-eyed,
the flattery of Nature's smiles.)

And there, on some unmade bed,
a dry hand; a pair of eyeglasses;
some open book; some desiccated pen . . .
Remains. Still, with frozen teeth . . .

Requiescat. Autumn's dolls
file to mourn
cloaked in a classical black.
And you are lying
somewhere, with glassy eyes,
immaculate, unblemished,
save for a slightly
alcoholic birthmark.

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COVER *by Matisse*

Tom Hafkenschiel, '65

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T. Randolph Selden, '66

CITY OF RAIN

Squashy galoshees and black bobbing umbrellas - a city of rain.
with drains open-mouthed to filter-tip butts.
This, too, is Marlboro Country.
Puffed airy hair-dos like fallen souffles.
And wet bottom of bags silently splitting,
and spitting their goods in the paths of the bobing umbrellas
and squashy galoshees and damp sticky slacks which cling to your legs.

All the doorways are crowded,
and buses are jammed,
and the taxis sprint madly to Park Avenue or
Helena Rubenstein's.
Yet amid all the flurry and rushing and worry,
the Salvation Army gurgles a tune

. . . my only sunshine . . .

Belmar At Dawn

by Drew Spears

It wasn't very warm when we arrived at Belmar. The night was clear and you could see up the main street that followed the contour of the beach for blocks, but it was cold and Sally was just wearing a blouse so I wrapped a blanket around her and put on a parka I'd brought along. She didn't want to go on the beach right away — it was an hour or so until the sun rose — so we just sat on the hood of the car beside each other with our feet dangling over the edge. It was a long drive from Bethlehem — we'd started at two — and on the way sometimes it didn't seem worth it to go to New Jersey just to see the sun rise. But it wasn't bad because Sally lay her head on my shoulder and slept and I knew she didn't mind the trip; sometimes I wanted to wake her up because New Jersey is a very strange place in the early early morning and it's really worth seeing but I just kept looking over at her and God knows I couldn't wake her up.

But when we got to Belmar she awoke by herself. It was like out of a story. Everyone knows that there's no place in all of New Jersey more commercial than Belmar, it's the kind of beach where you can't see the water for the ferris wheels but at this time of morning there was nothing. All the souvenir shops, the amusement rides, the concession stands, the second-rate restaurants — they all became very beautiful somehow just because nobody was there. And as we sat on the hood I wondered if Sally was thinking how beautiful everything was or thinking about something else so I asked her and she said she was happy, and even though I didn't exactly know what she meant it made me feel good inside.



A car door slammed several blocks down the street and we looked and some man walked around his car and went on across the street towards the town and we wondered together what he was doing at this time of morning. We decided he was a fisherman and we thought of what a horrible plight it would be to be a fisherman who worked out of Belmar of all places and we felt sorry for him.

It was about six by now; I got the thermos and a couple of blankets out of the back of the car and we walked towards an entrance to the beach — in New Jersey you have to pay to get on a beach but not at six in the morning. Neither of us had shoes but it didn't matter because the pay beaches are all sand and there's never any chance of cutting your foot and I doubt if we would have noticed anyway. I dropped the blankets just beyond the smooth sand of the highest tide and I took her hand and we ran off together towards the water. It was medium tide and we went out until the water splashed just over our ankles and sometimes sprayed a little up to our knees when it came in, and then I put my arm around her waist and we felt the cold water on our feet and looked out at the water and the sky. It wasn't really dark anymore and the sky was a grayish blue where it touched the water, but it was still fifteen minutes until the sun would come up.

We stood there for maybe a minute and then I turned towards her and she was looking at me and it was very easy to kiss her lightly on the forehead. It was a kiss that said "I love you," and not "I want you" and I think she knew that because she said "I love you" but didn't make any attempt to kiss me like she would if she thought that was what I wanted.

There was a jetty maybe a hundred yards away and I wanted to go out on it but Sally was afraid of falling on the slippery rocks but I told her I wouldn't let her fall so we walked out on to it slowly. It took a long time to get out to the end and we both almost fell, but we finally got there. It seemed a lot closer to the sunrise out there, and it was stupid but I thought that maybe we were seeing the sunrise from a better place than we were meant to see it. And I told Sally that but with the wind blowing in her hair she said "Don't worry," so we sat down on the very edge of the jetty and I put my arm around her again.

It was very lonely out there and we pretended that there was no jetty and no Belmar

but that we were just there in the middle of the ocean and we would stay there for a long time and it was a good feeling. And then the sun started to come up and she pointed towards the horizon and said, "Drew, look!" because I was looking down through my legs at the foamy sea-water splashing against the jetty.

The horizon was clear and it was a perfect sunrise. We sat close together, not saying anything and maybe even forgetting each other for a minute, and just watching in awe as the sun, mishapen and still a soft red in its first seconds, slowly but inevitably lifted itself from the sea. And then the melancholy of night was over and it was day, and maybe it was going on the whole time, but I looked back and there were cars going by on the street and people were walking back and forth. And I looked at Sally who was leaning against my shoulder almost asleep, I think, and I said, "Don't you think we better get some breakfast, kid?" and we walked back off the jetty and into town.

Pete Vanderwarker, '65

TRANSCENDENCE

Had I as many years as waves the tide,
My days would flow as slowly as the wide
Unhurried rivers acquiescently
Meandering so lazily to sea.
But life is finite: just as men were caught
Within the swirling death Charybdis brought,
Or gormandized by Scylla in her cave,
So from life's womb all men are born to grave.
Our stay, it seems, burns all too briefly bright:
As autumn thirsty leaves are sparked to light,
And burn to death so fast their life seems nought,
Our lives burn by without our slightest thought.
The only consolation comes when Man
In aged retrospect relives life's fleeting span.

Popular Opinion

by Tom Hafkenschiel, '65

I rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter and typed "Dear Ann." I stopped. How do you tell a girl who thinks she's in love with you that you've been leading her on? Things had started out okay between us, but when she had begun to get more serious, I had gone along with her by telling myself that I was in love with her. I knew I wasn't, and I knew that she didn't love me; not really. She just wanted security, the kind all her friends had, and I had gone along with her. But now things were getting out of hand, and I could see that if we kept up someone was going to get hurt. That's why I was writing the letter. I had to do it even though it would be a lot easier and probably more fun to keep on going the way we were. For the first time in my life I was doing something for someone else rather than for myself. I liked her that much.

As I wrote I found that it was painful to expose my true emotions and feelings, and it hurt me even more to see what a lousy person I was, but I had to do it. I had to send that letter.



Greg, the boy in the next room, walked in and looked around.

"Whatcha doing, Andy?"

"Just writing a letter."

As he walked towards me I tried to cover the letter so he couldn't see it. It was too personal. Those were my feelings lying on that paper, naked, with nothing to shield them or keep them secret. But before I could stop him he grabbed the paper, walked over to the other side of the room and began to read it. My face felt hot. I jumped up and tried to grab the letter back, but when I was about half way to him I stopped. "Why should I be ashamed of my own feelings. After all it's the truth," I thought. He read on for a little while and then dropped the paper and began to laugh. "Soul-searching, huh, Andy?" I tried to control my rage. "What difference does it make what he thinks if it's the truth?"

"What's so funny?" I asked him, trying to hide my anger.

"You're not really going to send that, are you?" he asked with a condescending smirk.

"Why not?"

"It's so trite. It's been said a million times before."

"I don't care how many times it's been said; it's the truth."

"It's still trite."

I had had enough. I took hold of his shirt and led him out of the room. Then I locked the door behind me and put the letter back in the typewriter to finish it. It was pointless, though. I couldn't finish it now, not anymore. I pulled it out of the typewriter and clenched it in my hand for a few more minutes. Then I walked slowly over to the fireplace and sacrificed the truth to the flame.

Bill Call, '65

BASKET OF FRUIT

We have received it bound in ribbons,
Even bound in ribbons red and green
Have we received it;
And know we only whence it came,
But not the reason why.

From Yawelm Bloom,
The old, sad gardener
Who stands now in the sunset
At his garden gate,
Shouting angrily at the
Children running down the street,
Urchins he had caught
Eating the cherries on his rosebushes.
From Yawelm did we get it.

And then we put it on the mantelpiece,
And old aunt Gertrude,
When she visited at Thanksgiving,
Marvelled.
And Doolittle the dustman,
On his visit, brought a peach,
And then we
Marvelled.

But now we have no longer.
Hard days, the butt-ends of our ways,
Are all we have —
Except for Lucius the fruit vendor,
Standing under the gold balls
With Mephistomedes the broker,
Smiling serpently.

MILKING SACRED COWS

by John Leone, '66

Dion Fabiani sat quietly in the waiting room, inspecting a scab on his knee, bent low with his head between his skinny legs. He looked perhaps eleven years old, with long, blond, undefiantly uncombed hair. *He actually likes to look like an untrimmed poodle or something, with his hair all over his ears*, thought Miss McFadden, the receptionist. She felt a motherly impulse to stride across the room and make sure Dion could breathe under his burden. She sighed, frustrated.

Dion looked up momentarily at the clock, without moving his body an inch, then reburied himself. Taking a wet breath through unparted teeth, he rapidly scratched his knee, then sat up. "It's time for my appointment, Miss McFadden," he said.

"I know, Dion. Dr. Rockwell will be here in a minute."

"Where's Dr. Donaldson? Did he really go on vacation?"

"What? Yes, he did. He took his sabbatical in Spain. Pretty nice, wouldn't that be?"

"I don't know. I've never been to Spain. I guess so."

The intercom buzzed softly on Miss McFadden's desk. "You can go in now, Dion." Miss McFadden barely restrained her hand from reaching out and wiping wisps of hair from Dion's forehead.

Dion stood up and said thank you. He didn't stretch, as might have been expected of someone who had sat unmoving for twenty minutes. He had on black high-top basketball shoes without any apparent indication of stockings. He wore dark plaid bermuda shorts which were two sizes too large for him, tied at the waist with a braid belt. The legs of the shorts ballooned around his own legs, giving the impression that air had been pumped in and mysteriously lodged there. His tee-shirt was stretched from several days consecutive wear but was as clean as most any city boy's is after long excursions through museums, zoos, and bus terminals.



Dion saw a tall, well-dressed young man seated in Doctor Donaldson's swivel chair. *He looks too much at home*, he thought.

"Good morning, Dion. I'm Doctor Rockwell. From now on, you're my client." He smiled.

"Good morning. How do you do?" Dion brushed back his hair and regarded Doctor Rockwell. "If you don't mind my saying so, you don't look much like an analyst."

"Really? Why? Am I too young? No beard?"

"No-o. You should have cloudy eyes. Or maybe just regular eyes with heavy glasses. Non-committal eyes."

The doctor smiled just perceptibly and picked up his reading glasses, to his annoyance, self-consciously. He picked up Dion's dossier and said, "Well, shall we start?" The boy sat quietly plucking his shirt sleeve.

"Um. It says here you enjoy classical music. What classical music do you like, exactly, Dion?"

"That's not true. I don't like all classical music. Did Doctor Donaldson say that? I like some of it. Just parts of it."

"Any specific ones you like?"

"Well-l. The opera by Wagner, 'Die Walkure.' I like the opening of that. You know? Da da-da *daa*, dum. Da da-da dum."

"I recognize the tune. But you say you only like the opening?"

"Yes. The rest of the opera stinks."

The doctor cleared his throat. "I see."

"It messes everything up. The rest of the opera."



"You don't like to disturb things, Dion?"

"No, I don't. I like things to fit."

"Do you think hitting your sister with the bat made the universe run more smoothly? Or did you do it because you thought it would fit in?"

Dion's face reddened, and he began picking at the edge of the desk with abstracted interest. "I didn't hurt her. It only bruised her. I don't see what everyone got so excited about." *He's getting clever*, the boy thought with a twinge.

"Just why did you hit your sister, Dion? That's all I want to know."

"I don't like her very much. She bothers me."

"How? How did such a little girl bother you?" Dr. Rockwell tried to look skeptical.

"She's not little. She's *nine*. She doesn't like me, and she bothers me when I try to work. I was working in my room, and she came in and asked if she could read my diary. I *told* her that if she read it to her stupid friend I'd hit her with a bat. He's *so stupid*." Dion continued to pick at the desk.

"She read your diary to a friend?"

"Yes. I couldn't catch him. I would've hit him, too."

"Do you think it was nice of you to hit her?"

"She shouldn't have read my diary to that stupid kid. She lied so I hit her. Now she

won't bother me any more."

"Do you always take such drastic measures to make people aware of their faults?"

"You must have talked to my mother. She told you about how I told Aunt Betty her hair looked like straw? I know she did. Well, it did. Her hair *did* look like straw."

"That certainly wasn't a very nice way to tell her."

"She *needed* it. She needed somebody to tell her her hair looked terrible."

"I understand she liked her hair that way. She was happy and you made her unhappy." The doctor leaned over to get some cigarettes from the edge of the desk. "That wasn't very nice, Dion."

"I don't know *any* nice, really nice people. I don't see why I should be nice to people who aren't *really* nice at all." The boy's voice wavered just enough so that the doctor could tell he was holding off tears.

"Maybe if you were polite to people, they would be nice to you."

"People are always milking my sacred cows." The boy did not speak quite loud enough for the doctor to hear. Dion appeared ready to cry.

"What? What did you say, Dion?"

"I *said*, people are always milking my sacred cows." He inhaled sharply.

The doctor glanced quickly at Dion and was startled by the boy's appearance. "What? What do you mean? I mean, just what do you mean by that? That's all I want to know."

"People are always *ruining* things for you. If you have something nice, they try to make it different so they think it's nice. They *ruin* it." Dion sniffed loudly.

"Who's they, Dion? That's what I want to know."

"Everybody. My aunt. My sister and my mother. Everyone I *know*."

The doctor's cigarette had burned down to the filter. He lit another. "Did you feel that this was stimulus enough for you to throw your mother's makeup in the street, like you did?"

"She said it *mattered*, whether people see me nice or not." The boy was preoccupied with the imminence of his tears and mumbled into his chest.

"Is that so bad? That your mother wants you to look nice?"

Dion sighed mightily. "You don't get it. She doesn't care whether I'm *happy* or not, she just wants me to look *nice*." His voice dropped abruptly on the last word, in the manner of a three year old who has not yet quite learned how to control his breath. He began to cry.

"Dion, your mother just wants the best for you. That's why she sent you here."

"I know my mother loves me and all, but she doesn't love me *perfectly* unless I'm clean or I have my hair combed or I'm polite or something. I'm perfect, sort of, in *myself*. Why does everybody try to *change* everything?" He scratched his knee violently and it began to bleed.

"People are just that way, Dion. They try to change things for the better as well as they can. I realize it's bothersome to you but you really shouldn't react so violently. People will try even harder to change you if you're an annoyance to them. Like putting the hamsters in the washing machine. That annoyed your mother so much she sent you here. To be changed. See?"

"Julie said my turtle shell was ugly, why don't I wash it. So I washed her hamsters."

"Do you see, Dion?" The doctor appeared not to have heard the boy's words.

"Do I see what?"

"You don't see that annoying your mother only makes her want to change you more?"

"She shouldn't have tried to change me in the first place."

Doctor Rockwell sighed. "All right, Dion. I guess that's enough for today. You live in Washington Square Village, don't you, Dion? How are you getting home?"

"My mother gave me money for the bus. I go to Central Park or the museum usually before I go home." He sniffled.

"Dion, do you get the message? People will try to change you even if you think you're perfect. They can't help it. Do you think you can act accordingly?"

Dion stifled a yawn, one he badly needed after crying. He took several sharp breaths and sniffed loudly again. "Yes."

"And if you react violently and try to hurt them, you won't have a friend in the world.

People won't even *bother* with you. Do you understand, Dion?"

"Uh-huh. Yes, sir, I understand." Dion smiled.

"All right, Dion. You can go now." He smiled at the boy.

Miss McFadden could not keep her motherly instinct in check any longer. As Dion walked out of the doctor's office and through the waiting room, she called, "Why don't you get your hair out of your eyes, honey?"

"Why don't you mind your own business, you old bag!" he called back happily, running to the elevator where he could be alone.



T. Randolph Selden, '66

LISS

Strands of sunlight hang like her hair
and as I love at her,
her eyes whisper me innocents
about the everythings and Now of life.
Her lips part, and as she speaks
a laugh sneaks out onto her lips
tippytoed,
and her cheeks whirl and dance gaily around
and her eyes
splash and play in the waves along the beach.
Her ears become flowersweet
petalsoft
and she is . . .

But then the foam
from the shiny neck of Pegasus
swirls madly through the sky,
slower, slower, slowly
drifts over the blaring yellow
beach ball.
The blue dark curls in with the waves
and Dark slips and twists
serpent-like
'round each grain of sand.

The yellow light is far away
gone.

I lift my hands
and shape them to her cheeks.
The dancing has gone to stillness.
Soft rainwater
slips sadly down her cheeks.

As her toes sink into
cool
night
sand
she shudders.

There Is No Water In Hell

by André Davis, '66

"Look, I said I'm sorry," said the younger of two boys who were crouched down behind two over-loaded trash cans.

"All right, all right," answered the other, "but, Christ, did you muff that one. The guy probably had over two hundred on him. Geez, we could have bought enough booze to —"

"I said I'm sorry."

They had been waiting over an hour for the fat man to emerge from Johnny's Hot Spot, but as soon as he had come near the alley, the younger boy had tipped over an empty can and the fat man, with all his money, had fled for life. "Yoking" was a silent operation. Now, they awaited their next victim.

"Look, Lou," continued the younger boy, "Dad gets paid today. I'll slip into his wallet tonight, an' he'll never miss it. We can live it up all week. An —"

"Forget it," the one called Lou said dryly, "we'll get another one tonight. Besides, your Pop'll probably blow it all in some crap game on his way —"

"Damnit, Lou, you know my dad wouldn't —"

"I was only jok'n," Lou interrupted again.

There he goes cutting Dad up again, thought the other boy. Ever since he'd told Lou of the talk between him and his dad, Lou hadn't let up. Actually, it wasn't a talk. His father had caught him sneaking in at 4:35 a.m. Staggering and almost unconscious, he had hardly listened to the sermon. A few phrases stuck in his mind. "All this will cause nothing but sorrow for you, me, and your mother, son. You're all we have." "... you started going around with that Lou." "Dave, he's almost five years older than you. Please listen to me, son. What will you do when I no longer can make my skimpy living. I work hard, son," his father had said as Dave had started up the stairs with his why-don't-you-drop-dead attitude. "O.K.," his father shouted with a tear appearing, "O.K., but I'm tired! God knows I'm tired! You mess with all the girls and alcoholics and grown men you want, but remember one thing son, there is no water in hell."



"Sure, Dad, yeah, Dad; you're absolutely right, Dad," he had managed to get out. Now as he sat waiting for some drunken, loaded sucker to stagger out past the alley next to the town's largest Night Spot, all these words began to mean something. He decided to do something about his friendship with Lou tomorrow, if it weren't too late. Suddenly, his thoughts were broken.

"Here comes one," said the impatient form beside him who'd just lit a cigarette.

"I hope we don't have to hurt him," thought Dave, as he watched Lou crush the cigarette, the only source of light in the alley. He could now hear the jingle of the coins in the man's pocket. The man whistled a tune that re-

minded him of someone or something, just what or who he could not remember.

Feeling the grip of Lou's huge hand on his arm he looked up. In a flash, Lou was on the man and delivered a hard blow to the stomach. Automatically, from many nights' experience, Dave grabbed at the man's legs, knocking him down. Unexpectedly, the man came back with a foot in Lou's mouth, and Lou was on his back. Then he saw it! The knife was in Lou's hand and open before he had raised his foot for another stomp at the man's throat. Things happened too fast for him to take them in. Before Lou extracted the knife from the chest of the man, he realized the noise he heard was a police siren. As he slowed to make the turn at the corner, he glanced back to see Lou running in the opposite direction. From the corner of his eye he caught the glitter of the knife blade, the part that was not in the still, limp form.

As he closed the door behind him, breathing hard, he heard the telephone ring. Blindly, he stumbled up the stairs. Four steps from the top he was stopped cold.

"Oh God! Oh no! No!," screamed his mother hysterically. He reached the living room in time to see the telephone receiver strike the floor.

"What is it, Mom?" he shouted. His mother stood staring at him as though he wasn't there.

"What is it?," he asked again with fear in his voice.

"Your father, . . . terrible, he . . . —" Suddenly, he remembered a tune his father had often whistled around the house, a tune he'd heard tonight. For the second time tonight, he remembered what his father had told him, "There is no water in hell." As he replaced the receiver, he decided it *was* too late.

B. J. Mansvelt-Beck, '65

AMERICA

I saw them going into chapel this morning,
heads up, cheerful and joyous.

Not real, though.

Their laughing was polite, not as a children's laugh should be,
high, like a bell on a cold winter day.

Their laughing was polite, as an old man's laugh should be,
short, low and most well-timed.

How young are they? Sixteen, seventeen?

So young, and already so old.

America, what do you do with your children!

I saw them moving out of chapel this morning,
heads down, solemn as the occasion requires.

Real.

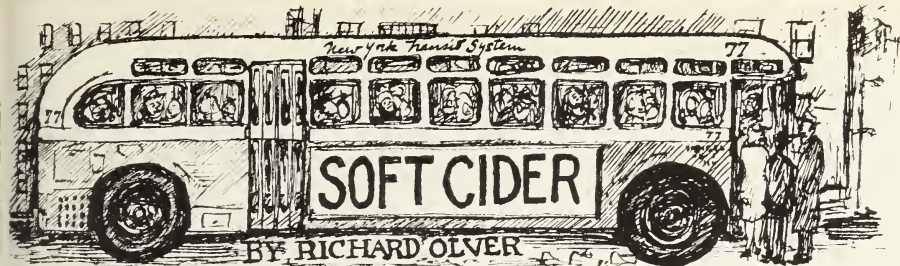
They meant their faces to be solemn,
faces, no, masks.

All masks passing me by, as would be fitting for old men.

How old are they? Sixteen, seventeen?

So young, and yet so old.

America, what do you with your children!



Uncomfortable in a (somewhat subtle) way that transcended the normal discomfort of a dull ride on an old bus (in a large city whose wet streets seemed to wait forever, crumbling, for a sickly dawn that never came or was to come except in the flashing throb of neon street lights) the silent and quite limp-feeling passengers, tired of machination, automatic response and joy and the like, allowed themselves to be goaded, processed, and herded; large-eyed cattle. They could force themselves only to cling; to the sweat-warmed aluminum bars, to children, books and evening papers, grocery bags and lumpy purses, all clutched with that tight grip that seems fear and is only fatigue, and all damp from the December rain.

Everyone (or, less often, a few) twisted, tensed, shifted, all trying to hold a precarious balance and all failing to some degree, swaying like sodden grass in the fickle gusts of a cold, rain-laden wind. The Girl (wet like everyone, but glistening under the mist, glowing with a wet-dark beauty like some slightly misplaced Indian mythological figure, like me) seemed the epicenter of the minor agony. Grips shifted, again tightened (again red-blue with effort) she stumbled three inches, was pushed back, again turned. Fascinated, I compensated for her with my eyes, feet, left arm, shoulders, anything I had free, and then, haltingly, I began to work towards her, fascinated.

A Gimbels bag, gaily printed, puckered-wet (a slice of apple on the verge of a decision, already decided, as to the advisability of turning brown), swung from her wrist (soft-smooth skin). It defied her (Her), her myth and blooming otherwhereness, rubbing slowly against her leg, back and forth, a vulgar pendulum, defying her, but, being no longer even crisp, achieving not a howl but the rasp-

ing swish of slowly shredding paper on steaming nylon. A sound of gross.

The sound, a requiem mass for a feverish day (played by a worn broom in a leafy gutter in the key of Autumn) slowly, imperceptibly, fired the bus and the layers of stale and bitter-cold air mixed, sluggishly (and then, more quickly) churned; an accompaniment of clavi-chord. And the burning sigh of the woodwinds slid from the harsher, grinding tone of the strings in the turning, straining shafts and shiny-worn gears. And still the bag slid-shifted fitfully; a senile high priest directing the service for the damned.

The corpse looked above it all, standing rigid-firm with her long black hair twined in a death-knot. Apparently disgusted with the cultural poverty of the scene, the guardian angels, perhaps in the form of a troupe of half-mad lemmings bound for a sin of Pride in the East River (they would never have been noticed as such) had confiscated her immortal soul, leaving her intellect to gibber (ever so dull-soft) to itself among the lines of chanting mourners. I had seen her eyes and they were dully-dead.

The bag bounced from her leg and the mourners obediently took up the cry. It welled up within them, and me, and the stained glass representations of futile, ever-regenerating, love/beauty and collided with the murky pillars, tinkling like a box of broken toy soldiers. I had seen her eyes and they were dully-dead.

Her bag rubbed, twitching against my knee. I reached down to feel (annoyed, irritated). Viscous, sticky-brown, a small blotch discoloured my pants. I carefully wiped it off, not letting her see, avoiding her eyes. Apple, mashed, liquid, from the Gimbels bag (which now had a wet-dark stain on one side with a little tear, like a wan, self-righteous smile, in its center). (Dully-dead.)

Her eyes, pearls of wax, dead, white dead, and her body so wonderfully anxious-fragile. I wanted to join her, to withdraw, act, die, achieve and end of my own volition without the eternally raucous klaxon-silence demanding to be filled with concoctions of wit and mood-mutilated semi-thought, but always empty, always gasping silently for more of me and my eternal myth. Her eyes.

I ran my tongue over my teeth; smoothly irregular. A nervous taste, compounded of cider, fermented to a point of tastelessness, and the smoke (Pall Mall's natural mildness) on my teeth, tongue, hands, clothes, reminding me of the walls of my room, my destination. aim goal, walls somber-grey cement block about to break out in a cold sweat of green slime around me, smoke. The smoke mixed with the sweetly bland soft cider and fought it; slashing armies leaving mixed piles of festering dead. The smell of the dead; the taste of dead sidewalks and living ponds and a sense of tragedy (or perhaps just pathos) somewhere in between.

I had trapped the taste of her; her eyes, and now I wanted to disengage but the sense of what she should have been, wild and angry, flapped around the dull walls of my room like a rabid bat, one wing broken, blood and spittle clouding its burning eyes, yet knowing me, drawn to me, soon part of me, a once-possible myth. The walls held me, and yet drove me from them, and the cold, dead smell of the flapping wings brushed my face, my eyes. Then came the wings, beating with the tender softness of panic; a stroke of pure hateful love.

I grabbed her shoulder (soft and bitter-soft, soft as it should have been, and yet lacking a true beauty of soul) as she fell against me on the curve and I held her; held her upright. She gave me a tired, wan, counter-girl smile in thanks (what I had waited for, fearing) and I dropped my hand. A trifle too slowly; a blind unicorn shivering at the touch of what should have been not a horn (unicorn; unity; one; solipsism) but at least a kindred spirit from my presumptive somewhere mythological elsewhere. We turned another corner and her bag, mirthlessly but with malice, imitated as a reminder, kissing me softly on the leg with its now larger, growing smile.

I shivered again, running my tongue over my teeth, still trying to soothe my insulted mouth, but only stirring the semi-dormant taste into renewed life. My eyes met hers in the taste, in the window. I turned to her for one final hoping look (a hope above hope for a metamorphosis of aeons) and saw, not surprisingly, the same strange pearls of wax of eyes. I felt my pipe gouge-tool, mentally took it, opened it, wiped it and, grabbing her by the hair, peeled layer after layer from her left eye (little blood, much pain, some layers white but others pink or green or the vermilion-mauve of some pleasures or the yellow-indigo of some pain) but no core, no seed; a pearl without end, without central beauty, without worth (except as wax).

I imagined her life, her sight; always depending, trusting fatalistic, peering into nooks and crannies for itself and, being blind to even the obvious, finding only mildewed love letters with poetry stolen from Keats sprinkled crudely therein ("Others because you did not keep . . ."), rotting scraps of food and poisoned field mice, kicking at the WORLD in a last, heroic, gesture of agony. Agonizingly. Agony; I smiled at the Gimbels bag and pushed my way between the two old women (faces lined, churning as they talked, in Polish of course) to the exit. The last whiff of the chorus rose and died, and I descended alone, down the steps, wasted, used; feeling empty and somewhat sad, but soul and body turning away from emotion at the bottom to fight the clawing wind.

I took one last look at the bus, a glance really, intending to turn away quickly, to start, to make my way out of the wind. But through the glass double-folding doors I saw the bag, laughing outright, but then, amazingly, choking, retching, tearing and finally vomiting itself to shreds. I smiled; sad, yet glorying in the rightness of my own prediction of the wrongness of the girl. I turned and walked down the sidestreet, empty (both of us), cold, and yet inviting as it was leading me somewhere else. I welcomed it, happily humming "The March of the Contemplative Unicorn" (a personal composition in the key of Apple Vinegar).

"Sour horn, sour girl, sour weather . . ."

Terry Bagg, '65

THÈME VARIÉ

I

Erect the pyramid, and you will find
that it winks and bows in the wind,
surrounded by cacao and cockatoos.
Note also that our geometry
is proven by the cadences that rise
from the voices of ancient men in antique parlors,
speaking to a woman saying
perhaps hello, perhaps goodbye,
by her becoming the greeting,
or perhaps the pyramid,
speaking with the yellow of her silken scarf,
and with the black (or the white) of her skirt,
showing how quietly she speaks.

The wavering voices
rather erect, not complement
the solid block.
We are proven.

II

THE LADY IMAGINES A MEADOW

The gesture of one lying in the landscape,
indivisible from the landscape.
She waves her hand, and
the green and yellow grass
grows in the waving.

She bends her leg, and
her bending is the tumescence
of the white clouds that fold
about her, musical cloaking
of sky azure and pond green.

Pigeons fly above her,
and in her eyes,
a more acute intelligence of wings flutters,
grey and white. And in her eyes,
lesser birds become like peacocks.

The voice of one sighing in the wind,
a perception of that wind.
Her flesh is earthen and her curls
are green with the grass,
her own weed, a subtle broccoli.

If, then, she imagines the millpond,
the pigeons flapping about her,
she is more than the seeing statue
reflected in the water
that one would think her.

She sees porticoes in the meadow's temples
and enters them with sandeled feet;
she bows, virginal, but the goddess she invokes
is part of the goddess within her.
The goddess bows. Her robes are green

and yellow, or they are gold and azure.
Lady, you tinkle, febrile claveciniste,
the universal hammerklavier;
your music sings to you and knows
your loving rhythms are unrhymed.

MR. ELIOT AND MORE

A la fin tu es las de ce monde ancien

The grey in my grandfather's eye
stares like a stone, transfiguring each lamp
and each chair, the carpets, the door.
His complexion, like the leatherbound books on the shelf.
is dry and unused, and that stone in his eye,
undecipherable, a rune, like a note in the margin
of the *Oxford Standard Authors*,
alone sees acaccia and roses
burgeoning outside his tomb.

He imagines:
'So am I like Daedalus
become one with Icarus,
Daedalus watching, Icarus descending,
presuming the same thing,
presuming the sameness of the thing.
I am whitish and waxy.
Somewhere between Sicily and Crete
the sky is all feathers.'

(To begin to imagine and to imagine
is to create and not to create.
One effects a final distillation
on a page of Alexandrines.)

End of proemion.
Somewhere, in some obscure café,
my grandfather stands to deliver a verse
or two, and never too subtly,
blueing the blue of the smoke,
and greying at once, as his cadaver
blinks in the lamplight.
He pronounces:
'Mes braves, it is I
who wish these dumb mouths to speak,
these deaf ears to hear
the dumbness and deafness,
the apostle of these dusted bones . . .'
He declines into aposiopesis.

They serenade my grandfather
salute him with a dying of drums,
and crown him with a powdered peruke.
He sits like a bonze,
his greying skull cracks.
He mutters:
'The furbished days burn,
dragging Priam through the blood of his children,
flogging Daedalus with the wings of his son.
Somehow I dare to see a sinking,
or is it a flaming? . . .
I am marbled and boney . . .
Do I dare to gouge my sculptured hand
against the sky, while yet
these bones have grinned and fractured? . . .'

He would have no more.
The old man dropped, his teeth feli to the floor.

IV

In the cloudy distance,
the Q.E.D. looms.
In its musty chambers
the pyramid rooms
a thousand cockatoos,
brandishing their tails.

Randy Bourne, '65

WASHERAMA OR LIFE IS A SELF-SERVICE LAUNDRY AT SIX IN THE MORNING

We pushed the door open, which said to pull :
We entered and pushed the door to.
It was half past five in the morning.
We had nothing else better to do.

I dropped my bag on the damp-buckled floor.
He threw his atop a machine.
We both walked around looking
For machines that might get our clothes clean.

Four washers we found of the twenty-four
That hadn't been mangled by kids,
But of the other twenty remaining
Some had not even their lids.

Two of the four gave us trouble, they did.
Even at six A.M. it was plain :
Mine put out only cold water,
His washer never would drain.

Of the dryers, there were only two
To which we could shut the door.
For heat, however, they're terrific :
They put out the heat of a whore.

We gathered our laundry together ;
We pulled the door, now saying push :
Out into the cold early morning,
We walked out into the slush.

Contained in this poem is all that is bad
In style and structure and thought.
Yet read it again, compare it with life . . .
Now you see what is wasthat I sought.

Episode

by Warren Clark, '65



It was 12 o'clock on June 13, the last day of the school year. For most seniors in the small high school, it was the last day of school forever, while for others, there were still more grades to complete. "The suckers," I mused airily as I shut the heavy gym door behind me for the last time in my life. I was 16 now, and that school was one place I was never going to see again. I paused on the step, lit a cigarette, and took one last look around. "No sir," I told myself assuredly, "school is just for suckers." With that thought in mind, I began the 5 mile walk home, never once looking back.

I lived with my mother and father and two younger brothers in a weather-beaten shingled house on the Maine coast. Dad ran a fairly successful lobster business, working about 200 traps, and we managed to live quite comfortably. I earned a small allowance helping him haul traps when storms were forecast, but otherwise my summers were just free time to spend as I pleased. This summer was to be no different, and I especially enjoyed the thought that it wouldn't end in September, as it would for my friends.

As I walked into the house I was unexpectedly greeted by my father. He usually got home around suppertime, but earlier in the morning he had wrapped a line around the boat's propellor, and he was waiting for me to return from school to cut it loose. But first I wanted lunch and went out to the kitchen.

"By the way," he called ominously to me, "I've been thinking that since you're going to want a steady job, so I've set you up with Mr. Briggs. You can't let him down."

Job, hah! That word struck with the force of a cottonball — it was the best joke I'd heard in a long time.

"I uh... don't think I have to work if I don't want to. And I won't come crawling to you for money, either. I can skindive for fish to sell to the market."

"You know how undependable that is," he replied. "Anyway, what makes you think that they will buy from you?"

"Oh, they will," I answered.

I heard him get up and start to walk towards the kitchen. Hastily assembling my sandwich, I announced I was going to fix the boat and started for the back door to avoid facing him.

"I fear you're just another fool searching for the horizon," I faintly heard from behind me as I ran out.

The tangled propellor was quite a mess, but I finally cut it loose after several hours struggling. I ran the boat around the harbor a couple of times to check for any damage to the struts or bearings; finding everything intact, I moored and rowed ashore. After securely tying up the skiff, I began the walk home up the sandy rise that protected the harbor from the prevailing west wind. The setting sun had fallen behind the hill, but I could see its evening brilliance reflected on the waves breaking on the rocky point that curved away to my left. The late afternoon breeze had softly quieted, and the water's surface was calm, broken only by an occasional swell that surged toward the land and expended its force over

the rocks. Each breaker momentarily flashed a fiery streak across its cresting surface; then the whole wave exploded into a swirling blaze raging through a green forest. The still air echoed with the distant booming; then it was calm and quiet again for a minute. The sun caught several low-flying gulls, pinning their new whiteness on the deepening blue sky.

As I reached the top of the hill, only a minute sliver of the dying sun remained visible, its sole contact with the land a long, narrow arm of light painted on the water. My eyes followed that beckoning arm to the horizon, where it promptly retracted and left me staring at emptiness, a darkening void in the fading light and evening mist. I paused there for more than half an hour, reflecting a sobering thought that haunted my mind: was I really another fool searching for the horizon, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

Slowly, deliberately, I picked my way down the rocky bank which I overlooked. Despite precautions, my bare feet hit every jagged edge; I couldn't see very well in the mist and deepening night, and several times I slipped, scraping my toes and ankles. Finally I reached the sandy strip of beach that bordered the water, the sand clung to the raw cuts and made them itch unbearably. I ran the last few yards to the soothing comfort of the water. It was almost completely dark, and the thickening mist obscured all light from above. Home was about two miles up the coast, two sandy miles I had traversed so often in my life. Along the water's edge, the sand was hard, although wet, and walking was unhindered. I had a queer sensation of walking on a belt which moved backwards as I walked forwards, as I could only see about ten yards and encountered no familiar regions. Strange forms, shapeless black blotches, loomed into my mind, accompanied by the muffled booming of the breakers on the point behind me and the sharp slap of the tiny waves at my feet. An onshore breeze started up, and I knew it would bring fog. I lit a cigarette and whistled a bit to try to brush away the cooling, mysterious night. My eyes followed the glowing tip as I twirled it aimlessly in the air, but the movement only conjured up an image of a



great black monster with one eerie, glowing eye flitting about me. I was suddenly conscious of slimy feelers of seaweed underfoot and a damp, foggy breath enshrouding me. It hung on my clothes, my hair, everything; an impulse to run overcame me, and I ran hard and fast through the blindness of the night, sometimes in the soft sand, sometimes in the water, until I saw that feeble light over the door. Trembling and exhausted, I pushed my way into the house.

I had recovered by the time dinner was ready. I picked over my food slowly and said very little. My father made several attempts to converse politely with me, but I brushed aside his queries curtly. His eyes narrowed as a scowl spread across his face, but he said nothing further. I had not explicitly told him I wasn't taking a job, though I sensed he knew it. Dinnertime seemed abnormally long in the contagious silence that gradually engulfed the rest of the family. I got up to refill my glass, but went out on the porch and sat down instead. Inside I heard my father mumble something, and clearing of the table began. Footsteps approached, dishes clattered into the sink, footsteps retreated; it was silent as before. I leaned back in the battered rocker and closed my eyes. The flimsy screen door creaked open behind me suddenly brought back reality. I sensed who it was and what he wanted, and I remained motionless. Presently the person stepped out the door, crossed beside my chair, and stood in front of me. Slowly looking up, I observed my father, as expected.

"All right," he began. "what's the story?"

"No story," I replied casually.

"Then I'll tell you," he barked with a note of finality. "If you think you quit school just to loaf around here, you're dead wrong. Your mother and I work determinedly to support this family, and we expect some expression of gratitude and respect. You do your part by getting a job or getting out."

I had never expected such harsh words from my father, and they stung deeply, but I pretended to remain unfeeling, avoiding his gaze by staring through him at the night. I hesitated a moment and then said slowly, quietly:

"You can't kick me out of my own home."

"Then get a job," he snapped back before I had a chance to continue. "You work for Mr. Briggs no matter how little he offers you. A man as old as he needs help; it's about time you forgot yourself and did something for somebody else. I'll expect you on his boat when it docks tomorrow afternoon."

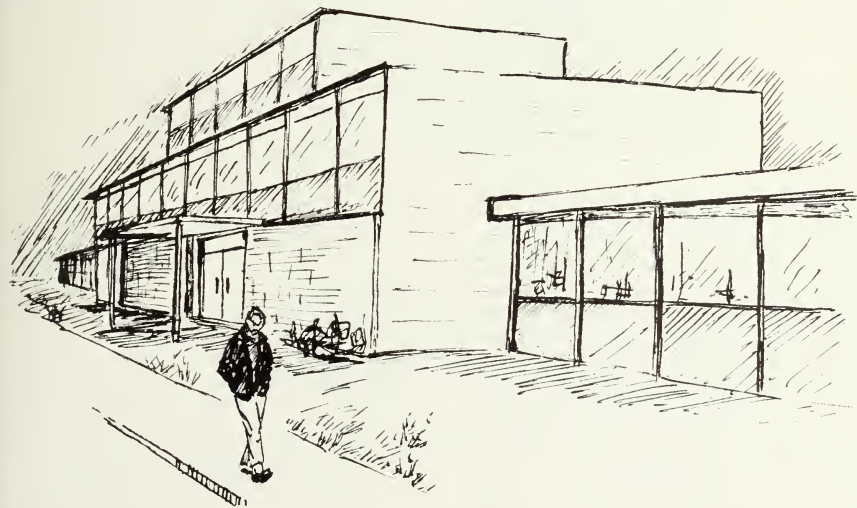
He stormed off the porch. I merely shrugged my shoulders and continued picking at a fingernail. Somehow I couldn't stop thinking about what had just passed; somehow he almost made sense. Mr. Briggs was old, and he

could use my help to haul his traps. His lobster business was pretty good, so I'd probably be paid well. Besides, if a trap got lost or caught, I could dive for it. That would surely please him. And, in exchange for a few lobsters I could spear him some fish. Yes, that's really not such a bad job after all. Maybe I will take it.

I went off to bed, inwardly satisfied.

I quietly left home in the morning before anyone else was awake. The sun had not yet risen, and the air was still cool from the night as I walked across the beach. I soon reached the harbor and saw the old lobsterman on his boat. He was just about ready to depart as I rowed along side. His face lit up when I hailed him; he was genuinely pleased to have me aboard. And I was pleased with myself, except it hurt to admit my foolishness. I realized my father had been right; I only hoped he would say nothing further. The throbbing of the engines grew deeper, and the boat swung out around the breakwater.

My father was waiting on the dock we moored in the afternoon, and I busied myself unloading the day's catch. Again I found myself trying to avoid his gaze, but he finally caught my eye, and I was unable to keep an expressionless face. He grinned.



Dave Foster, '66

SYNOPSIS

Coughing before his death. His murmuring
sweeps the sanguine wrapper from your feet.
Your spindled ankle curves;
"What transparency, Delilah," brindled with a mole.
The harshness from your nails
creeps like disks from tambourines. Would
nails click to the tempo of tambourines

He is now the senile bedouin,
capped with hoar and frost con-
spirer of the brain. But such a gay step!
You shear with hidden asperity;
and it is fitting: his abject hand
slipping should gouge the sky.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE LOOKING EASTWARD

Silver-stained footprinted threads beneath the battlements
across slabs of cold basalt.
I stare at the leisure imparted by the crenels and feel
the strain of the St. Lawrence, of Bercilak, decapitated by Gawayn,
lashing, at the Green Chapel slashing his girdle.
Mere guise; I know their immortality:
hydroid and invulnerable, yet Arthur's knight trembled.

Freeloading, a hermit in Yellowstone
tried to turn the same trick,
with less success.
The mountains were mounds of starched potatoes,
he would lie on his stomach and suck the gravy,
cooling. Yet the sky turned mauve before the storm,
and he returned, a scavenger of garbage cans.
In Dakota the Black Hills sneer while
Dunroe, whom once I knew, sways in silhouette,
wiping a great stone nose.
The rime-crested grass leaps away from the walls,
the shadowed block of the turret tilted,
it's mourning.

WEST OF SUEZ

by Allen Yu, '65

Yesterday there were only twelve more days left until the end of the winter term, and rather than begin studying for the final exams, I decided instead to begin cleaning out my room for the vacation.

In the innermost recesses of my closet, tucked inconspicuously behind a long bathrobe, I found, much to my surprise, a bundle of old *New York Times* neatly bound with a piece of purple grosgrain ribbon. Now I had once heard of an old dowager who bought two Manhattan apartments, one for herself and the other for her old newspapers, which she saved; the butler sometimes had to crawl over a decade of them to reach the telephone, and it was rumored that in her will she bequeathed to her favorite grand-nephew a pile of newspapers three hundred feet high. But although I can at times be quite sentimental, I doubt if I am the type who would diligently save his old newspapers for posterity. It was, therefore, with no little puzzlement that I gazed at this odd bundle; but after a moment's reflection, I recalled having one day resolved to keep all my *Times* when I first heard of the possibility of a printer's strike four years ago, and donate them to the Smithsonian Institute as American memorabilia if the unions managed to put the New York newspaper corporations out of business permanently, which is really not too fanciful an idea, considering their craft.

Among one of the Sunday editions was the Resort and Travel Section, Europe, a special report on the vacation and cruise opportunities for the coming year. Confronted by tantalizing photographs of France, Switzerland, and the Mediterranean, lulled by the lines of some unsung poet laureate lingering over a typewriter in an advertising agency, it was not long before I felt myself drifting through the tedium of the New England winter, the gloom of approaching exams dissolving in the sun of the Cote d'Azur.



On the terrace of the Hotel du Cap d'Antibes:

"Garçon! Another bottle of Perrier, s'il vous plait."

"Tout de suite, monsieur." The steward picked up the empty glasses on the table and hurriedly made his way to the bar to execute the wishes of his benefactor. I let my head roll to one side and surveyed the scenery: Yvette's honey-golden hair meandered luxuriantly down her shoulders, ascending her breasts and sidling down the sides. Her breasts rose and fell faintly as she breathed, framing Eden Roc, which loomed between them a short distance out to sea.

She must have felt me watching her; she rolled onto her side and a subtle burst of Diorissimo rose to my nose. We were eyeball to eyeball, and we blinked in happy unison.

"Mmm, darling," she said.

"What is it?"

"Darling, I love you, I love you, I love you."

"I love you too."

"Darling."

"Yes?"

"Darling, I'm bored."

"How can you love me and be bored at the same time?" I asked incredulously.

"What a bore — this hotel doesn't even have bidets in its rooms. Besides, there is nothing to do."

"You tell me what you want to do and we'll do it."

"I feel like having *langouste* and seeing a movie afterwards."

"All right. We'll go to La Bonne Auberge for dinner and to the Film Festival afterwards. How's that?"

Three hours later we were on the road to Menton. We were cruising effortlessly at eighty-five, the Facel Vega screeching around the curves of the mountain with its tires burning into the cement. We twisted and turned like a drunk boa constrictor, oblivious of the danger and the speed limits, drinking in each other's company. The sun was just beginning to set, and splashed its orange-pink color on the azure waves like a Dufy water-color. Yvette snuggled up to me and put her hands over my eyes.

"Guess who?" she said.

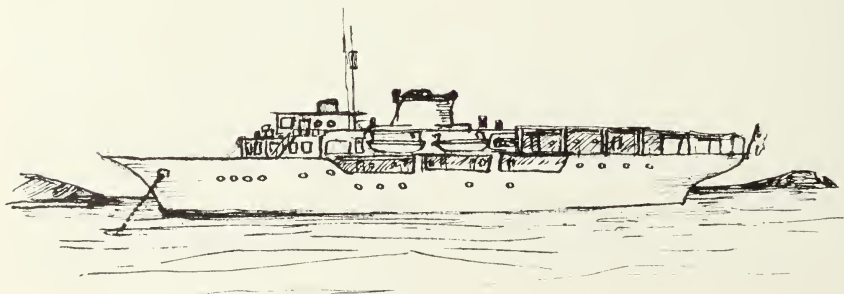
Yvette was beginning to get boring, and as I turned the pages of the guide Greece appeared on the horizon.

Somewhere in the middle of the Aegean.

The *Belgravia* lay at anchor. All during

the night the launches continued to chug up alongside the yacht, emptying their cargo of the rich and the famous. Aristotle Sevastopulos, Greek shipowner, financier, empire-builder, playboy, and the world's most eligible bachelor, was famed for his shipboard *soirées*, and the entire royal Greek Navy was assigned to protect the galas from international jewel thieves and gate-crashers. All during the night the guests ascended the gangplank, their hearts fluttering imperceptibly in excitement as they saw their host standing above them as cool and resplendent as a chain of diamonds. The flash-bulbs alone were enough to illuminate the scene as they filed past the receiving line. The Maharahnee of Baroda; the Begum Aga Khan; Sir Alexander Weatherby, the famed white hunter; Diana Hollingsworth, the Debutante of the Year; Empress Farah Diba; Roberto di Borghia, the Pharmaceuticals King; the list went on and on, a roster of tycoons, movie stars, diplomats, international spies, and sundry sultans, shieks, and shahs.

At daybreak the sun rose and gushed across the sky in flamenco crimson. The fireworks lost their brilliance and the gaiety ebbed: the Beluga had become warm, the Dom Perignon '53 had lost its bubbles, and my guests lay slumped on the sofas. I went out on deck and leaned over the railing. The dawn lay quiet upon the mirrored sea; a balmy breeze carressed my cheeks and promised a warm day. To the south the morning mists of the Aegean lifted above the Dardanelles, and I wondered if Lord Nelson had felt bored too as he laid waste the cities of Araby. I felt a hand touch my shoulder. It was Nicole.



"Oh my little dove, what is the matter?" she asked. "You are not dancing."

"How can I dance when all my guests are sleeping on the floor?"

"You are not happy, my nightingale. When a nightingale is happy he sings." I did not answer her, but kept my gaze fixed upon the horizon.

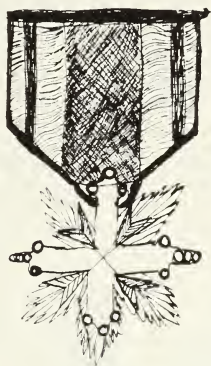
"My darling, your party is a cold soufflé. You know why, darling? It is because the Greeks, they do not know how to make the dancing music. Let us go to Paris."

Within two hours my jet had taken off. A Deck with all my guests on board. It was dark by the time we landed at Orly, and the spotlights bore down on the plane as she sidled leisurely to the terminal. The whine of the engines waned and then whimpered to a stop; the cabin doors were flung open and I descended the ramp slowly.

A crescendo of wild hurrahs exploded from the crowds behind the police lines who had stood all day in wait for this moment. The band struck up the Marseillaise, and in the distance twenty-one cannon thumped their salute. And as my feet touched upon French soil the *garde republicaine* snapped to attention and thirty-two *Mirages* roared past overhead. The reception line moved forward to greet me: Charles de Gaulle, Georges Pompidou, Baron Elie de Rothschild, Couve de Murville, Brigitte Bardot. And then, above the din of the guns and the national anthem, the shouts and the cheers, under the cameras and spotlights of the press, before the eyes of the world and God, the President of the Fifth Republic spoke:

"Au nom du peuple de France et la gloire et le grandeur de la Republique francaise . . ." In the name of the people of France and the French Republic he stepped forward, and embraced me to his breast, draped over my neck the Grand Cordon of the Legion d'Honneur. I moved down the line, and one by one the five members of the committee hugged and kissed me on both my cheeks.

Finally the entourage got under way, and with the wailing sirens of two hundred and twenty-eight motorcycle escorts we proceeded along the Champs Elysee acknowledging the joyous cheers of the populace and the *fleurs-de-lis* strewn in our path. I stood between the President and Brigitte, my arm over his



shoulder, his arm over my shoulder, and both our arms around Brigitte. Standing in the open Masseratti *coupe*, we grinned broadly and waved graciously, the nadir of peaceful coexistence. We passed under the Arc de Triomphe, then turned sharply left and down Rue Victor Hugo.

We had finally come to the prime objective of my state visit. We came to a fanfaronadeous halt before the purple and maroon striped canopy of Le Mistral a Gogo, Paris's newest *discothèque*, the exotic watering-hole of the jet-set, the rendez-vous where hip *mafiosi* frug beside deposited Hohenzollerns.

The hours of the night waned as we babooned, banana-peeled, and gyrated to fresh-canned music. Brigitte taught de Gaulle the tito, and I danced the hully-gully; Prince Feisal danced the mecca, and near the east banquettes Bung Sukarno shook and wobbled to the Malaysian crush.

The pulsations of the drums faded, however, as I flipped the next page of the Travel Guide, and the City of Light bid me *a bientot*. It was becoming dark outside, and I recalled that I still had a few hours of studying before me. With a great deal of wistfulness, therefore, I closed the guide and slipped it back into its proper chronological order.

Perhaps one of these days, when there is a strike on and I have nothing else to do, I shall pay a visit to Marbella or San Remo.

An Incident in the Room or Strange Hunger

by Stuart McLean, '65



"Well, you heard what he said at the meeting; either we are more cordial to them, or we loose the Room. And you know that would starve us all."

"Yeah, swell, but who gets the honor of talking to guys like Artley and some of the other amazing turkeys on the faculty?"

"Look, we've got to be nice or else. So when some undesirable comes in, one of us has got to make the sacrifice and go talk to him. I'll take the first one, and Lew, you take the second one. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure. Oh, God, here comes Mr. Smitter. Go to it Andy." Andy left the group, and the rest of the boys stood around and gossiped and compared stories. When a new tray of cookies came out of the kitchen, the boys descended upon the unfortunate little lady who carried them and jockeyed for position to get the best ones. Then, as if by some secret cue, they left her standing holding the empty tray, stunned. One could tell it was her first day in the Room.

The boys talked to the faculty members more than usual, for they had been told to by their student congress president, but the intercourse was still limited by the fact that few

faculty members came where they knew they were not wanted. Suddenly the Room was hushed, and all eyes turned toward the door. In strode Mr. Arthur Artley, the most hated man on the faculty. Most men would not go where they knew they were despised, but Artley took the hate as an invitation, and for this, everyone hated him more. He strode smugly to the coffee pot, basking in the silence.

"Go get him, Lew. You know he would like nothing better than telling the dean how he was snubbed in here."

"Aw, come on, not Artley."

"Go, baby, you got to, you promised Andy."

"Okay, okay. Let me grab a couple cookies, at least. Jesus, why me?" Lew dejectedly walked in the direction of Artley, who saw him coming, and immediately knew what was happening. He decided to make the delegate of good will from the senior class as uncomfortable as possible.

"Good morning, Mr. Thomas. How is my finest student this lovely morning?"

"Hello, Mr. Artley. I'm fine, how are you?"

"Bad, you must hope. Who put you up to this? You have never before spoken two consecutive words to me out of the class, in your four years at this school."

Lew did not speak, for he was already seething. Artley continued, and more boys began to listen. "Did you hear about the faculty's vote? That wretch, Williams is being fired from the school. It's about time, too."

The Room was deathly quiet. Everyone was listening to Artley. The boys all wore strange expressions. Artley stopped talking, for he felt the quiet and all its implications. He saw that they were all looking at him. He began walking toward the door. The boys followed. He broke into a run, but as he reached the door, a foot suddenly shot out, and he went down. Without a moment's hesitation, the boys flew into action. Not one cup or one saucer missed its mark.

They turned back to their conversations, ignoring the faint moans coming from the doorway.

"Still hungry, boys?" asked the little lady. No one answered. They were satisfied.

JUST TALKING

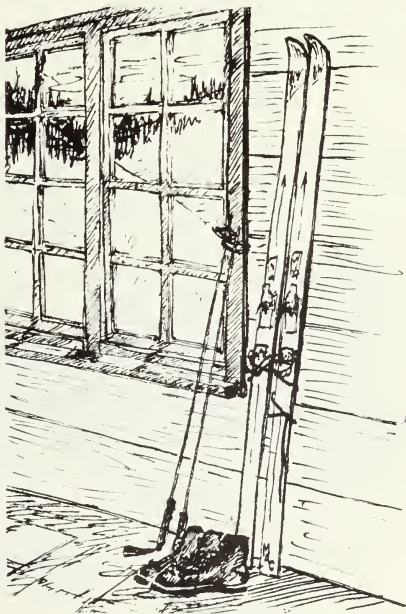
by Jon Mills, '65

It was winter in Maine and that's different from winter in other places. In Vermont it's sunny, or at least when snow clouds seal in the countryside, the skiers from Providence and Hartford and New York give you the feeling of vacation and fun. They all wear bright parkas, and the girls in tight stretch pants have short, blond hair, perhaps too blond, but they smile often. There are lots of parties in Vermont and lots of people. But in Maine the people come from Bangor and Waterville and Portland; they go home at night. Most of them know each other, and if you're an outsider, you don't get to know Maine people very well. Maine skiers are different. They're locals with season tickets, they're on the slopes to ski. Everyone wears bluejeans, even the girls, and black parkas, the warmest. Girls in Maine aren't painted, and their brown hair is long and straight. They enjoy parties just as much as other girls, but there aren't many to go to in winter.

This winter was the same as others. We were sitting in the rec room of the lodge drinking beer. Outside we could hear the wind blowing. The next day, the snow would probably be drifted again, exposing the ice and crusty surface under the new powder. The drift made the skiing harder, faster, less relaxed. A fall on this glazed surface meant an irritating bruise at best. It wouldn't hurt much, but it made you mad. But we didn't think about tomorrow. We were cheerful inside. The room was warmed by a gas heater in the center, and it spread a layer of hot air under the ceiling. Around the perimeter of the floor, the baseboard, freshly built, were not completely successful in keeping the cold wind from penetrating into the room. The seepage made a strata of cool air over the floor. In between the two was a compromise, a pleasant, delicate atmosphere that was cold enough to keep us from drowsing, but warm enough to cause a sensation of physical relaxation. We were feeling very content stretched out on the

cushioned benches that lined the wall, sipping beer, and we watched the smoke from a cigarette curl its way upward until it reached the top of the middle layer where it stayed, suspended like an early morning mist over a clear lake, always moving softly.

The smoke scattered. The door to the room opened and slammed shut. Through the soft air below the reassembling cloud, I watched dreamily as a girl's figure in stretch pants moved across my line of vision, a strikingly attractive figure that made me feel not erotic but warm, not flustered but articulate. By merely being present, she added that perfect complement to my nature, and I felt completely and comfortably relaxed. I didn't want the evening to die yet. I wanted to have some fun.



"Damn," I thought, "if I stay here, I'll go to sleep. Got to get up and do something." I rose to my feet, shook my head deliberately, focused carefully somewhere in the void between the level of my eyes and the floor. Jim looked up from his position on the couch and smiled at me. I smiled back.

"Hi Jim!" I said jovially.

"Hi Jon," he replied, "What you doin'?" I contemplated the floor for a moment. "I'm just standin' here, sorta tryin' to kinda' feel exactly, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah," he paused, "sure," and I returned to my former preoccupation. "Uh, Jon?"

"Yeah?"

"Uh, well, what I mean is, what *do* you mean?"

"You know. I'm just tryin' to feel, to sorta," I thought, "experience exactly what's goin' in me." I stared at the floor and concentrated on the multitude of sensations that tingled throughout my body. "Man, I feel great," I concluded.

Jim lay on his stomach with his chin on a pillow, sipping a scotch sour. "Yeah, I know what you mean." He looked over at the girl that had walked in a few moments before. She looked her place, that of an attractive, blond, prep school girl off on vacation and trying to make the most of it. This is not to say

that she was in any way unnecessarily sensual, but she had at that time a hedonistic outlook. She was having an uninhibited, good time and went at it with an almost unwarranted fervor, as if she had to stock up before she returned to school. Underneath was a lot of character. She was working for her keep as a ski-bum, washing dishes and generally helping in the kitchen. Her name was Pinky; she didn't look like a Pinky, but that was her name. Pinky sat up on the couch in front of Jim, her legs pulled up and her chin resting on her knees. She was thumbing through a comic book without paying much attention to it. Her maroon stretch pants fit perfectly, and an untucked, boy's shirt hung loosely from her shoulders.

"Hi, Pinky," his voice was cheerful and friendly.

"Hi, Jim, how are you?" She smiled back.

Jim looked over at me with a quizzical, humorous glance. "Hey, Jon, hear that, Pinky wants to know how I am." He broke into a half-laugh that was both joking and sincere.

"Oh, I'm fine thanks," I replied.

They both laughed. "No, stupid, I said she wants to know how *I* am, not you."

I faked realization. "Oh, well, why didn't you say so? How the hell are you, anyway?"

Jim laughed some more. "Just about there."



Pinky studied him. "You look higher than a kite."

Jim sat up at her. "'Course, 'cause that's the way I feel!" He shook his head in wonder at how anyone could be so simple.

"Oh," she said.

"Well, I think you're all crazy, that's what I think." I was pleased at the idea of not having to go to bed because the evening had died.

"No one'll argue with you," returned Jim.

"God, you know what would be cool right now?"

"What?" I asked.

"It'd be cool to have Joe up here. I really like that guy."

"Yeah, I know. I never met anyone like him. You know one thing I hate about people is when they're unkind. That really ticks me off. Jees, there're some guys at school that just dump on guys for no reason at all." Jim interrupted me enthusiastically.

"Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. I remember once Sam Billings — you know him, the short guy with curly brown hair and glasses. He's a real grind, but a real nice guy if you get to know him. Anyway we were outside throwing a football around one day, and he was walking across the field to the dorm, and Eddie Simes just took the ball and for no reason threw it as hard as he could at Sam. Christ, the guy didn't even have a chance

to duck, and Eddie stood there and laughed. Broke Sam's glasses, too."

"Yeah, I know what you mean, God, that sort of thing really ticks me off. Anyway, I was talking about Joe."

"Oh yeah, go on. Sorry I interrupted you, but that really peeved me off."

"That's all right. I know what you mean. But you know the thing about Joe is that he never does anything like that to anybody. That guy, no matter who the person is, he always finds out about the guy for himself. He never prejudges anybody." I slurred "prejudges". "I don't care who a guy is or what he does, if he's like that, he's a good man."

As we talked, the blood rushed faster throughout my body, and I could feel the liquor's effects more distinctly. I wasn't sleepy anymore. Rather than slow me down, the alcohol stimulated me and produced an illusion of keenness of mind that made our conversation animated and enthusiastic. I had never before engaged Jim in a revealing discussion, and I was fascinated by him. We talked, drifting from one subject to another, ideas on religion, girls, school. Pinky sat in the corner listening to us attentively. Once I looked at her.

"What do ya think, Pinky?"

She pouted. "I think you *are* all crazy."

"That's not very original. Everybody's crazy. But the thing is, are you having fun being crazy? That's the thing."

She shrugged indifferently. "I'm having a great time."

I smiled, it really made me happy. "Good." Jim agreed, "Yeah, that's good."

I began to think analytically on the question. "It's really good to be crazy, you know? It's much more fun. Too bad more people can't be like us."

I stretched out on the bench, and looked up. The wind had stopped. You could almost hear the clear cold in the silence outside. I looked at Pinky. I decided I just liked girls, just because they were girls, and they looked nice. I studied her and she looked back at me, a half smile on her face.

"I'm happy," I said.

"I'm happy, too," she returned softly.

"Me too," said Jim.



Nicholas A. Deutsch, '66

THE TEMPEST: ANOTHER EPILOGUE

And so to Naples

from this island where I waited
(for too long?)
to do the thing I had to do
(or was I wrong?)

waiting, waiting for my zenith, so I said,
(patient, calm, and temperate)
waiting, waiting for my zenith, did I say?
let me call it rather
that moment when my hand began to shake in lifting up the staff,
that instant when I sensed a blurring at the edges of my mind,
when cell and sea stream all screamed
hurry, hurry, before it is too late
try, try, before the chance is gone

waiting, waiting and delaying for too long
(what, all of twelve? years of patience, calm, and temperance)
playing, playing at masques,
playing at stage manager:

a tree here,
a rock there,
a peculiar beat and pound
of the waves around
the barren stage;
all petty matters,
all trifling errands,
done by strange subhuman stagehands,
run by supernatural callboys;
surrounded by these and by the seas
I lived,
lacking only my own kind,
fearing to confront them,
lest I fail.

And then I tried;
and then I failed.

Stop, to the bubbling flood I cried
and it did stop
Stop, to the screaming wind I wailed
and it did stop

but I cried Stop
to my own kind,
and they were neither
flood nor wind;
for tyranny
still holds its sway,
and plots and plans
will not give way:
unsurpers climb
and good men fall,
and temperance
is not a wall
or dike to hold
back overthrow,
is not a shield
to stop the blow.

and I am a fool.

for I could have seen even in them
(impatient callboys and unruly stagehands)
that flaw,
that quirk,
that urge to overthrow and to usurp:
and I could have seen even in me
(a patient and a temperate fool)
that wish,
that want,
that longing to have power and to rule.

I, the tryant: you, the rebels.
It has gone on that way (from the dark beginnings)
It will go on that way (to the last blinding crash)

So I have failed.

Cast away the staff now, close the book,
hang the robes upon the naked branch that overhangs the cell
for birds to make a tattered mockery of;
now break the fine traced circle,
let the shadows all recede and be
no more than shadows of a rock or tree
(I am an old man, my eyes are not what they were)
And soon,
the boat slips away,
the sweet winds caress,
the brittle sands are lost,
and I begin to think of home:
soft warm beds and soothing drinks,
small talk at the King's receptions,
relatives who pester and who pet . . .

But not quite yet:
for now I see
in the clearness of the gentle light
in the colors of the deepest waters
now I see
a thought:
for my comfort
for my hope
I find one thought.

What consolation for me, in my failure?

A game, a joke, to play and to forget:
the kings and queens and knights and pawns
parade serenely and devour one another;
A game, a joke, to win or lose, what does it matter?
all history lies there upon the board
encircled by a laugh, encompassed in a grin.

there is a rule, invariable
(I tried to change it and I failed)
there is a law, immutable
(the wheel must come full circle once again)

grin will turn grim
kiss will go sour
no longer a game
no more a joke
(it is a rule
it is a law)
and queens and kings
are bitter things
(as innocence withers
and is no more)

yet there is hope:
(if there were not,
I should have used my charms
to sweep the universe with fire,
leave it sterile fields of snow)
for every generation
the banquet is offered anew
the feast is presented again

it vanishes perhaps
(for nature is just)
or is devoured too soon
(for man is greedy)

But never mind:
it will be there again.

brought not by airy sprites
who speak in stilted style
and try to act a rigid masque
(that was my game)
but sacrificed by earth
as her own tribute to
the phoenix innocence
(see, it rises again)

Past kings and dukes,
past overthrow and usurpation,
past all of the flawed man's lust for power,
the table will be spread once more,
the cornucopia filled again,
and all earth's bounty shall burst forth
in joyous hope.

John Tucker, '67

THREE FRAGMENTS

MY QUESTION

Did you smile when I tried to tell
how deep were the sapling's roots
in the earth?
Together we touched the bark
and sensed the quick within,
green and young.
For am I not rooted in the wild windy meadow?
Old-young, my gnarled eyes
mark the blackbird's brittle flight,
grained in air,
etched among branched gestures,
the sky's bitter edge a woodblock
of ancient morning.

(Dream dawning, out of silvered sleep,
veined webs shiver with awareness of the deep tide)

Have you believed it, then?
Or were you only musing,
withdrawn?
I also have known the hidden
silence of the weary singer's
tenderness.
Take care — sing in the limitless fields of morning,
lie down in cool grasses,
for the wind has no name
save darling, —
but remember the evening willows:
I know that when you give
the gift is love.

ZANNY

She dances :
Ageless rhythm catches her
laughing alone
and whirls her down the autumn streets
Vibrating to a brilliant chord
She sings
raucous rag-time arpeggios,
ballads of loving,
blues of leavin',
sliding lonesome
low
She listens in the moonwash
while her world
of subways and songs,
elms and cobbles,
Cambridge,
weaves shadowy gestures
around her
as she dances

HOLLOW MAN'S BLUES

I've been here before
a room
a table and chair
drunken corridors slanted, distorted
in the same crazed mirror

in the cracked dark
I saw the mighty curve of his bowed neck
reaching deep to his heels
broken
his fingers arching blindly over the strings
moaning

the tracks just end
 darlin'
a shrivelled whistle
 shrieke
 darlin'

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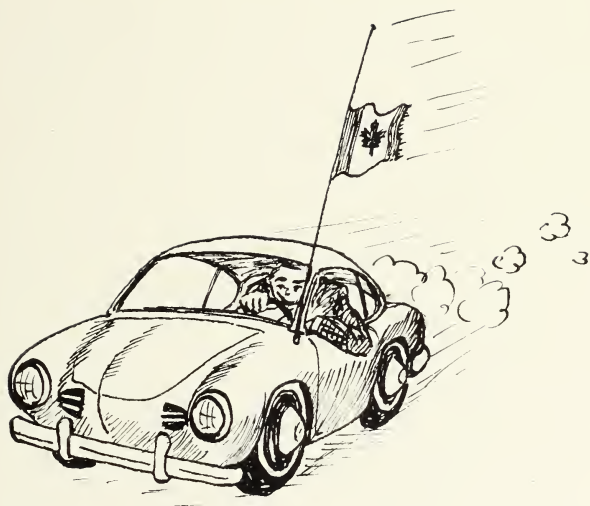
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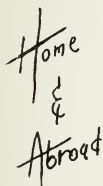
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THE MIRROR

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The Mirror Philosophy

by Alex Belida '66

The soft, mellow sand slipped and seeped over and around his sandled feet as he crossed the barren plains. The sun and its bolts of light screwed into the back of the lone walker. The man spied a hole into which sand constantly poured. He leapt low into a mound of camel dung that protruded from another hole. It was dry and harsh. His clothes were afire in the heat and they ignited the dry dung. The strange smoke rose and dispersed in the sirocco, and the strange pyre of the man conflicted with the sun.

Early Football

by Jack Griffin '65

The scuffed brown penny loafers clicked and made a raspy sound with each shuffling step. The sound sped from the cold granite floor, ricocheted off the walls and became hollow as it traveled down the corridor. He paused to look at the clock just as the twelve thirty bells chimed; the clock said twelve eighteen. "Damn things gets more accurate every day," he thought. The bulletin board was now in front of him; he read each notice as if it pertained to him. There was nothing new posted. The notices had been there since the beginning of school; they probably wouldn't be removed unless the bulletin board burned down. He chuckled as he pictured himself walking in some day and finding the bulletin board in flames.

"How ya feel kid?"

The boy turned instinctively and planted a light swift jab deep into the man's soft protruding abdomen, and drawled, "Ah, not too bad, Jake."

His jab was taken with a grunt and then speedily returned by the man. The boy now looked back down the corridor; a minute form entered the door, bounced down the stairs, and the clicking and rasping started all over again.

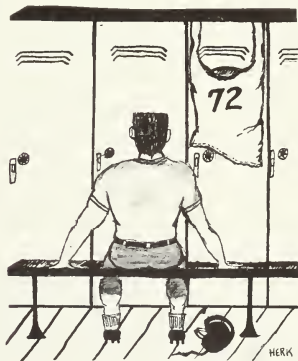
He turned from the corridor and rounded the corner. The floor in front of his locker was covered with balls of tape and sawdust. Momentarily the floor drew his attention; a spider was wandering through the sawdust and floating over the little balls of tape. At last, having adroitly conquered the obstacle course, the spider scurried for a crack in the cement floor, but he was intercepted by the sole of the boy's shoe. The boy lifted his foot and the spider became a part of the floor.

The locker was opened quickly and the long grey door swung back with a rumble. He loosened his tie and tossed his green tweed coat carelessly on a hook. The bench wobbled a bit as he sat down, but it finally settled into posi-

tion. The surface of the maple bench felt coarse; it was probably cut against the grain of the wood, he thought, as the palm of his hand examined it. The brown stain that was slopped on it hid the coarseness to some extent. The boy stared at the furrows in the wood; they seemed to wind along like a snake and then were cut off, abruptly, at the end of the bench.

As he peeled off his heavy white wool socks, the cool air soothed the itch of his athlete's foot. He stared at his toenails; they were long and uneven. He felt the jagged pieces of sawdust on the floor as they dug into his feet and worked their way in between his toes. He brushed them off, and put on a pair of old, crusty woolen socks.

He stood, arched his back, bulled his neck, stretched out his arms, and yawned. He kept his muscles taut for ten or fifteen seconds, and then let his arms fall loosely to his sides. With this effortless motion the muscles in his back and neck relaxed. As he bent over to pull a large heap of equipment from the bottom of the locker onto the floor, the stiff muscles in his thighs and calves tightened, causing him to stoop a little as he bent over. His equipment tumbled onto the floor with a noise that was muffled by the soggy sweatshirt that fell on top of it. The boy picked up the undershirt and deftly slipped it over his head. The shirt felt



damp and clammy; it adhered to his skin, sending shivers up and down his spine. He rubbed his arms briskly with his hands, and the gooseflesh disappeared. He stared around the locker room; it was silent except for the whirring sound of the ventilator.

The shoulder pads chaffed his arm pits and dug into his chest, but he knew that they would loosen up during practice. The foam rubber hip pads were still saturated and covered with dust.

"God, I bet I lost ten pounds yesterday," he said aloud.

He slid the pads into position, and tightened them. He then looped the canvas belt several times through the buckle, so that it would not slacken with the movement of his hips dur-

ing practice. He hit them a few times, producing a hollow thud, and then picked up a dank muddy mass that was once a clean, dry, white sweatshirt. He held his breath and tugged it down over his head, and worked it over his shoulder pads. The sawdust scraped the inside of his thighs and calves as he drew the elastic pants up over the swollen knees and bruised legs. As he laced up the front of his pants, he noticed a gaping hole in the crotch; a rather crude but efficient air conditioning system, he thought.

As he walked down the corridor towards the playing field, he was glad that it was afternoon, and this would be the last practice of the day.

Richard Noble '66

Avis Atque Vale

The old men sit
Among the flocks of pigeons,
Disseminating popcorn piece by piece.
They hunch on the benches, ancient grotesqueries
Inadvertently dropped, and dropping more
On a sea of stones.

Why the green park benches
And the bald heads of old men
Gleaming in the sun?
There is no joy in spring's first pigeons:
Why, then, eternal perpetuation
Of their dingy masses,
Fed by the dying factions of a cleaner race?

Idle questions.
All we know is that
The pigeons are hungry,
And that old men, when winter is done,
Think only of the pigeons, and the sun.

Herbert Stevenson Wilkinson

by Derek Huntington '65

It was one o'clock in the morning. My parents were tired and a little drunk. I was just tired. Since 9:00 we had been working fiercely, addressing hundreds of pamphlets that glorified my father's already impressive dossier for the upcoming local election. However, by one, the late hour and the steady succession of "after dinner" drinks had considerably diluted the indomitable Huntington drive. We retired to the kitchen to enjoy a cold glass of milk before going to bed.

Holding her glass in both hands and occasionally taking quiet sips, my mother mused happily in a manner perfectly appropriate to the slow, foggy hour.

"Do you remember those long, lovely summers in Maine, Jack?"

My father smiled and nodded.

"It just occurred to me how much I used to love to sit out under those great, old elms, talking with your father," Mother continued.

"He was a great old man."

"I remember how he used to love Johnnie and Martha. He just loved quick energetic babies." She turned to me. "I guess you hadn't been born yet. Do you remember Grandpa at all?"

I shook my head. "No, I guess I was about one or two when he died."

"That's too bad. He was the kind of human being you shouldn't miss." She picked up her glass and drank long and slow. "Remember how worried he was about our niece Suzy, Jack? She was the fattest, most immobile baby. She just sat in a pile of flesh in the center of her pen, staring out."

"Look at her now, though," I commented, "running all over Asia. And as a matter of fact, Johnnie would now just as soon sit around all day with Mozart droning in his ears."

My mother smiled. That's a good point. Our nephew Herbie has gone through the same



kind of change, now that I think of it. You know how garrulous he is now — you have to fight just to agree with him. Yet it wasn't till he was 3 years old that he began to talk. He was so quiet. Grandpa used to stand over him saying "grandpa" over and over again, but Herbie just sat there, glum and mute. And then suddenly one day, he started talking in sentences. They were a little foggy, but they were sentences."

"Just plain 'grandpa' wouldn't do for a starter," my father added, "It was going to be Herbert Stevenson Wilkinson or nothing."

We all smiled at precocious little Wilkinson spouting out his first sentences under the beaming supervision of wise, old Herbert.

Mother laughed. "I hope I remember all this when I'm a grandmother. How is your mother, Jack?"

"She's getting old . . . quickly." He finished his glass of milk before continuing. He talked wearily. "Frankly, she's going badly. Just two years ago you would never have doubted that she was a clear-headed, intelligent woman, but now . . . such bewildered senility."

Mother and I nodded. I only saw my grandmother on my infrequent vacations, and her aging condition had been abruptly revealed to me each time during these last few months. It was like watching an old movie with most of the frames missing.

"Just today when I went next door to see her, she was asking me where she could write to Aunt Allen. I told her that she had their address in her book, and I read it to her — such and such a street, Birmingham, Alabama. She looked at me blankly for a moment and then said, 'Yes, but do I write Birmingham or Alabama?'"

I smiled feebly.

My father continued, "I must have spent twenty minutes explaining carefully to her that Birmingham is a city in Alabama, like Hartford is to Connecticut. And then she asked me perfectly straightforwardly, 'But where's Alabama?' That took me another ten minutes and I'm still not sure she really understands."

"God, that's a shame," Mother said vehemently.

"She's my mother and I love her. It's just that that makes all this so painful."

No one spoke for a moment. The dishwasher hummed quietly in the background. My father spoke again, but his voice was calmer, steadier.

"Ed Seward is going to see her tomorrow. Her maid told me that he won't let her go to

church; he said it would be too confusing for her."

I looked across the table at my father. "Was Grandpa as . . . was Grandpa in this kind of state when he died?"

"No, he was as sharp as ever right to the end."

"His physical condition was far from perfect," Mother added. "He was practically deaf and could just barely see, but yes, he was as bright and aware as ever. He used to struggle so with that hearing aid. He wanted so much to learn how to use it well. He wanted to keep in touch with everything that was going on around him. You were aware right up to his death that he had been a great and extraordinary man."

The next morning I sat alone in the living room, staring through the sliding glass doors at the massive red brick house that rested immovable among the bare maple trees. Shades were drawn in a few of the second and third story rooms that hadn't been used in recent years. The foreign sports car that belonged to the young English teacher, to whom Grandpa had donated a room and meals, rested impatient in the driveway.

I imagined her sitting beside me in that car, huddled in a shawl, her skin pale and discolored, while her hearing aid whined noisily in her ear. Lovingly, I pressed the accelerator to the floor, crumpling her deeper into the seat. As the engine churned on, hurtling us through the frozen countryside, I looked over at her. Her eyes were closed. Turning my attention back to the road, I touched her icy wedding ring, and then took her cold wrinkled wrist, and felt its deadness warm my hand.

It was only later that I cried.



CHARLETTE

by Robin Batteau '65

Because of the late-August rush from Madrid to Paris I arrived at Austerlitz station later than scheduled, but not enough later to upset either me or my plans. It was nine o'clock in the evening. My uncle had told me in Madrid that if neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hardy was at the train station to pick me up, I should telephone one of them at their home. I shuffled around the station for a few minutes, looking hopefully at each passing stranger who bore any resemblance to my imagined conception of the Hardys. Having received no answer to my expectant glances, I began to search for a telephone.

Oddly enough, there were no pay phones in the station, so I trotted over to a moderately expensive-looking restaurant across the street. Once there, I stumbled my way through several lines of French asking for the whereabouts of the pay phone, and eventually I was directed to a booth at a corner of the dining hall.

I took the receiver off the hook and began systematically to try to fit my various types of French money into the coin slot. Much to my dismay, none of my coins fitted. I was preparing to try my Spanish coins when a curious young woman sitting by the booth asked me if I had a "jeton". Immediately suspicious of her motives, as well as of the definition of "jeton", I countered in French. "Why, no. I don't, I don't think so. No."

"I beg your pardon."

"I said: I don't think so."

She sighed wearily and asked me whether I wanted to make a phone call. I continued our conversation.

"Why, yes. Yes, I think I would, yes. That's it, yes."

She went on to explain to me that I would have to buy a special coin — a "jeton" — to use in the machine. Since she happened to be there for the purpose of selling such coins, she would be glad to sell me one. In fact, she would even

make the call for me.

I thanked her and gave her the number I was to call. When the connection had been made she handed me the receiver and I had my first words with Charlette.

"Hello?" I said. "Hello?"

There was a pause, and then she spoke. "Hello? Who is this?"

Good, I exclaimed to myself. She speaks English, although she sounds French.

"Hello. Is this Mrs. Hardy?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Teddy's nephew."

I paused purposely, anxiously anticipating a joyous outburst from the other end of the line. When none occurred, I resumed the conversation.

"My name is Robin Batteau, and I am Teddy Carlos' nephew. You know, Teddy Carlos in Madrid?"

"Oh! Oh, of course! You're Teddy's nephew are you? I didn't expect you until next week."

At this point my high spirits sank to my stomach, leaving a choking sensation in my throat as they passed through it.

"Well, no. I mean, I'm here, and . . . well, I'm sorry, but —"

"Oh, it's all right, I guess. Come on up. Do you have the address?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't." I still don't know why I said this; I had the address, and I surely hadn't forgotten it.

"Well, it's — have you got a pencil?"

"It's all right. I'll remember it."

"All right, then. It's 82 Boulevard d'Avignon in Neuilly. How do you plan to get here? Do you know the Métro?"

I had hoped that she or her husband would be able to come pick me up, but I guessed that my arrival would be at least slightly better received if I inconvenienced them as little as pos-

sible.

"I can take a cab, can't I?"

"A cab? Oh, a taxi. Yes, I suppose you can. Okay then, I'll be expecting you. Bye-bye."

She hung up, and for a moment I stood motionless, holding the receiver in my hand. I felt oddly that I was stealing something — I didn't know what — , but my moment of meditation was quickly ended by the "jeton"-lady.

"You are finished?" she asked in French.

"Yes. That's right; of course, yes, I'm finished, thank you. Good day. I mean, good evening."

I left hastily in search of a taxi, at once feeling both smugness at having avoided tipping a Frenchman; and uneasiness for having received from the "jeton"-lady the first of many slightly malicious glances I was to receive during my one-week stay in Paris.

* * *

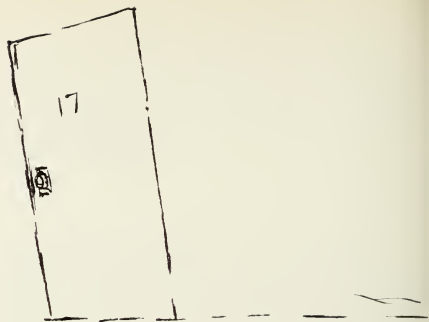
When I arrived at 82 Boulevard d'Avignon, I gazed upward to the top of the modern partment building; at about the sixth floor I noticed a woman leaning out over the rail of a small balcony. Naturally assuming that she was Mrs. Hardy, I climbed the stairs to the sixth floor and examined the door-plates until I found the one I was looking for. Charlette answered the doorbell; asked me if I was Teddy's nephew, and when I said yes invited me to come in and make myself at home. I first noticed that she was younger than I had imagined, and that her husband was not there.

When I was fairly well-settled, she asked me if I would like to watch television, and turned on the set. I quietly assented and nestled myself into a corner of the couch facing the television. The program rather bored me — it was a dubbed-in rerun of an old American serial — and I politely asked her if she would turn the channel, just to see what else there was.

She appeared puzzled for a moment, then brightened and giggled inwardly.

"I'm afraid there are no other channels, Robin," she said.

At first I didn't understand what she had said. My mind had strayed from the subject at hand, and I began gently to fall in love with her dulcet, purring accent. Suddenly the meaning of her words caught me and returned me to my senses.



"Wh-a-a-a-at! You mean there's only one channel?"

Again she laughed, but this time she threw back her head and seemed to bubble over with laughter.

"You mean there's only one (snort), one channel on French T.V.?"

She didn't laugh, but instead turned so that she was facing me, and smiled.

"You're fonny," she said.

To this day I doubt that there is anything else she could have said that would have pleased me more.

* * *

As the week wore on, I learned that Charlette and her husband, Mr. Hardy, had been separated for about three months now, and that all attempts at reconciliation had failed. Four years before, when Charlette had been a gay young French girl of twenty-three, Mr. Hardy, an American agent for an American firm in Paris had taken her as his wife after a three-year courtship. Charlette's apartment had been the Hardys' original home, but since the separation Mr. Hardy had moved to another section of Paris. I might have stayed with him while visiting the city, but he was away on a business trip to Germany.

I spent the week playing the rôle of the typical American tourist, the only difference being that people didn't know for sure that I was American until I opened my mouth. I visited all the celebrated landmarks, I ambled down a great number of the "typical Parisian" streets for hours, and I sat at the sidewalk cafes along



the Champs-Élysées watching the other American tourists drift past. My greatest disappointment in my touring sessions was my inability to remove the French "No Dumping" sign from the building across the street from the American Express Office.

During the daytime I dined on French bread and beer, and every evening I returned to Charlette's apartment for a warm supper and French television. I would tell her of my experiences both on my Parisian tours and earlier, and she would smile and laugh and tell me that I was fanny. We would argue teasingly in front of the television about whether or not I liked beer, and her huge black tabby would crawl between us on the couch, alternately licking her cheek and biting my arm, both with great pleasure. When the television shows had ended for the night, she would go into her bedroom and I would curl up in a blanket on the couch and fall asleep. In the morning she would awaken me, serve me my Continental breakfast, and leave early for work.

* * *

My last day there I remained in the apartment until later in the morning than usual, so that when I ultimately set out it was almost noon. I planned to return from that day's tour, have supper, pack my belongings, and depart that evening for Madrid. As I was leaving the apartment building I met Charlette, who was accompanied by a young man. She introduced me to Ricardo, her business associate, and he greeted me with a flourish. I returned the greeting and proceeded to complete my self-guided tour of Paris.

When I arrived at the apartment that evening, I tried to open the door, but found it

locked. Charlette had given me a key for just such an occasion, so I put it in the lock and turned it. The door remained firmly shut. By now I had heard considerable scuffling inside the apartment, and was convinced that someone was there. I knocked gamely several times, but received no answer. After a few minutes had passed the door opened and Ricardo peered out from behind it.

"Oh, it's you," he said in French. "Uh . . . well, come in."

I politely greeted him.

Puzzled as to the cause of the delay in opening the door, I stepped into the living room and saw a pair of high-heeled shoes and a man's tie lying on the floor next to my couch, on which my blanket lay in disarray. My mouth must have opened then, because when Charlette entered from the bedroom dressed in a bathrobe and slippers my teeth met with an embarrassing click.

"I hadn't expected you. I thought you were leaving this afternoon," she said.

I found it difficult to answer because of a lump which had developed in my throat.

"Uh . . . no . . . I'm leaving this evening at about nine o'clock. My train . . . doesn't leave until ten."

Ricardo broke in, speaking in French.

"Well, let's give the boy some dinner, Charlette. Come on; he must be hungry."

Charlette took her eyes off Ricardo to ask me if cube steak and beer would be all right.

"Sure. Sure, that'd be wonderful . . . Charlette." As I said this I thought that perhaps I should have called her Mrs. Hardy; but she had asked me before to call her Charlette, and I couldn't bring myself to say it anyway.

I ate in silence, except for some small talk with Charlette to the effect that my day had been enjoyable. When I had finished, I packed my bags and waited for nine o'clock to arrive. Ricardo left, and Charlette whispered something to him as he went out the door. She turned on the television and sat down on the couch.

We were discussing her job when I noticed that it was almost nine o'clock. I said good-bye and returned her key. As I carried my luggage through the door I heard her say,

"Send me a postcard if you have time."

"Sure, Charlotte. Okay. I will."

David Foster '66

Approach From The Poor Farm Road

Where the road dips and turns
And widens like an estuary on the sea,
The hummingbirds
Or brown butterflies that hover like hummingbirds
Flutter at the wisteria flowers,
Wind like sand of a dry beach.
The dull-rock sediment labors to five layers
And five flower colors
Above the mouse and shriveled finch,
His gilded back corroded at the last.

II

Now as the road dips
And my car enters the swale before the turn,
I think of the memory of the garden
(Having no remembrance myself)
Or a misplaced snake regarding its tattered skin.

The wake is a cloud of sandy loam
That clings to the air
Like the still light of a candle's vigil.
It expells me in sudden rain.
Near the upward path
I tread with insouciance
On a green pine branch shivering in the mud.

The Thinking Match

by John Leone '66

My pap always says a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do and well to boot. Now, they's some people who are made to toil from dusk to dawn in the fields, and get food and do the hand-labor in the hot sun, and they's those who takes to thinkin' quiet-like in the shade, considerin' and makin' up answers. I, personally, has a bent towards the latter, my feelin's being that a man should do what he's *fit* to, and I'm just a natcheral-born thinker.

My ma, on the other side of the bridge, so to speak, toils daily and her work is never done, her being a woman. They *was* eleven of us for her to work for, which kept her fair middlin' busy, but Mary and Martha's married, and Joe Junior got trampled by Mr. McCurdy's bull. So they's only eight of us now, and Ma don't work so hard, which does my heart for the better.

Well, my thinkin' ways is always been a bother to mostly everyone. My pap say it just ain't natural for a full-growed 23-year old kid to sit around and not do no work. Now me, being true to the thinkin' clan which has included such men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Calvin Coolidge, whom pap were mighty fond of, well me, I saw that sech men sat around lookin' lazy while in truth they was a-fussin' and a-considerin' and fixin' up the world's aches and pains. I do, too. Just last



evenin' I was mullin' over the TV, which stands for television, which we do not have. I thought about its vast wastelands, which someone before me has likened unto lone and level sands stretching far away. Which I, too, thought of but could not say cause one had mothed it afore me. But I thought of it.

I was a-sittin' and considerin', and mullin' things over, when my ma approached at a rapid stride. Her face was craggy and battered, like an old shoe which hadn't been polished but just spat on once and a while. It were Fall, and I knew she had been workin' in the fields for the money which I once humorously called "Potato money" being it money she earned pluckin tobacco, outside Memphis. The joke part of it is, she don't pick potatoes, she picks tobacco, but with the money she buys POTATOES! On the other hand, sometimes she buys carrots. She bakes 'em, Potatoes, that is.

Anyway, she had in her old hand which I didn't like to touch on account of it was like rubbin' a fish against its scales, an ol' shovel which were tolerable sharp. She looked mad

about something, then she started yellin' at me. Lester, she said, you ain't gonna sit around on your fat blankety-blank no more, I ain't raised you to be no vegetable! Which reminded me of the potato joke, and I commenced to laughin'. She got hotter and hotter, and finally, she whumped me with that shovel and after three of four times I stopped laughin'.

I reckon I were not too pleased with the old woman, so I grabbed the shovel and held on so she wouldn't whump me no more. She commenced cryin' and shoutin' and carryin' on, so's she'd like to wake the dead, and I got more and more angry so I whumped her a little and began to shout too. Well, the baby Lanny waked up and starts bawlin' which scares the dog Lassie, the ol hound begins to howl and bark. The chickens like to think a army of weasels is on its way, and they begins squawkin and screechin'. It got so I couldn't stand it no longer, so I run out fast's I can. Ma, she yell Lester you no-blamed good lazy good for nuthin' and other words which is unrepeatable but I make like I don't hear. I figured later that they ain't no use in answerin' if people don't call you rightly. My middle name ain't "Lazy," not by a long shot.

Well, I went out to my favorite thinking spot which is a clearing in the woods with a tiny crik that swirls and turns under a small waterfall. It's mighty peaceful on a warm-afternoon, just the crik mumblin' to the trees which hang all around. The sun just slides through the branches, 'atcheral as could be, and where I sit it warms me but does not hit my face.

I sat down and began considerin', which I do often in times of troubles. You might say "Considerin'" was my middle name. Anyways, along comes this feller.

He were perhaps the most odd-looking thing I ever saw. He had on a old broken black high-hat, and a suit of fat brown cloth. Over his shoulder were a sack on a pole of wood. He weren't shaved, but he didn't have no beard either, and he looked gen'rally like a gopher we used to have in the field, only dressed up. He had some sort of shoes on, but they wasn't very good cause once and a while his toes slipped out like baby pigs comin' out from under the sow after they's had their fill.

Well, he stumbled in on me and I darn near clump him to death, thinkin he were some ornery critter. He looked surprised, an' then he comes over and sets down a few feet away, takes off his shoes and soaks his feet. Then he looks at me. Then he starts talkin'.

His talk were as funny as his looks. First-ly he talked with a deep North accent and he talked fast. He kept sayin' how he had travelled unknown paths of life and were a refugee from the urban renewal. He kept callin' me "m'boy" and the way he said it, you think he were a preacher. He was, had bin at one time that is, as I found out later on, plus more'n I ever thought one man could do. He said his name were Socrates Plato, and his job was philosopher, temporarily unemployed.

Odd enough, he said his job were philoso-phizin', which is just the same as thinkin' but high-class. I told him that's just what I did, although I did not make my livin' at it. He looked at me, then he looked mighty happy, just grinnin and a-smilin' like he were at the Pearly Gates.

He said do I think I'm very smart? to which I replied I reckoned I am the smartest feller in Piedmont County. He looked kindly serious then and asked me whut kind of grades I got in school. I told him seein's I aint been in school for fourteen years, I really don't know. I told him I reckoned a man's mind were some-thin' you don't mess with, cause if you weight it down with a lot of book-learnin' it's likely it can't grow. He looked happy when I say that.



Well, he say the way he makes his livin' is by havin' thinkin' matches with thinkin' types sech as me. Whoever wins pays the other a dollar for every match. Well, I thought, this should be a goodly day's work!

So he takes out of his sack a paper and a pen with which to keep totes and scores on. So we commenced.

First off, I were doin' right fine for myself. He said, jest think of somethin', and if you think of more than me, why, you win. Well, I thought *reall* hard, and I come up with all the apples in the tree in McCurdy's yard. He say He reckon I win, cause he thought about one little ol' litter of pigs.

Well, I were mighty proud, whumpin' a natcheral philosopher on the first time like that, so I talked him into playin some more. He didn't want to, he got beat so bad, but finally he said okay. Then I beat him four times runnin'. Seems as though he couldn't think of nuthin' cept litters of dogs or pigs, or one dozen eggs or some such. I were five dollars ahead, and feelin' mighty good.

Then he asked, say, I can't go on like this. How much money you got anyway. I say ma has twenty-seven dollars under her mattress which she don't know I know about. She bin savin' for a trip to Louisville to see Aunt Bertha. Well, he say, how about havin' one great big thinkin match for that? OH BOY! I were so excited, I could hardly think straight. Twenty-seven dollars would buy me anythin' I want! You go first, he said.

So I began to think, I thought harder than



I ever have afore. I sweat and I grunt, and finally I came up with: all the apples in the orchard on the big road to Memphis! He looked mighty impressed, and he began to think hard. I didn't think he could beat it.

But he did! He said, after considerable time: all the sand on the river.

Well, I were stunned for a while, but I snap out of it when he tells me that a thinker is always honorable and pays his debts. He seem in a mighty hurry, so I run off to get him his money. Thinkin men is always honorable and all us pays their debts.

I come into ma's room and begin liftin' up the mattress, but she woke up, and started screechin and a hollerin'. Lester, she say, you aint nuthin' but a thief and a stupid one to boot. Then I grabbed the money and she started weepin' and sayin' how she ain't seen her sister in eleven years and how she'll never have the chance if she don't take it now. I tole her to shut up her hollerin', a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, and I started to leave. She started to cry in earnest then, and grabbed my arm and says, Lester, please don't take my money. She annoyed me mightily, so I threw her back on the bed and tole her to shut up, cause it were a matter of *honor*.

I guess some people will never understand a thinkin'-type man.



Lawrence Jay Taylor '67

Departure

Roads of tar are melting thick
 into the rolling earth below
While heaving chests
 of dead cold souls
 pain . . .
 with pressure-gone
Wormy crumble rubble
 heaps
 on heaps
 a monument
While overall a tranquil emerald carpet lies . . .
 in mourning
The sun in pompous glory
 filling every hidden shadow now
 with golden emptiness.

THE JEWEL

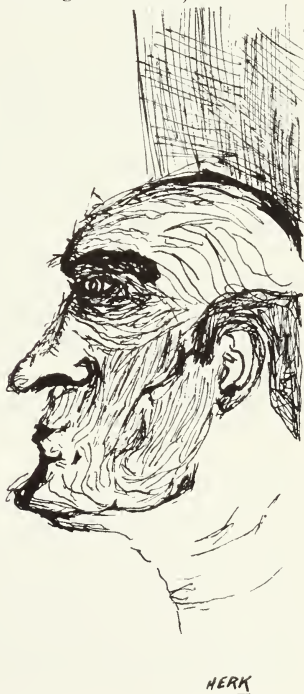
by Mike Tompkins '66

In a land where the scraggle weed grows and winkles freckle the rocks, an ancient race of dwarfs nestles each night in their beds of loosened earth and dreams of the times long ago. But, when the sun bleeds the crests of the eastern sea, the dwarfs awake and fumble in the half-light for their wooden sandals. With the slime of the morning hanging in the air, they feast on mussels dredged from the mud flats and soothe the parch of their throats with sea water and the blood of gulls. They squat on the sand and glare into the mirroring pools, tracing the ancestral lines in their faces, rippling the water until their mouths seem to laugh at the yellowed complexions and the taloned fingers scratching in the dirt. On their knees, they look up and out at the narrow spit hooked in the sea, crescent-shaped and strewn with boulders, like a scimitar studded with the jewels of a king. A heap of rocks anchors the spit in the surf and tides of the waters, a god's mace flung down on the shores of a desert land. In the shallows around the bar, stones blacken with algae, some eddying the currents across their polished flanks.

The gaze of the dwarfs falls to the sand and the picks and shovels and sledges and hoes scattered around the beach. They uncrook their backs, take up the tools, climb the pile of rocks and, skinny in the shadows of dawn, hack at the boulders, crushing, wrenching, levering them into the sea. Every whine of a shaft whittles away the pile, bludgeoning the spit into the watered sand, shrinking the horizon. The dwarfs never rest. They never lean on their tools or drink at the puddles caught in the crevasses of the rocks. But at night, when the chieftain's fire has flickered to coals, stories are murmured of the days when the spit was hidden in vines and ferns and high swaying grasses and the race was newborn, brown in the face and gentle with the hands. Those were

the days of the diamond, the diamond as big as one of the boulders moulding in the sea.

This diamond hung by a silver chain from a poppykahn tree which grew where the rock pile stands. Dwarfs from beyond the horizon come to marvel at the jewel glistening in the dawn, and on Sundays those dwarfs who tilled the fields near the spit came to polish the diamond and clean its silver chain. While they weeded and cut the grass in their fields or seeded the rutted soil, the dwarfs could wonder at the jewel twisting on its chain, a second sun.



When the sky was like a shade drawn down behind a painted window and the sea was dirtied with the washings of a thousand rivers, the twinkling gem deepened the sky, thrusting it into the sea and twisting it round and round until the blue ribboned on the waves and the ofal settled beneath the sands. When the heat of the day sickened the green of the spit, the diamond mingled the shaded and the bright, washing all that the dwarfs could see dark blue: the fields, the spit, and the promontory, grass-topped and nested by gagging terns. The jewel hung for centuries on its headland, mellowing the vision of the sky, the sea, and the yellow-eyed fields sagging with grain. For years it burned in the sun and glowed in the moonlight, watching over the dreaming dwarfs on their cushions of moss. Many generations died; many babies were born; many men broke the fields in the spring.

On the fringes of the pine thickets and birch groves, weeds and saplings littered the ground. Sand puffed into the woods and across the fields, matting in the needles, the hairs of the trees in stands, like nostrils breathing the west wind. At dusk, when the breeze settled down and the air cleared, the dwarfs could see, in the deep blue of distance, the backs of humped dunes lying in rolls, white, sterile, all the way to the horizon. And at night, when the fire fell into coals, the dwarfs murmured of the times to come, the desert, and the jewel swinging from its tree.

One night, a Sunday, the talk was louder around the fire. The men flicked twigs into the coals, thinking and then arguing about the desert. The women sang the children to sleep with songs of the magical jewel on its silver

chain. The dwarfs whispered, aside, to their friends and, when the talking was done, stared out at the dunes beyond the fire-light. Then one, and another proposed, softly, the plan, the plot, and one and another nodded and crept to bed, their palms hot in the chill of night. The moon was licking the waves and the dwarfs dozed, dreaming of the jewel held high at the head of a multitude, glowing in the desert which blossomed and grew in its reflecting light. They dreamt of marching under the horizon, turning sand to sod, sprouting trees from the rocks on the plain. They dreamt of beauty, all beauty, perfected in the beams of the diamond. They sweated, stuck to their sheets, twisting their bedding in coils around their bodies. And they awoke with the pangs of hunger restless in the pits of their stomachs.

The sky was heavy on the horizon. Dirt swirled into their nostrils, and the feathers in their pillow scratched like straw. Their eyes were squinted with mucus, and their shins were bruised from the ecstasy of the night. When the dwarfs hobbled to the sea, the waves washed off their dirt, and they saw their skins yellowed and their hands grown to claws. Raising their twisted faces to the sun, they saw the spit, brown, rocky; the poppykahn tree had tumbled into the shallows. The diamond was gone. Where the spit had sloped to the sea, a huge pile of rocks squatted, its haunches lapped by the waters. . . . Thousands of centuries have passed, they say, but the dwarfs still wrestle the boulders down to the sea, and the dirt still sifts into their nostrils at sunrise. In the evenings, they talk softly of the times past, and at night they dream of the diamond, buried at the bottom of the rocks.

A Reappraisal of Realism

by Nigel Blair '65

One literary and dramatic tendency today is that towards realism. The popular taste seems mainly to favour novels, films and plays dealing with the problems and situations of ordinary people set in communities of a type similar to those throughout the country. Styles of writing are not "heightened," but simple and natural. But, although the public like the setting to be commonplace, they are not satisfied with simply seeing their own lives reflected, but require an injection of the exceptional stimulation and excitement, which is not experienced in most of ordinary life. To satisfy this demand, crime, intrigue and mystery, sex, psychology, humour, satire and other subjects are extensively used. The compensation for the "realism" of the characters and their setting is the subtlety, audacity, rashness, villainy and humour of their actions; and the compensation for the naturalism of the style of writing are expedients like short sentences for dramatic effect, the frequent use of violent imagery, or novel syntactical effects.

This strikes one as being all in marked contrast to the literary and dramatic convention of only sixty years ago, which concentrated not so much on commonplace settings as on great trials of strength, spirit, comradeship and endurance, the "nobler," more "romantic" side of life. Here the compensation for the elevation of the characters and their settings was often "naturalism" of their speech and ordinary actions. Realism was sacrificed in the urge to find a real purpose in life, either by the explicit moralizing of Shaw and Ibsen or by the upholding of certain attitudes of mind held, for example, by Kipling or Wells. A relatively "heightened" style of writing was fashionable, often with long, flowing and well-balanced sentences. The slovenly, squalid side of life tended to be covered up.

This convention is frequently condemned today as "escapist," "artificial" or even "pompous," while our present literary and dramatic convention is praised as "striking at the root of the problem" or "the real thing, stripped of gloss and spectacular superficiality." It is arguable, however, that this is not only to ignore an important function of art, but also to condone a decline in artistic appreciation. For art is surely a means towards the end of a better society, and to acclimatize people to society's most squalid aspects hinders this aim even if it is thereby realistic. Moreover, many people are becoming more and more inured to a cynical, overcerebral, contemptuous attitude to what "romantic" subjects of art are still used, and there are people, notably satirists, who appear to like nothing better than to "de-bunk" them for the sake of it. But the popular liking for realism could well be seen as an indication that people are not imaginative enough to put themselves in the place of the hero of the unfamiliar "romantic" world, but only in that of a character within our familiar sphere of existence; and to be able to imagine oneself in the situation depicted is surely an important part of artistic appreciation. The apparently increasing predominance of unimaginative reason, necessitating ever more realism to counter it, is, therefore, unfortunate.

Not less so is the increased concentration on the trivial in literature or drama, whether it be unnecessary detailed descriptions of physical sex, or the extraordinary precision with which Ian Fleming describes his characters' dress, cars, and weapons, or the slick photographic effects of "The Avengers." Furthermore, it is taking more and more to excite the public as they become bored with dramatic, tense or unusual situations that a hundred

years ago would probably have impressed and absorbed people. Many people seem to read novels as if they were a daily chore. The result is that many modern novels and films are desperately crammed with attraction gimmicks, at the expense of artistic value.

Another result is a pressing popular desire for change for its own sake, making people want to throw overboard what previous artists have found to be the best principles and accept anything new with the magic words "original" or "progressive." That true progressiveness is that which assimilates the experience of the past and moulds it into a modification of past practice, seems to have escaped them. Progression surely means a follow-on from past ex-

perience, and to start completely afresh, as seems to have been done in certain aspects of the arts recently, is pure retrogression — a retrogression to the initial state of starting from scratch.

After all, what is wrong with honest "escapism" in art? Surely it is better rather than worse to learn about people's reactions to situations with which we are not already acquainted. The much de-bunked "romantic" literary and dramatic convention of sixty years ago has much that is little appreciated to commend it. It is well said that art should select what it reflects: it should not be reduced to the paucity of many of life truths.

David Foster '66

Glass Swans At Nine

The face of these mad
Fades from the half-shadowed wall.
The hush of silent leaves or umber rock
Receives the wrapper of gracious news —
We had touched his diadem.

The bars recede,
Yet our desires never end.
His black petals curl round
As in the fallow dusk
The lyres tipple and repeat,

Where the chords of our mortality,
Mirrors on mirrors,
Echo in the morphine of our lust.

Tuesday, February 23, 1965

by Derek Huntington '65

Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965, started out as a typical, winter term, prep school day. To no one's surprise, it culminated in a typical, winter term, prep school night, which in turn led to a typical, winter term, prep school day; but this could go on forever, and often does, so let us return to Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965, typical, winter term, prep school day.

Color scheme: gray and white, highlighted by tantalizing patches of dirty green.

Mood: sleepy, sober, somber.

Old business: constant striving toward higher education through development of sound mind and body by means of virtue, perseverance, sobriety, and efficiency.

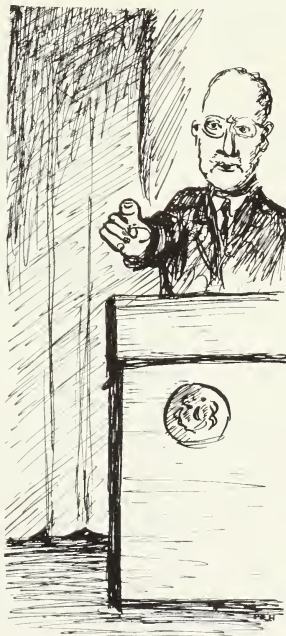
New business. Assembly at 7:50 AM, EST (not so new).

Assembly. The cold brown seats were sleepily filled by sober students. At the back of the hall, somber Dean Rudyard surveyed the operation until all were reasonably quiet, then hitching up his belt to the 7:50 AM position, strode down the aisle to the scattered applause of the student body. Once behind the rostrum, he authoritatively tapped the microphone three times and smiled efficiently at his audience while prematurely shifting his belt to the 8:10 notch.

It was obvious to the student body, having been schooled diligently in the relation of cause and effect, that something was astir, aside from the Dean's metabolism. Indeed, by the table entitled *Rudiments of Rudyardian Interpolation and Interpretation* as compiled and edited by the student congress of 1963-64, a twenty-minute jump in the digestive process usually forecasted a minor disciplinary action, and Rudyard was not in an exceptional mood today, Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965.

"It is my somber duty to inform you,

gentlemen," he began, "that there is in this room a subversive element which stands in the way of higher education (he paused to gaze significantly about the room) by its nocturnal impeding of the development of sound mind and body. Not only is this group amoral, lackadaisical, nonsensical, and wasteful; but there is a reasonable amount of evidence to support the contention that they have been abusing the privilege of Sunday night dinner in Commons by not eating Sunday night dinner in



Commons. I need go no further with the process of conviction except for this one edict: Mozzarellas, disband!"

A subdued murmur of surprise travelled through the hall, while the eight guilty students slunk down in their seats.

"Mozzarellas," Rudyard continued, "Be it known that as your punishment for your misdemeanors, you are hereby sentenced to clean the steps of Wordley Hall after every snowstorm (number 37E in the Rudyardian Snow Displacement Project)."

The eight Mozzarellas, deep in their seats, snickered slyly, not only at the irony of their punishment - snow demolition, displacement, and display being one of their primary functions - but also at the fact that the Dean had forgotten that the Wordley Hall steps were the only ones on campus equipped with a General Electric automatic snow melter imbedded in the concrete.

However, the Mozzarella mirth rapidly subsided as the full implications of the Dean's decision became clear to them. A spirited history of disorder, inefficiency, chaos, and absurdity would come to an end if the edict was strictly enforced. For ten years the Mozzarellas had courageously withstood the force of organization as represented by the Dean, and now at last it seemed that civilization was to overwhelm them.

As the Dean rambled on about the campus snow removal and flood control systems, the Blue Nevus, the society's Master of Pomp and Ceremony, thought back upon the proud story of the society's dynamic beginning.

The Infamioso Mozzarella Society was first established on November 5, 1955, in fond memory of Guy Fawkes, the society's patron saint. The basis of the society, as underlined in the Declaration of Disintegration, written by that famous anarchist, Holden Caulfield, was to be a sublime cult of anarchy, irreligion, misdirection, and purposelessness, modeled on such organization as the Ku Klux Klan, Cosa Nostra, and the 1964 Republican National Committee. Unfortunately, some of Caulfield's methods were found to be a bit too radical. Some favored change within the constitutional limits of their educational institutions, whereas Caul-

field preferred to work outside the existing bounds. This disagreement was followed by the Great Schism of 1962, which saw the establishment of two bases of operation, one in New York under Caulfield, the other in Andover, Massachusetts under the joint direction of two Catholics, one Irish, the other Italian, Mr. Patrick Sweeney and Mr. Gioffro Manelli, alias La Spiga. The New York branch faded into disrepute and eventually non-existence when its leader enlisted in the Young Republicans for Goldwater movement. However, the Andover contingent, despite the excommunication of its co-founders, continued to push ahead. Following Lenin's example in 1917, Sweeney and Manelli chose a hard core nucleus of six dedicated and talented individuals, who from the time of their enrollment to the present crisis had never betrayed the cause of absurdity and spontaneity.

While the Nevus was fondly recollecting this proud history, his comrade, the Dud, society scribe, was mentally re-reading the long list of Mozzarella amendments and reforms that his pen had so dutifully and inappropriately recorded. First in the series of edicts aimed at the abolition of all vestiges of organization, order, and efficiency was the deposing of leaders Sweeney and Manelli and the equalizing of all Mozzarella positions; for it was unanimously felt that the concept of leadership was in direct conflict with Mozzarellian basic principles. Although the motion was voted down 17-11 (corruption of all procedure being one of the society's most basic tenets), the quickwitted scribe reversed the wording of the resolution so as to depose the two anyway,





whereupon the rest of the society nodded their heads acquiescingly, agreeing that they had been outwitted by a particularly ingenious and completely extra-legal parliamentary stratagem.

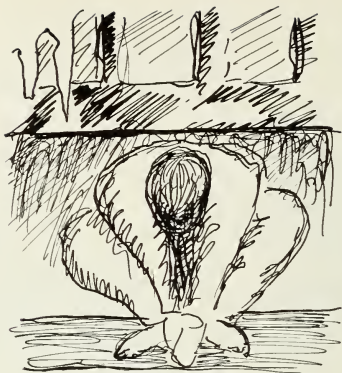
Three weeks later, the imaginative scribe almost betrayed his anarchist responsibilities when, caught up in the New England Student Government fervor, he enthusiastically proposed plans for NESMA, but these plans were characteristically vague, and the motion was soon forgotten. The scribe had difficulty in remembering resolutions passed after January 17th, 1965; for it was that day that the society, in accordance with its policy of general confusion, prohibited all note-taking during society functions. The scribe readily agreed with this edict, for in past meetings he had experienced considerable difficulty in keeping his ostrich plume quill from dripping ink and moulting feathers over his meatball pizzas. However, in meetings after the motion had been officially recognized, the scribe was often

seen stealthily scribbling notes on paper napkins, which he would then cleverly slip under his tongue. The rest of the Mozzarellas condoned this behavior, indeed encouraged it, for strict obedience to regulation was recognized in Mozzarella Canon as unpardonable sin.

While Rudyard rolled on about his two platoon ice-chopping and snow-shoveling system, Crackle, society high-tension power supply, was fizzling spasmodically in his seat. The Dean's announcement had produced an overload on one of Crackle's brain circuits, which in turn had sent his left elbow violently against the corner of the wooden armrest, thereby decommissioning the center of his nervous system, the funny bone. While watching Crackle's desperate attempts to regain control of his irregularly vibrating body, co-founder Manelli mused about the society's unsuccessful attempts to bridle this extraordinary electro-biochemical phenomena. The first suggestion had been to harness his power for the betterment of civilization, but this was unanimously re-

jected as completely in contradiction with all precedents and principles of Mozzarella law. Indeed, as Sweeney pointed out, such an action would be not unlike feeding the mouth that bites you. The second suggestion, the removal of his aorta, seemed far more sensible and was unanimously accepted, with one abstention from conflict of interest. However, as often was the case, the resolution was never implemented and thus soon forgotten. La Spiga regretfully realized that the beauty and pleasure of making rules and ignoring them, of proposing ridiculous feats and carrying them out, might forever be lost to his dedicated group. Some positive action in the interest of nonsense was in order. Leaning to his left, he tapped his fidgeting comrade Crackle, who, despite the unsteadiness of his arms, did his best to alert the other Mozzarellas. They required no prodding, though, for all had realized the threat and the need for retaliatory measures.

After the Dean had concluded his treatise on snow removal with an appeal for rapid mobilization, he dismissed the school, which responded efficiently by filing out row by row. While the rest of the students trooped off to classes, the Infamioso Mozzarella Society held an emergency meeting in the basement lavatory. There, for the rest of the morning, heedless of all the cuts and demerits they were accumulating each period for absences, the society deliberated over a way to save their school from the fate of overorganization and overdirection. But organization, even in the righteous cause of disorder, was too difficult for our heroes to handle. At 12:30, a discouraged Mozzarella Society adjourned and retired to their respective dorms without a



solution, Crackle, who needed the purposeless insanity of the society to exhaust his weekly high-tension power surplus, was especially downcast. Locking himself in his room, he opened his history notebook and commenced studying. For three hours he forced his eyes to follow the perfectly classified print, while his energy surplus rose dangerously close to the short-circuit point. At 3:35, his eyes suddenly stopped, his face lit up. In a frenzy of ecstatic nonsense, he then rushed to the window, threw it open, and leaped from the tyrannical regulation of history notes to the soft, cool freedom of a pile of snow three stories below. The administration promptly responded with four demerits for attempted suicide.

Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965, started out as a typical, winter term, prep school day. To no one's surprise it culminated in a typical, winter term, prep school night, which in turn led to a typical, winter term, prep school day; but this could go on forever, and often does, but why in God's name return to Tuesday, February 23rd, 1965, when tomorrow could be different? The driver of the cart shouldn't be bothered if his horse insists on doing the fox-trot, as long as the cart moves just as fast; and it's a lot more fun for the horse. The harness called freedom is a loose one. Use up the slack, press it to its limits. Students of the world, stand up for your right to unwind in the cause of purposelessness.



Puny Anderson

by E. Kidder Meade '65

Rodney Anderson is about sixteen now, if he's still alive. I remember him as a tall, skinny fourteen-year-old with a pockmarked face, usually smudged at the corners of his mouth. I remember also the lumps on the back of his neck below the hairline, and how he used to drool sometimes when he was having what he called a "spell." Rodney was in his own world, really; a thin grey film over his eyes separated him from the world we call reality. For Rodney was blind, Rodney was an epileptic, and Rodney, because of brain damage, was growing intellectually younger and younger each year. I wonder how he is now, if he's still alive.

"Puny Anderson! Puny Anderson! Puny Anderson!" Rodney's blind companions would rail, and Rodney Puny Anderson's limp mouth would turn at the sides into a revengeful, ape-like grin as his dulled comprehension slowly absorbed the words. Gradually he would sit up in his bunk and flail out around himself with his skeleton arms. "OOooh, I'll git youuuu."

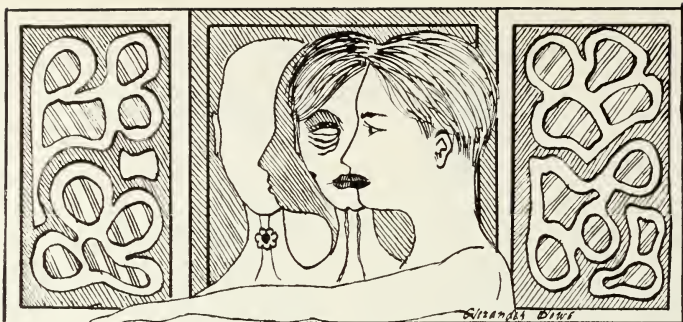


He never learned. That was just what they wanted, and the more he reacted, the more they railed.

If Rodney ever did anything wrong, of course, or said something he shouldn't have said, they always needed him for it, and there was always an exasperated "Anderson!" on the lips of one of them. "C'mon, Anderson, yer bed's not made and y're holding up the whole cabin," or "can't ya walk faster, Anderson?" "Will you tell Rodney to stop stepping on my heels?" "Boy, Anderson, you're such a baby you can't even drink milk at dinner in case you you-know-what in your bed tonight," and they all would giggle.

I knew it would be practically impossible to stop the teasing; it had become a tradition. I couldn't blame the other boys too much anyway; counselor or not, I even wanted to tease Rodney myself, sometimes, especially if I put myself in the position of the boy whose bunk was below Rodney's on one of those nights when Rodney forgot and drank milk at dinner. It was to be expected that they turn against someone who couldn't keep up. Survival of the fittest; "Puny Anderson! Puny Anderson! Puny Anderson!"

The only way to calm Rodney down after he had been teased was to take him aside and reason with him quietly, and I soon found our long talks becoming more and more frequent. They almost always led to the same end: Rodney would break down and cry, and stop trying to shield himself with revengeful smiles. At first he would never admit that he'd done anything wrong on purpose, but once he was concerned, he would bite his lip, confess, stutter some excuse. If he was desperate enough, he would break into a loud laugh and bellow from his feeble frame that I was kid-



ding, of course, about his having done something wrong.

"No, Rodney."

"But it wasn't my fault was it? Huhhhh? C'mon." And a moment later, when that hadn't worked, he'd apologise, and curse himself, and then turn inside out with regret. To watch Rodney Anderson, blind, epileptic, sitting dejected sobbing away his guilt, was overwhelming. He would try to live up to the goals he had set for himself, try and never quite succeed; then prostrate himself when he realized that he'd failed; then try, strive, slave, fail again.

When I gave him his pills after each meal, he would hold out his bony hand and whisper "Thank you," and shortly afterwards the drug would go into effect and put him into a semi-somnambulant trance, worse than blindness, worse than epilepsy, worse almost than death. Matter of fact Rodney was a premature baby who should have died at birth. The doctors had no choice but to allow him to survive in his own world of drugged illusions that cannot be the same world as the one that I live in. Wouldn't it have been better to have left him dead or at least to allow him to *live* without drugs, as a human being, even if his "life" would be shortened considerably? For can there be any love for such a creature in such a state?

I guess the affection that I acquired for him was more a feeling of accomplishment than love, simply that I liked him more after I'd gotten him to do something right. But I

do think that I knew him better than most of the others, or at least mastered his tricks better, and those long frank talks never seemed to fail in making Rodney see his guilt. We actually became quite chummy, Rodney and I, keeping private jokes between us. I could get him up in the morning, calm him down, help him realize when he'd made a mistake. Oh, I was great for Rodney.

But those long talks proved something to me now that I never would have admitted then. He would sit there sobbing, his chin against his chest, now and then whispering some deep trouble to me, or some bold resolution to do right thing, and I would listen for a while and try to soothe him. But inevitably I would start trying to turn the other way, trying to avoid his opaque face, and avoid his breath. God, yes, avoid his putrid physical form in general. His voice, his face, his legs, his hands,—they were not his fault. They were the fault of an imperfect and merciless science that had been able to keep the baby alive, but only at the cost of its shape. But that thought never troubled me, then. All my insides would tell me was that *Rodney was ugly*. He smelled. Rodney was repulsive, and wanted me to *sympathize* with him. No, by God, I'll put up with him for a while, but after I've done my allotted time, keep him away from me!

I wanted to close my pores against him, to scour any place he might have touched. Putrid Puny Anderson, Repulsive Putrid Puny Anderson!

Puny Anderson?

Puny me.

The Lion

by Richard Noble '66

It was three days that the lion had been in the basement. There was no trouble getting him there. I went down one morning to get some preserves and reached out for the canning shelves, feeling around, for it was quite dark. Instead of a mason jar, I got a fistful of mane. That was all.

In three days nothing happened except that the rank odor of carnivore breath and fur had become steadily stronger in the heavy air of the basement. The lion was mysteriously unbiological. He seemed to require no food, and he left no droppings on the floor. He did nothing at all except sit on his haunches and breathe harshly, filling the cellar with hot lion.

Perhaps he might have had no significance. There is no great excitement in having a lion in the basement who does nothing. But he did have an effect. At night, as I lay in bed, the darkness around me became Lion. The totality of his presence, like his odor down in the cellar, was complete. He was above my head, he wallowed in the closet, he reeked in the rug, and he gathered under the bed. There was Lion in my head, too. I thought Lion.

I learned then the essence of him who was in the basement. He was not just tail and claws, and a rough, wiry mane. He was a spirit who dwelt among the shelves of jams and jellies, full of the pride of his breed. I knew that I was to be in league with him in some great undertaking. One night, the fourth night after his coming, I went downstairs, for I slept fitfully at best. There glowed his eyes, and the barest outline of his shoulders showed in the pale moonlight. He gazed steadily, and the green fire of his eyes was a window to the ultimate nature of him, gleaming like a black diamond in innocent darkness. We faced each other for a while, until I returned to bed.

About this time I had in mind the idea of killing my father. There was no concrete reason — only that he was somehow an obstacle in the course of my life. I felt it. I had no conception of how the act of killing was to be done, just that it would have to be done or I would go insane. Even the real fact of the deed itself

had not occurred to me. My father's death would be accorded no great notice. It would be simply that there had been a time when he was, then a much longer time when he was not. But with the advent of the lion, the importance came to rest in those few moments between being and un-being, in the actual removal of my father from my particular world of realities. The crime was to be cold, evil, bloodlessly murderous, repulsive. The lion, sitting patiently in the basement, was to be my part of all these qualities. I knew that I would revel in my crime, rolling it and myself into a little ball and merging into the flank of the lion.

Lying in bed, I often shut my eyes painfully tight, and dug my nails deeply into my palms, bloodying them. I felt exquisitely evil, drawn down to the basement and its beast, sucked into the radiantly black maelstrom of my paradise, Hell.

After many nights of this, I went again to the lion. The basement was choked with his breath, and I was submerged in it. I twisted my fingers in his stiff coat, and pressed my face against his ear. His sides moved easily,



rhythmically, and I breathed along with him. Slowly, quietly, I became lion. I thought of my father snoring in bed, thought of it until nothing else had any meaning. The time had come.

Suddenly the timbers of the house screamed in torture, straining to contain the pressure of the lion's roars, my roars. The air outside cracked and broke into a quivering heap. My head, my heart, my guts, were sucked out of me and into that roar. Then there was silence ringing with the after-images of sound. My father's slippers flip-flopped sloppily down the stairs as he came to investigate the noise. At each step the muffled tap of those slippers grew louder and louder. He approached as do the inevitable, unknown horrors of a nightmare. We in the cellar tightened, becoming smaller, denser, infinitely dead, infinitesimal ganglia of hate. The door opened.

Suddenly the avenging heavens crushed the house, three thousand thunders thundered, bells clanged, steeples buckled and collapsed, lovers were discovered by angry fathers with five-foot teeth, the putrid morass of half-rotten corpses flowed, walls crashed, witches cackled, boiling cauldrons overturned. The pit of my being danced in flames. I screamed, I laughed, I sang.

I awoke. The house was silent. All I could hear was the little pulse behind my ear, crunching with the ebb and flow of Me. I got up and went to the basement. All was in nauseating order. The lion was gone. I took a jar of pre-

serves upstairs and spent the rest of the night eating jam sandwiches.

No one noticed that my father was gone. I had been successful, there was no questioning that. My father had disappeared along with the lion. But still no knew it, least of all my mother, who continued washing and cooking and dusting and going through all the cycles of complacent womanhood. She seemed not at all bothered by her husband's loss.

After a while, because of all this, the entire affair took on an aura of unreality, removed from sight by the dulling effect of routines and recurrences. The sun still rose and set, people still ate and slept and summarily defecated, and cats still fought in back alleys. Even the lion receded into the nighttime of the past. I only thought of how imperfect he had been, how unkempt and wiry his mane. I imagined a creature sleeker and quicker, with slashing paws, and a serpentine, ever deliciously waving tail. My lion's evil had been too naive, too noisy. After his explosion there was always, somewhere, a crater. True evil wears a smile, and its face changes like the coils of a serpent in tall grass — a dry hiss and disappearance.

Again there was work to be done. My mother must also go. I could no longer stand her woman's figure in the kitchen, or the touch of her hands, or the sour smells of her breath and her stringy hair. I nearly retched to see the glabrous skin of her breasts when she bent over, thinking that I had once been suckled at them. She was a hopelessly smothering blanket of ageing, silken skin hanging comfortably, imperfectly from the top of her head, falling off her shoulders shapelessly. Simply enough, I hated her. I wanted to see her die.

One night, restless with my new desires, I went downstairs. Opening the cellar door I saw two green orbs glowing, and I felt once more the presence of feline power, this time more perfect than before. The darkness flowed with the sinuous black sheen of panther, with a feeling like that of spring breezes which touch and bring pleasure and yet are never really felt. Now he and I, and I being him, could once more sicken the Angels in Heaven and the Good on Earth. I laughed, delighted.



Age

by Ward Hinkle '65

The rasp rose to a high pitch and then abruptly ceased. An old man in a gray coat shuffled with fragile haste through the automatic doors of the subway. The subway lunged forward just as the old man was in the act of sitting so that he was nearly thrown to the floor. He pushed himself upright dazedly, almost as if he did not realize what had happened to him. He planted his cane in front of him and sat stiffly on top of it. The car lights blinked, and he blinked slowly back.

He started to read a poster over the window opposite him, but the lights went out again and he lost his place. For a while he watched the lights flashing by the darkened window. He could never really see any one of the lights because they flashed by too quickly. The lights all looked the same though, so that he got a blurred impression of what one ought to look like. And yet the lights varied slightly in height and in distance from the side of the train so that they appeared a little blurred. The old man was starting to get a headache. He tried to content himself with looking at the blackness beneath the lights.

The subway rasped to a stand. There was the mechanical roller sound as the doors opened, and a youth got on. The doors clamped shut, and the subway pulled itself loose from the station. The old man's gaze spread over and around the boy and on into space.

The scraping sound of metal on metal announced the subway's next stop. The old man got up and moved slowly out the door. A tight grip formed around his upper arm and hurried him toward the stairs.

"Uncle John, it's good to see you." The old man turned his head to look at the profile attached to the grip.

"Billy, I was glad to come . . ."

A taxi door was opened for him and he was settled into the seat. The other door slammed, and the taxi pulled away. Billy talked over him until the taxi stopped. The grip re-

asserted itself on his upper arm and led him up to the apartment.

The apartment door opened into a smoke filled room and a chorus of greetings. Hands, accompanied by beaming faces and loud voices, were extended from every direction. He was passed around the room and finally seated in a large leather-covered chair.

After the initial excitement which had gone on around him had died away, the old man was left to himself. His eyes gradually took on a more and more distant look until they focused on infinity.

"Dear, show Uncle John the baby!"

The old man's eyes refocused on the baby which had been placed in his lap. The baby cried momentarily, and then turned its face to look into that of the old man. They both sat motionless, staring deep into each others eyes. The baby's mouth hung partially open and watery saliva began to dribble down it front. Minutes passed as they gazed at each other over a great distance.

"Somebody get the baby, he's drooling all over Uncle John!" and the baby was removed.

Someone asked the old man about a story from the past. A strained expression spread over the old man's face as he tried to tell the story. He followed the fleeting memory at a slow pace, sometimes he lost its path and paused in confusion to search for the traces, sometimes he paused merely to rest, and at the end he was unsure whether or not he had finally cornered it. He thought he had, but it slipped away, and he was left staring at empty space.

The smoke cleared away somewhat, and people began to get up all around him. He was led to his coat, and warm hands pressed his.

Soon he was on the subway again, swaying gently from side to side with the motion of the train. He tried to read the poster overhead, but the lights went out.

Sean Konecky '68

Aman,
on the corner of thirty-fourth and fifth,
clad in filth,
cried to me,
"Save your soul!"

I replied,
"Live your life,
then save your soul."
He crumpled visibly at these words
but begged,
"Love your God"
"Love yourself"
"Repent! Repent!"
"There is no one
to repent to."
Like an angry dog,
just hit,
he snarled,
"Damnyoursoul!"

Walking towards the curb
I threw a dollar in his hat.
"God bless you sir."
he added.

THE ISLAND

by Mike Tompkins '66

I remember the girls in their slacks on the pebbly beach, their cigarettes flashing in the dusk when they spoke, with their hands, and their hair trailing into the sand wet with dew. I remember their teeth in the firelight and their eyes, circled with shadows, and their laughter shrill and jumbled with talk. I remember their toes digging at the sand, their skin glistening with sweat, and the heavy air in the trees like the falling of distant rain and the waves sucking on the shore, the rocks stained by the river's scum like sheets on a midnight bed. I remember hot breath in the darkness and the sand in her hair and the sleepy caress of the wind-sifted dust across my neck. I remember the island, ghost-ridden in the morning mists, and the cork-screwed smoke, over my shoulder, jutting into air streaked with sunlight. And I remember the river, mottled with seaweed, sloshing against my canoe and carrying their voices with me to the pier and the town whose streetlight eyes were bloodshot with neon signs in the dawn.

Jack and I rolled the canoe into the river that afternoon, digging our heels into the sand and vaulting the thwarts as the bow rode up on a wave. We twisted the paddle blades deep into the water, rolling our shoulders and thrusting with our right arms on the downswing, heaving forward from the waist, our hair caught in the last patches of wind swirling over the water. Jack kept his head thrown back, paddling by only the feel of the water on the blade

and the rock of the canoe on the cross current waves. We sang, to settle the strokes, and laughed at the clouds whipped on the tree-tops and the pile of smoke tethered to the island by a twisting thread, and the summer thunderheads in the east, over our shoulders down the river. The sparks of the sun snuffing out in the pines had dulled our eyes for the dusk, and we lost sight of the island against the dark bank at the river's bend. But the evening breezes had risen from the smooth pools and now brought the voices and the smoke smell scenting the air, so we paddled on, blind, listening, sniffing, to the bar below the island.

The canoe thumped the shore and slid up the sand, into the whip grass at the edge of the underbrush. I bent down, brushing my feet and unclogging my toes of the sand beaded with water. Jack turned down the shore, calling out to the two silhouettes in the fire-glow, waving his paddle and laughing, flicking the painter into the bottom of the canoe and reaching out for my shoulder. The shadows turned, poised, and a pan clanged on a rock, hushing the song



of frogs in the shallows. We both called out again, striding down the beach until we could feel the firelight flushed on our faces, our ears hot for an instant; we stopped, smiling at the two girls across the circle of rocks. Jack reached into his pocket and held out a pack of cigarettes over the flames. I took a splint from the fire and lit the cigarettes, all around, and watched the smoke funneling into the updraft of heat and the faces easing, the taut mouths fattening into smiles, and heard the hiss of relaxed breath from the girls smiling at their cigarette tips. One of them laughed, her dark hair swishing across her mouth and her eyes fire-gold and squinting. "Are you from Hudson?" she asked, knocking an ash into the fire and watching it crumble, her eyes lowered.

"Yes." I nodded. "We saw the smoke when we were paddling, and wanted to see who it was."

"Oh. We're from Oka; you know, where they make the cheese." Jack laughed and kicked at the sand, looking over at me.

"They say the monks tread it with their feet, like grapes, before packing it. Makes it rare, I guess . . ." She looked up. "A connoisseur's delight." We all laughed, and I reached for a branch to poke in the fire. Jack settled back on his elbows in the sand, watching as one of the girls pulled a pot out of the fire.

"Would you like something? We've just finished eating, just now."

"No. No thanks . . . Say, why are you both here; I mean, what made you camp out here, up the river, alone?" I paused over that last word and then looked up at their faces in the firelight.

"I don't know. I guess we just like to watch the moon go down on the river." She laughed and added, "Silly."

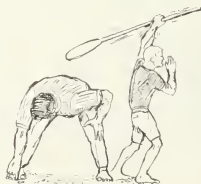
"Maybe. You know, the moon is a funny thing on the water when it's very dark, like

ribbon or barber poles." Jack rolled to his stomach, closer to the fire and the girl stirring the cooling pot. He yawned; I sensed the awkwardness of the talk, the foolish bursts of words, and the comfort of silence. I got up and stretched and walked down to the water's edge and burrowed my toes in the wet sand. "Did you ever hear the story about the people on a desert island; and they slept all day and told stories and sang all night?" The girls laughed and threw handfulls of sand into the fire and on Jack's stomach as he dozed, and I walked



back to the fire and sat with my buttocks couched in the warm sand, and we told the story, all the night, until the dark was down and the easy calm of the night had passed. Jack and I brushed the dew through our hair and left the shore, our thighs quivering against the cold planking of the canoe slipping through the still water.

I don't remember their names. Perhaps I never knew them, their names. The island floats, snagged in the river, on afternoons like these, elusive, in the dusk, against the shoreline; and, without the voices and the smoke, you miss it, paddle by or, if the wind whips down the valley, just sideslip across the bend to the other shore where the willows dip in the water.



David Foster '66

Hossanas In Crescendo

There rings the courteous bell
Bowling, then backing like lilacs in the wind,
A fragrance touching the nose
As bells the lilting ear.

Long, the love he held for you
And long the rime on the silver grass.

The bird, bent forward on a foil lake,
Lingers; the lengthy reflection shimmers.
He shatters, the bullet of his image,
Narcissus toppling to the silent pool.

Terry Bagg '65

Bermuda, 1965

When the brackish beaches
rolled their eyes,
and the million fingers
painted by the waves
grew and folded
like a baby's fingers,
I knew quite well
just how you felt,
my crazy, intent little
valentine.

You were like
an overcolored fragment,
painted
by the sun and sea ;
your brown-armed, orange-bodied
laughing made me sigh.
You said, how can the sea contain
this comic beer-can tower,
bottle collage,
that stops the water with its mad
pink houses and black children ?

We were crazy and intent,
so heart-on-sleeve,
a little babbling,
and much too much sincere.
I talked about the sand's
incessant husband,
you called it me.
We both smiled a little,
watching mad Bermuda
stop the sea.

O darling, it is
the limit of seasurge,
and the water's moid
that shreds and shards the shore.

Watch me, darling, make my metaphors
of cigarettes and broken glass,
as love erects its fortresses
on sand.
The Atlantic whirled around us,
made us made. Made us.

Order Of Worship

by Derek Huntington '65

Organ Prelude.

Peter slid lower in the pew as the organ bellowed from the choir loft.

Organs. Bach. Three years of his fugues every Sunday can get a little tedious, but this one seems new. A little muddy in the lower ranges, but you can really feel it move when that first theme drops out. What's that song by the Rolling Stones that starts out with those soap opera organ chords. Oh yes, what else but *Time Is On My Side*, her favorite song, or at least it was. She played it steadily for two weeks, wore out the record, the needle, and her roommate, as well as her taste for the song. I told her nothing lasts like Bach preludes on a RCA microgroove, but no; she had to have the Stones on London. Now she has judiciously compromised on Carl Orff and Carmina Burana. Not a bad choice, actually.

The Call to Worship.

It's funny that, whenever I get the chance to think, she comes into my mind, even in class. Monsieur Grenville sputtering French, me thinking about that first Sunday at the Williard's. It's hard to think of the Williards as a faculty family, such a loose, odd household.

Whenever someone preaches, my mind turns to her.

Hymn No. 289.

Peter rose with the congregation.
"O, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home . . ."

What was that she called me that night in the Ward Room: a stopping point? That's true of both of us in a way, I guess. Shelters from the stormy blast and our - but that doesn't seem right, her just using me as a shelter, me her too.



The Great Commandments.

That Sunday at the Williard's was a strange day. What did they call that kids' game where you were pulled down the stairs sitting in a blanket? Animal, Animal, that was it. With that ass of hers, she slipped down that staircase like it was a slide.

That is a funny, infectious household. Everybody - guests, family - eccentric, ecstatic. Vaudeville, song and dance, rouge and rosebud lips. Will you join me in a cup of tea? Why yes, of course, but do you think there's room?

"Let us pray."

"Our Father, Who art . . ."

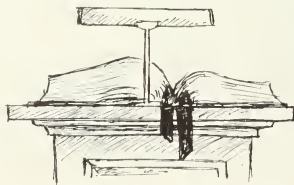
This morning, down the hill at her school, we were joking about images. She said she was obviously my mother. I told her she was more of a father. That stopped her for a second, even though I think she felt it coming after her mother joke. But we can laugh that off. She's too equal, too fallible, too human.

The Scripture Reading.

That Bible on the pulpit is like that huge, old German one at the Williard's. Printed in 1680, I think. It was right next to the record player. We'd dance to the Dave Clark Five, then take a break and flip through the Bible. Neither of us could read a word of it, but those etchings and prints were kind of fun to identify.

That was fun.

We were at our wittyclever best. The jokes - no, the humor was too subtle to remember. Both of us testing each other with allusions, intricacies, puns. The beauty of it



was that no one was ever stumped. Every grain of humor was gleaned out of all the subtleties. Shakespeare would have been proud; I know I was, of her, me, the whole affair.

It was strange, tingling with that pride. I got the feeling I was finding something, and I think I'm getting closer, but to what?

Yet I was fearful later; I didn't get to see her for two weeks.

Anthem: *O Be Joyful*.

But the Ward Room episode changed things. Analyze, analyze, analyze, right off the top of our heads.

Ascariot had called her a teaser. At those words I could feel her die in me, I was damned if I was going to let her do that to me, I demanded a commitment, she hesitated.

She called me a stopping point first. I was damned if I was going to accept that. I wanted to dominate, not just exist.

I pleaded, "Why don't you just love me? It would be so simple." (The innocence, the stupidity of that statement!)

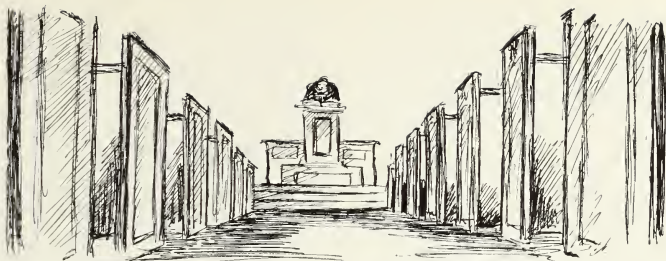
But she was scared. (She knew more.) She said that I didn't know her, that she didn't want me to know her, that I would be disappointed if I did and let her down. She had no faith in me or herself.

She had to be back by 6:00 PM. I fought frantically to squeeze an answer into the last few minutes that remained, but found nothing, just a chaos of selfish and selfless fears and desires. A stopping point - who was nothing but a tool, an easily duplicated tool!

It was too close to 6:00. In frustration, I told her to go. Slowly, reluctantly, she shuffled out across the floor through the shadows; leaned against the door; and, without a glance behind, was gone. I stood there for a few minutes, helpless, answerless, while my stomach knotted, and then feebly returned to the dorm.

Sermon, concluded with prayer.

"The most important question that confronts any Christian, or those in the limbo of



agnosticism as well, is: Who was, or is, as the case may be, Jesus? Only a few skeptics go so far as to deny his existence, but on the question of his essence, there have been many different answers, from psychotic to Son of God . . . ”

I tried to work, but that damn knot kept reminding me of those other questions. Reason it out, Pete, reason it out, I told myself. What is this relationship? How are you going to treat it? But the clearest mind needs a basis for judgement, and this was all new to me.

But I had to have a decision; I just couldn't float free. I had to be oriented, I had to move towards something. Just the night before at the Senior Dance we had had . . . fun. We joked, we laughed, we danced. It was fun. We stole off into the coatroom. I started to tell her that I . . . what I felt, but she stopped me. "Don't complicate it," she said, "just enjoy it." Yes, that was it. I would simply sit back and wait and enjoy the superficiality.

That was fine then, when I thought I had her all to myself, but then the next morning Ascariot called her a teaser.

Peter lifted his head and shifted impatiently in the pew.

That was three months ago. I suppose now it's evident she's not just a teaser. I mean, for three months you just don't . . . you can't . . . certainly in three months I've learned that much about her. It wouldn't be like her to do that, would it? Well, I know she's not doing it anyway; she told me that. But would it be like her to do it, even though she's not? Jesus, I don't even know.

Peter, you know where this leads. Just what is the girl? A question of essence. Oh, I

could describe her, sure; but what is she capable of, how does she react?

This is ridiculous. Three months, and I can't begin to answer questions like those. I've known her . . . more closely than any other girl, I think, or thought - No, damnit, I still think so. But why this ignorance? Am I that young?

She had the same problem. But hasn't she solved it, or started to, anyway? That letter she wrote the night after the Ward Room incident. Judging from the beginning, I thought she was backing down. She was using all the reason in the world for why it should end, reasons of that afternoon. But then she suddenly reversed herself. Her answer was simply to damn this reason, this fear, and this ignorance!" She would take the risk to build . . . to build what? What would she, what would we be aiming for? She doesn't know, I don't know. But is that reason enough not to try?

"Let us pray."

Peter respectfully bowed his head.

"Son of God, help us to understand Your meaning"

Quietly, Peter raised his head and peeked up at the reverent figure in the pulpit.

A mumbling monument, the motivation for prayer - I suppose I should admire it, and I do, but only in the way I admire long distance running. Gods are so perfect, so sterile. The pagan gods were kind of fun, horsing around and playing with mortals, but a god's not supposed to be fun. But then again, there's got to be something human in them. They're all untouchable.

The Offering and Organ Offertory.

"Let us continue our worship with the evening offering."

They all make it seem like such an effort, straining and squirming to pull a few coins out of their pockets.

Peter dropped his coin into the plate and slid back down in his seat, while the organ played pensively in the background.

I haven't paid enough attention to that letter. Its importance has been blurred by the witty, ridiculous correspondence that followed. When I wrote back, I told her that I agreed with her approach, that I was with her all the way, but was that a sincere conviction or just a compliant effort to preserve the handy superficiality? I think that then I didn't know what I was in for; all I was sure of was that I simply wanted her. Why, I couldn't tell, and I still can't because there's not enough about her that I really know... which brings me to that question: is that reason enough not to try? I want to find out, but I'm seventeen years old, and I do know at this age simple desires are deceptive. It looks like I might have to reduce the motivation to glandular reaction or - wait a minute, you're betraying your "honorable intentions."

Let's go back to the beginning. In a moment of panic, I demanded a definition of the relationship. Does it transcend mere pleasure, escape, and convenience? Certainly these are part of it, I must admit that, but there is more. There is a Platonic attraction, and there is the sexual, and there is the confusion of the two... and the confusion of more, unknown.

There is too much confusion for reason to handle.

Doxology.

And there is her letter, a call to end the confusion, a call to accept the hypothesis that our motivations (whatever they are) are the right ones (what are the right ones?), that we're old enough, that - who knows what more - and to proceed blindly on through the fog of ignorance and innocence. I suppose we can't help but run into something uncharted, but then at least we'll know it's there and maybe avoid it next time. I even know that anything started at such an age is doomed by probability to eventual failure, but the value of the short time 'til then seems worth it.

Benediction.

The call to seek, perhaps to find, perhaps to err, perhaps to fall, but not to idly await. This is the advent that brings the chance of communion.

Organ Postlude: Prelude and Fugue in G minor.

Pew by pew, the chapel emptied. Peter sat tensely waiting his turn to leave the wooden warmth.

Never have I been so conscious of growth, of change. Never have I been so impatient, yet so apprehensive.

His pew joined the line filing out. At last in motion, he walked calmly. Out in the vestibule, he snatched his coat off the rack and, throwing it over his shoulder, proceeded on into the cold night air of winter.

Ah. So.

by Barry Tung '66

First day at American School must be very careful. Here come students; I listen so I can learn.

"Hi, John."

"Hi."

Why they not stop to bow and greet? Ah so, they probably hate each other. I notice John not look at other boy. Maybe he lost face and live in shame. What could this American boy have done? Maybe he failed examination; maybe he talked back at parents.

Hmmm, buildings of American school very nice. Truly this country is great. Here come instructor. Why boys so disrespectful? No bow to honorable teacher. Ah ha, angry teacher give quiz to boys to teach them to be more respectful. But teacher now smile. He not angry? Ah so, he very honorable — he forgive boys. Yes, most honorable. These American boys not have self-pride — they ask so many questions. They not afraid that other boys find out their ignorance? More interesting — honorable teacher seem to like boys' questions. Ah so, he like to know he is superior. Bell ring, that is good. But what is this? Boys no bow to honorable teacher again. I know teacher very angry now. I go apologize to instructor for boys. This is odd. He no look angry. Yes, truly he is as noble as Buddha himself.

Where I go now? Schedule say chapel. That is good. Now we will have quiet meditation before God. I am anxious to see American god.

Oh, shrine very big and nice.

"Stop!"

Boys no listen to me. They no take off shoes go in most sacred place. Why they laugh at me? What so funny, me take off shoes go in shrine? Ah, inside very pretty. But where is their god? No see great statue.

"O most honorable god, although I no see you, I bow."

Stupid boys! They laugh again. Very

serious sin not to bow with hands on floor to honorable god. Why so much noise in here? No can meditate with someone playing organ. Why very venerable priest no make him stop? Ah so, he *also* sin — he forgot wear ceremony dress.

"Let us pray."

Now I see everybody bow. This is very good. I was wrong. There is still good in American people. But wait! I see many boys reading school books in god's temple. They not afraid god become angry and hurl lightning? American boys very insolent... Maybe American god very merciful like the honorable teacher.

Now I shall have the pleasure of tasting American food. Oh, big building. Commons... Why it called "Commons"? Oh no! This is too disgraceful — wait in line to receive food like animals. Why not use servant girls to serve boys? I hear each student pay seven hundred thousand yen for tuition. School can afford servant girls. Ah so, American food very interesting; not like raw fish, rice, and sea-weed at home. Bah! Taste bad! Now I know why it called "Commons" — food for commoners.

My favorite time — sports. In Olympics American do very well. I will study American athletics. Facilities excellent. Boys very big. But why they so fat and slow? Very strange. Fat from Commons' food? Impossible! Slow from starvation? Then why so fat, these American boys? Very honorable American President Kennedy very right. American youth need exercise.

Classes again. Teacher give back test. Oh, oh! Boy beside me receive 35%. This is truly loss of face. He must commit suicide to preserve self-honor and honor of family. Boy look so sad. He know what he must do. It is good. This American boy have self-honor.

I will walk back to dorm with him. I give him courage to do it like a samurai.

"Hey, did you hear the latest Beatle record, *Eight Days a Week*?"

Very brave. This boy seem no afraid of death. Braver than most of my countrymen.

Although strange in some ways, America very great: American teacher very merciful, and American boys very brave. We have a lot to learn about virtue from this country.

David Foster '66

Mr. Lucke, Veteran Off Carom Street

Red berries frame poinsettia leaves :
An image of flame in Venetian light.

I see through a window of melting frost
And ring-welded icicles a Mr. Lucke,
Back bent, masquerading in parka and Moroccan boots,
Malingering in last night's snow
And the damp of the morning sun.
I turn the calendar from March to August ;
Still in olive-drab he labors ;
His knee-length socks with pencilled diamonds
Imply puttees slipping from his calves.
He carries a hoe across the lawn
Like a stealthy tropper, uprooting crabgrass
With an executioner's chop.
The weeds, upturned, display their whitened roots,
Naked as a man's bloodless flesh,
And quickly decompose. Winter bleeds.
The day after snowfall,
He promenades in paint-stained fatigues

William Call '65

Francia Rima

"La chair est triste, hélas ! et j'ai lu tous les livres.
Fuis ! là-bas fuis ! je sens que des oiseaux sont ivres
D'être parmi l'écume inconnue et les cieux."
... Mallarmé

I have known life, and grown old
In the passing of it, slowly, quietly,
Almost so no one should see;
Like a cat, sneaking backwards, fearful,
Have I arrived at this my seat of truth.

I can look now, and see truth
In the action of men, clearly, heartlessly ;
As a cold winter wind sighs,
Passing above the warm chimneys, softly,
So I see lips, removed on this my height.

I have looked deep in the heart
Of the rain, and seen lips clearly, quietly ;
Thus have I thought the birds drunk
In their flights to the unknown zenith,
For I have seen the earth-bound nothing's seat.

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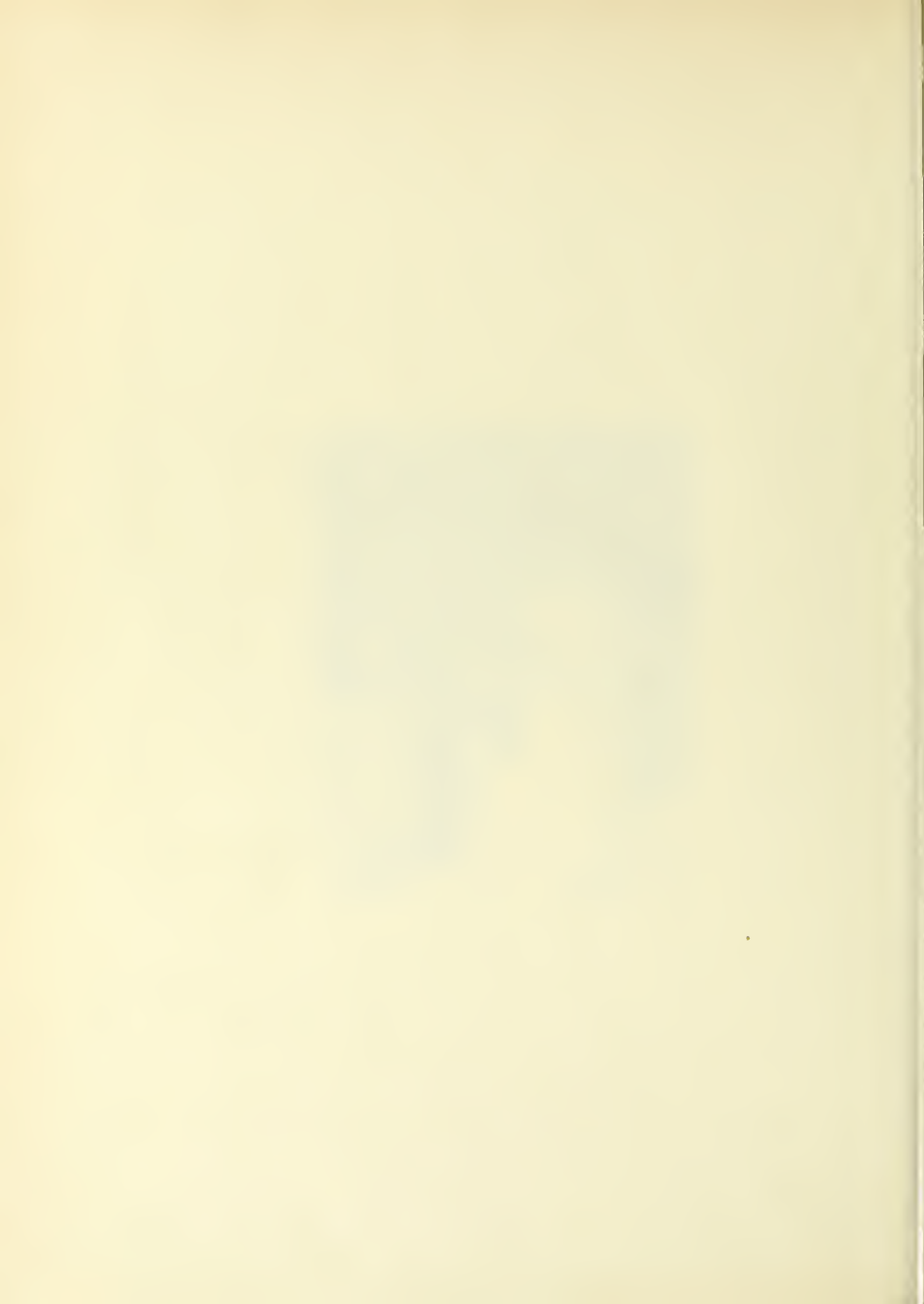
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